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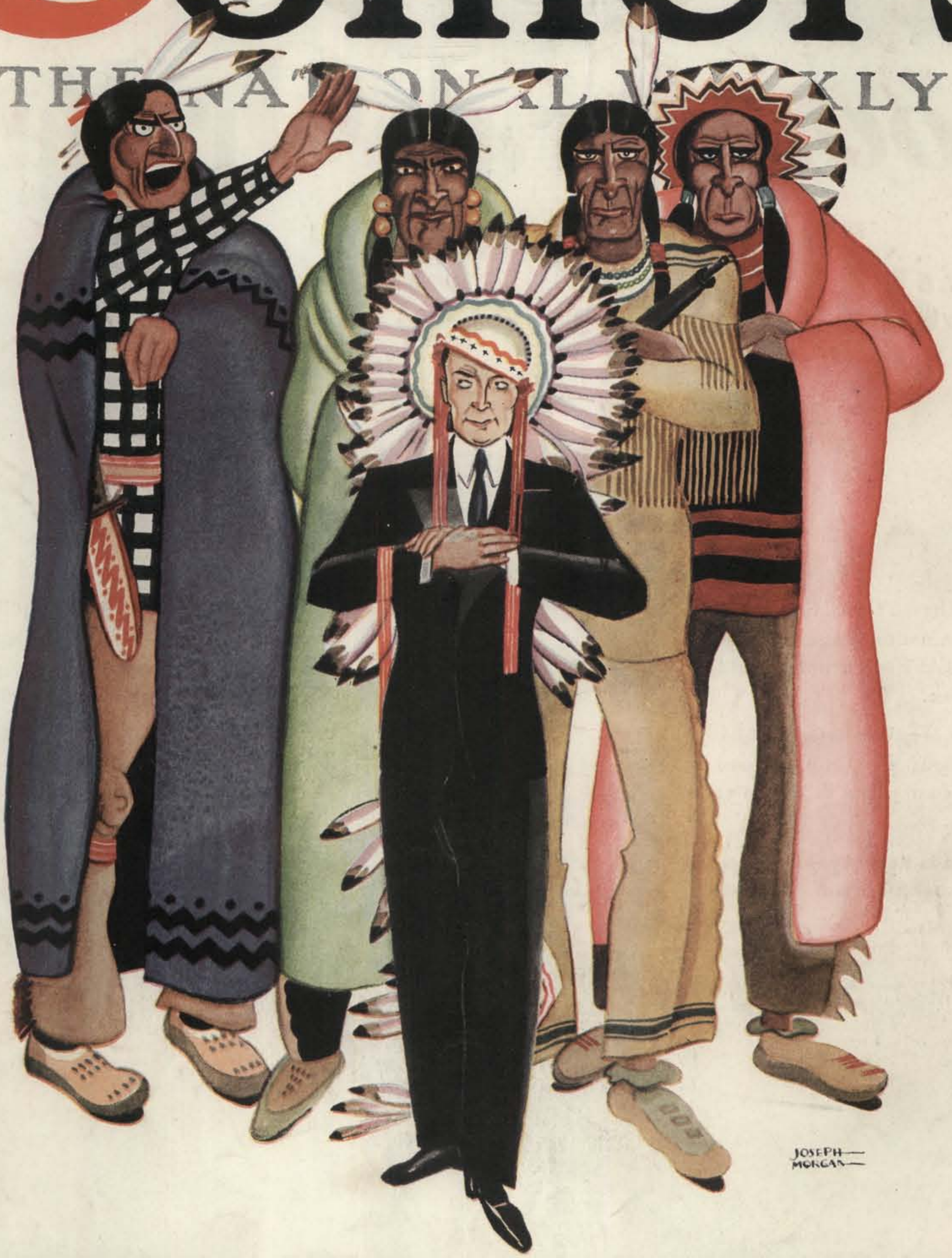
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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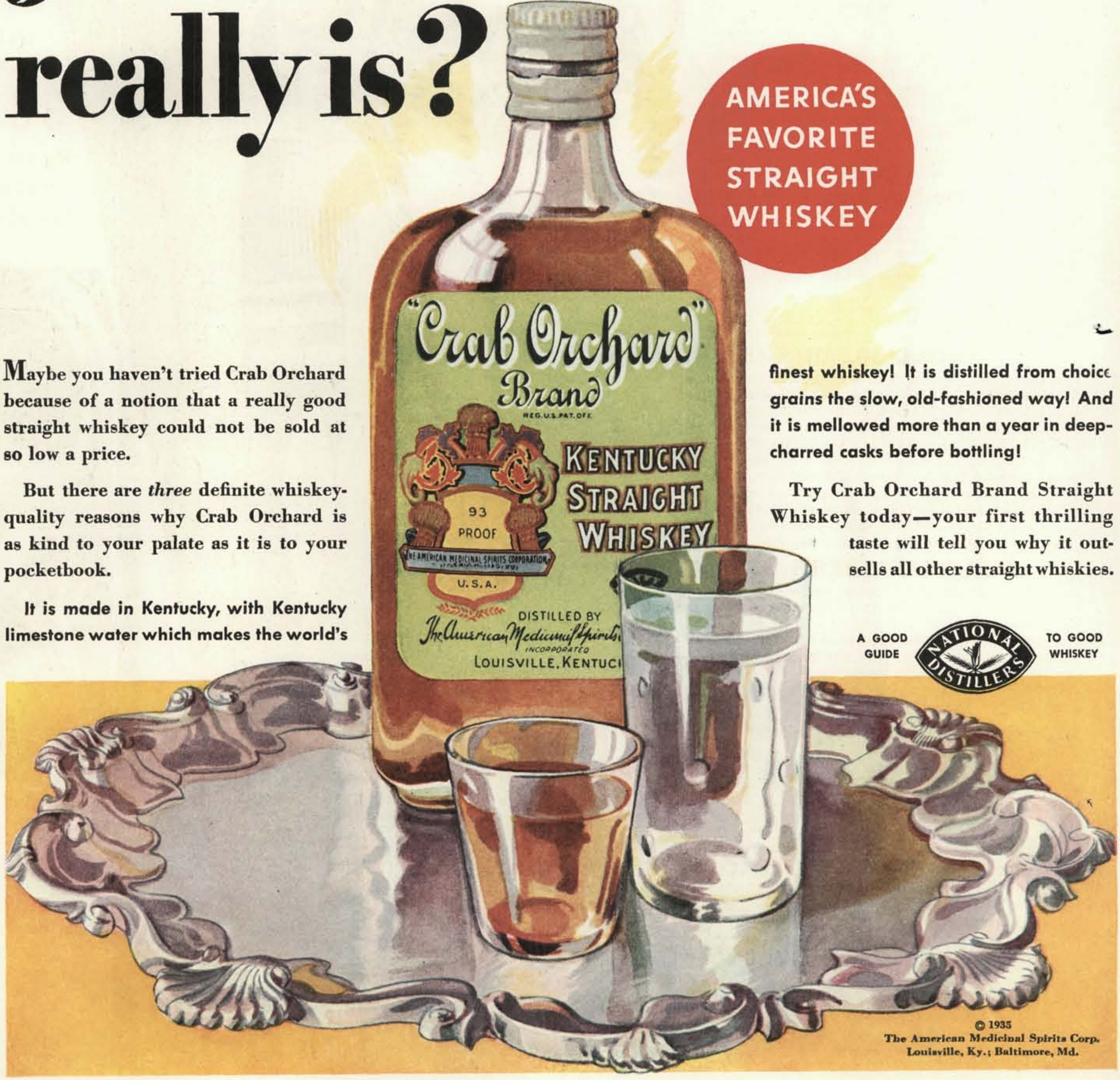
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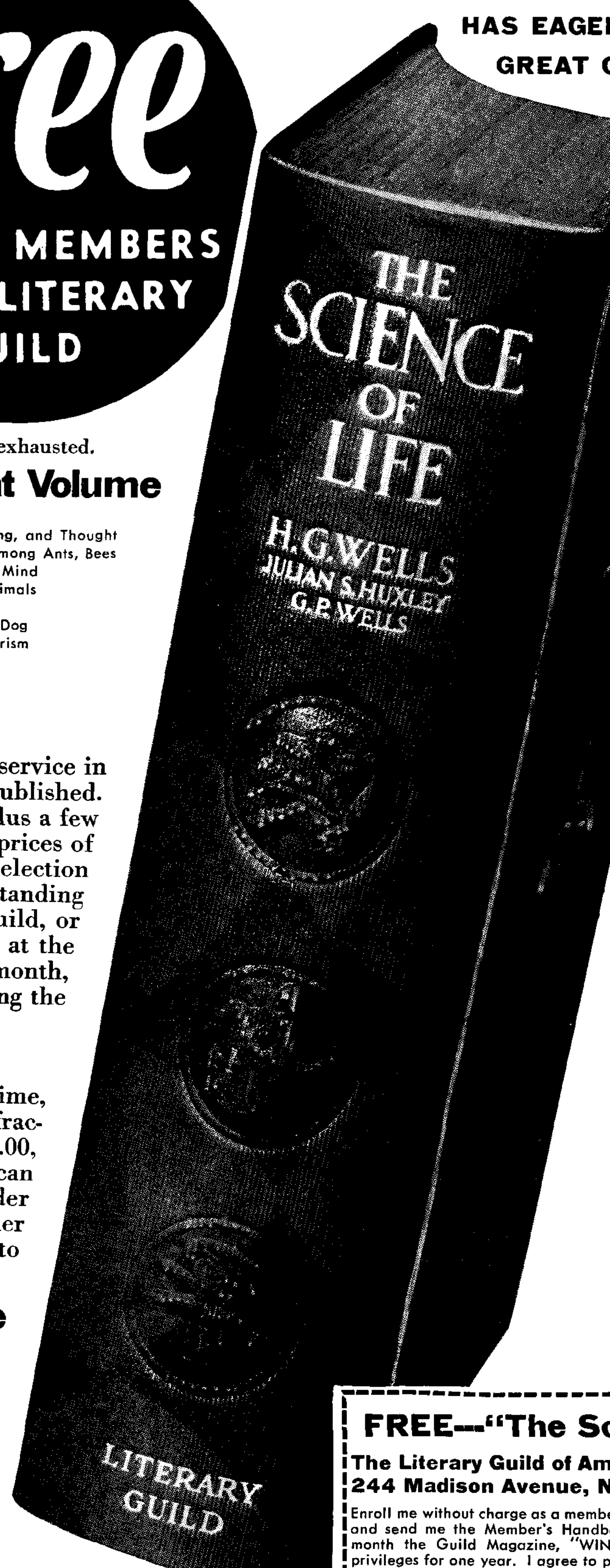

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Charlie Baron fell from stardom, he fell hard. Overnight he disappeared from the screens of the nation and in five years he was broke. So broke that any sort of a job looked good to him. That's how Charlie Baron became a megaphone man on a rubberneck bus.

It was while he was pointing out his own house that he met Mrs. Peavey, a little old lady from Vermont and his "Last Fan." Her influence on Charlie Baron's destiny is described by Frank Condon.

THERE was a unanimous and ear-rending shout of joy when legislators, state and national, discovered the golden stream that could be wrung from the automobile. One tax followed another in rapid succession. Today a motorist frequently pays half the value of his car in taxes *per year*. But there's a limit someplace. John T. Flynn shows you the consequence of the vicious system that has for its motto "Soak the Poor Motorist."

BARRY MITCHELL was a photographer. He was intent on taking the picture of a dress and he needed a girl to go inside it. That's how he met Ann Wayne, "The Perfect Model." In a swiftly moving romance of the darkroom Lawton MacLane tells their story.

IN ONE respect coaching a football team is like playing a hand of bridge—"You Have to Have the Cards." And by "cards" Bernie Bierman, coach of Minnesota's championship team of last year, means such aces as Pug Lund, Larson, Seidel and Co. What can be done with such a hand is told by Mr. Bierman in an enlightening inside article.

WHEN the Countess Giralda announced that she was "tired of all this," meaning the family mansion in New York, and intended to take a small apartment and live simply, everyone knew it meant something. It did. It meant that the Countess Giralda had fallen in love with her social secretary's fiancé. The duel that ensued is brilliantly described by Josephine Bentham.

FRESH from Germany, T. R. Ybarra brings you the story of "Jew-Baiter Number One," Julius Streicher, who is emitting bellows of enraged fanaticism and is being answered by the grave remonstrances of Dr. Schacht.

RICHARD CONNELL, Francis Wallace, George Creel, Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton and others help to make this another memorable issue. You, of course, to do the remembering.

This Week

●

November 2, 1935

Cover by Joseph Morgan

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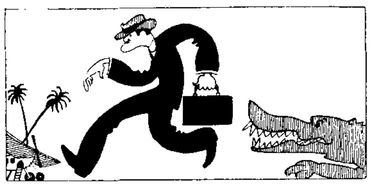
●

Any Week

WE'VE just got back from Ocala, Florida. In pretty good condition, too. But it certainly is a relief to get back to the calm serenity of New York. Heaven knows what might have happened to us in Ocala had it not been for Messrs. Horace Smith and Carl Ray. It is at Ocala that they're beginning to dig that trans-Florida canal. A convulsion seizes the town every eleven seconds. We were shoved off the pavement by the violent crowds. A truck ran over our hat. Somebody tore our coat. We were threatened with assault by a celery farmer who took us for a government engineer. Four gentlemen backed us into a corner and had just about sold us four farms when Messrs. Smith and Ray dragged us into a car and took us to Silver Springs, where a fish ate out of our hand—no fooling. And we were chased by a twelve-foot alligator owned by a gentleman named E. Ross Allen. So you can understand how glad we were to return to the somnolent village of New York, where a fellow can have a little peace.



WE WERE in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, too. Mr. Joe Emery met us and told us that the day after Senator Long had been assassinated the stores of that city were observing Dollar Day, a mercantile enterprise that had been planned a week back. Just to keep in the spirit, the street cars hauled people free that day. An elderly colored woman who hadn't heard about it was about to put her fare in the box when the conductor told her she didn't have to pay that morning. "Good Lawd," she cried, "th' po' man ain't even buried yet and good times is back."

AND a Mr. Nell drew us aside in Atlanta and confided his fears. He wanted to bet us anything up to seventy-five cents that before the presidential campaign reaches its climax "President Roosevelt's opponent will be being blamed by everybody for all the mistakes of this Administration and the Republicans will be trying to convince the people that they didn't have anything to do with the plowing-under features of the AAA. And," continued Mr. Nell, "nobody's going to believe them. We got a whispering campaign on down here. They say Governor Gene Talmadge cuts his own hair. But it ain't so. He don't get his hair cut."

BUT we weren't in Sioux City, Iowa. So Mr. O. N. Ging-Rich (sic) reports the horrid experience of a friend of his. "While fishing in Minnesota," writes Mr. Ging-Rich, "he was caught in a terrific storm. For protection he crawled into a large hollow log. But the wind uprooted a tree which fell across the opening in the log, imprisoning him. He wondered what he had done to warrant being starved to death in a hollow log. Then it occurred to him that the worst thing he had done was to vote for Mr. Roosevelt and the brain trust. In a few moments he felt so small that he escaped through a knot hole."

TIMES are much better in Virginia, too. Mr. J. R. Council of Norfolk got to talking to a watermelon grower in Princess Anne and, asked about business. "Well," said the melon man, "I got to git me another skunk hide." This puzzled Mr. Council just as it does you. The Princess Anne farmer explained. For nearly forty years he had been trading with "the big store in Pungo." Said he: "I don't git a chance to go 'cept on Sadday and it looks like ev'body else do the same. 'Bout six years back business was good and on Saddays the store would be so thick with customers it tuk me two, three hours to git waited on. So I ketched me a big skunk and skinned him. On Friday night when I hung my pants up I hung the skunk hide in them. Sadday mornin' when I went in the store I got waited on prompt. Fact is, they looked like they was in a big hurry to get shet of me. . . . Ain't had no trouble in the past two, three years, customers being kinda scarce. But things is purty peart down our way now. Reckon I got to git me another skunk hide."

TO THE rescue of the Republican party comes Mr. L. J. Hackett of Louisville, Kentucky. He suggests that they nominate Major Edward Bowes for President. "You see," says Mr. Hackett, "the major could set up his gong in the Capitol. Every Sunday evening the amateurs who wanted to run the country could step up and compete. When they went completely crazy the major could give them the gong. What do you think?"

A-A-A-A-ALL right, a-a-a-a-all right!

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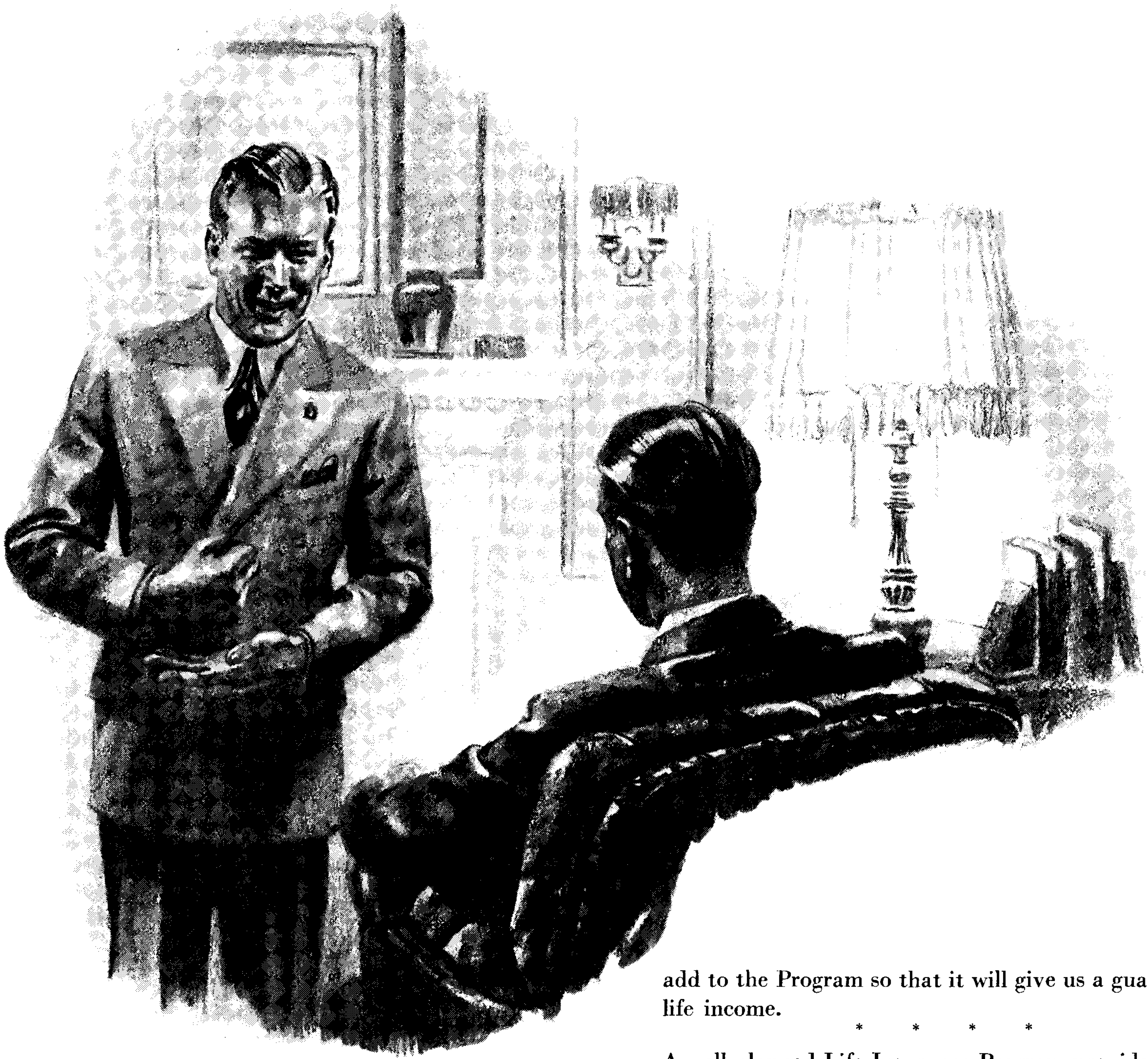
"I had a Great Dad"



HE was wise in a thousand ways, but he never managed to organize himself financially. I remember how often he regretted not getting enough insurance when he was young. He advised me to avoid making his mistake.

Last Spring I was reminded of what father had said, when I happened to see the slogan of Insurance Week, "The sooner you plan your future, the better your future will be." And I made up my mind that my family would not be left unprotected.

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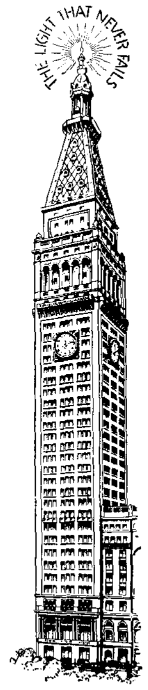
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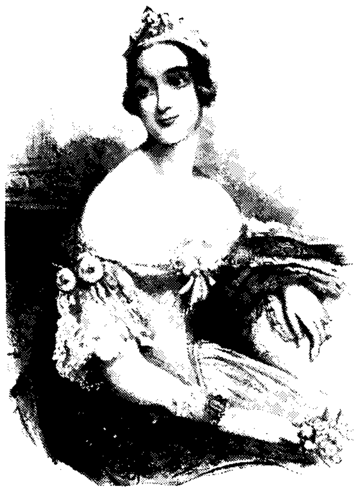

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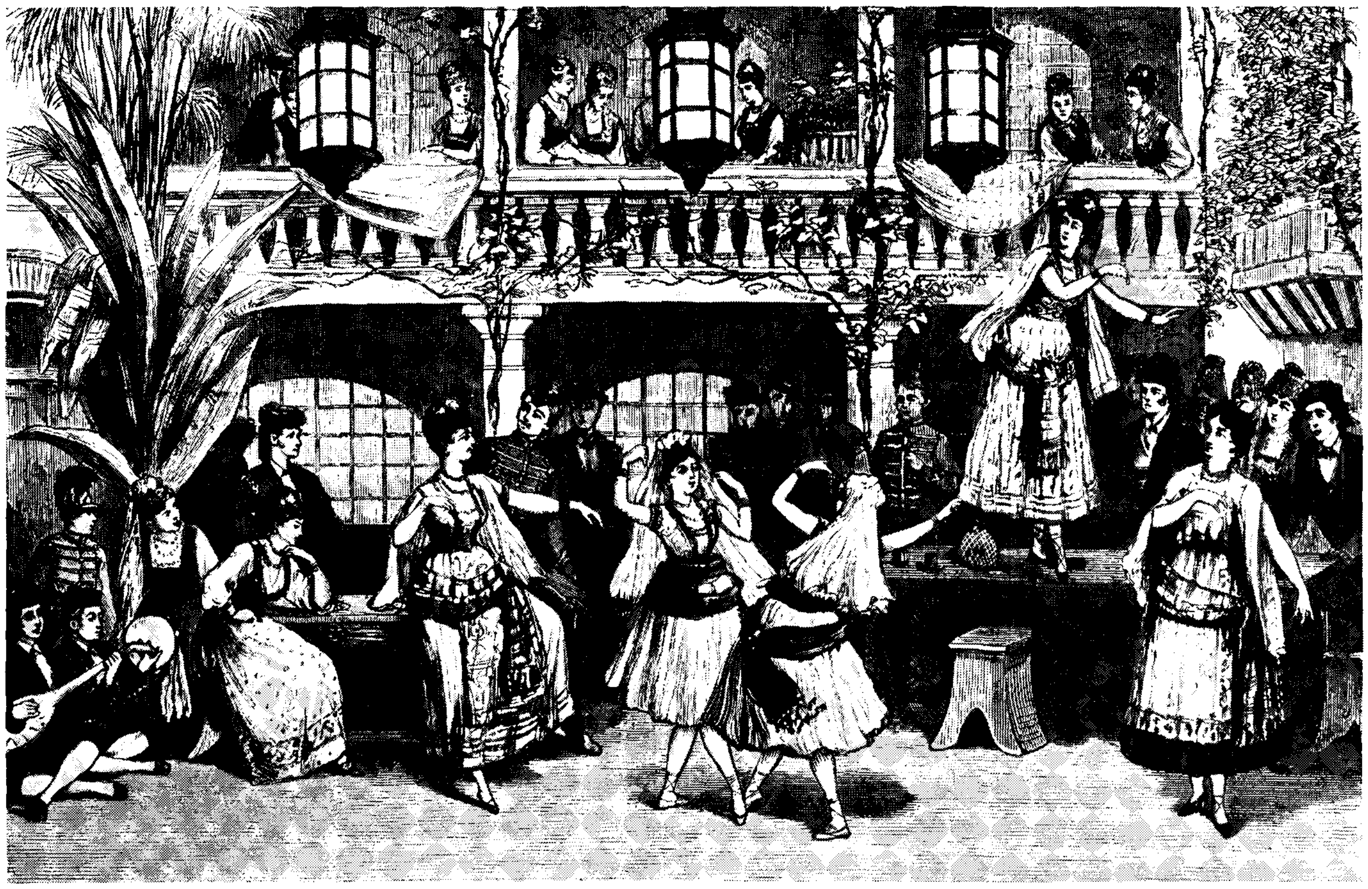
Severe criticism of "Carmen" undoubtedly played a large part in the untimely death of the composer, Georges Bizet, in 1875—the year "Carmen" was first presented. However, with the passage of time, the merits of Bizet's work have been fully recognized. Today it is one of the most popular of all operas . . . with radio giving its music an ever-widening audience. [Illustrations courtesy of the New York Public Library.]



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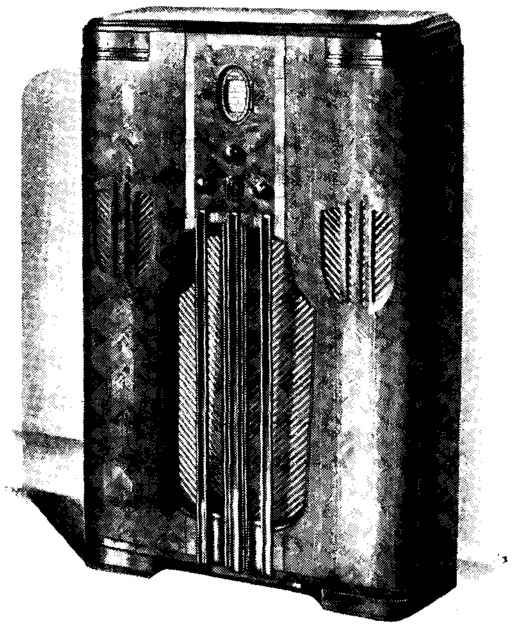

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Collier's

The National Weekly for November 2, 1935

DYNAMITE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Messrs. Timothy Dunnevan and Benjamin Linn, U. S. N, hit the trail of Romance again—on high

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

FIREMAN Timothy Dunnevan had been stricken with another critical attack of sentimentality; and Seaman Benjamin Linn, who tried to do all Fireman Dunnevan's thinking for him, was administering first aid:

"Ju-*das* Priest, Tim, another Irish colleen! I guess you don't remember that Moriarty dame you thought was genuwine and she turned out to be Lithuanian? I guess you've forgot all about little Mark Moriarty?"

"This one is different, Benny."

"That's what you always think, until the dame gets you in trouble and—"

"She is too different, Benny, she is so! She ain't never been married and she ain't got any children and how I know she's genuwine Erish is she showed me her first papers." Fireman Dunnevan looked up from his stein of beer and bestowed a fatuous and foamy sigh upon Seaman Linn. "She's little Seana O'Mara from County Clare. Yerse!"

"Shaw-nuh? What kind of a name is that? How do you spell it?"

Fireman Dunnevan grunted with amused condescension and elucidated: "It's spelt S-e-a-n-a, and you might think you should call it See-anna, but us genuwine Erish call it Shaw-nuh."

Mr. Linn grunted.

"I s'pose her eyes are as blue as Kilkenny and she looks like Mother Machree and is alla time playing a banshee!"

Thus assailed by his best buddy's most devastating sarcasm, Fireman Dunnevan neither flinched nor quailed.

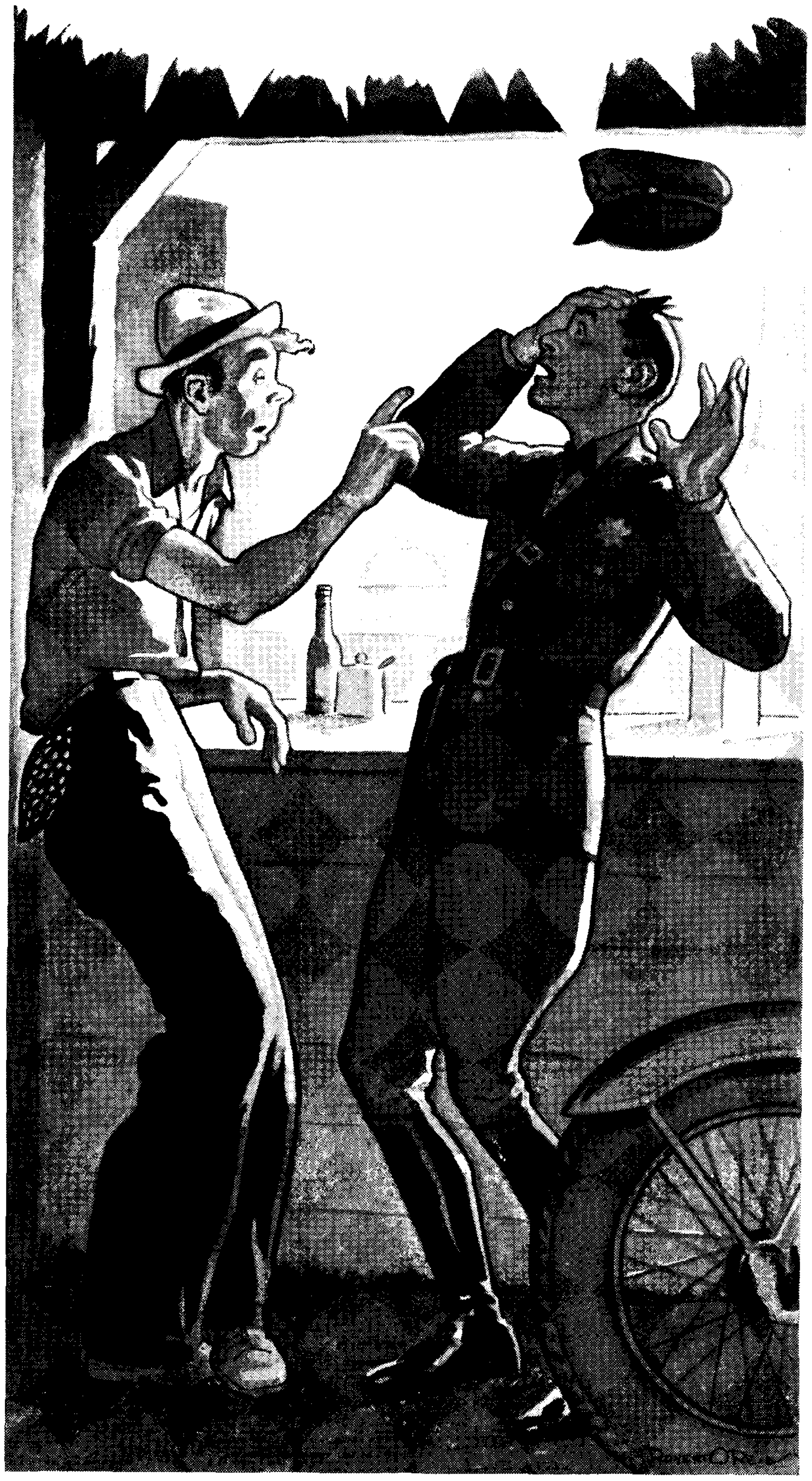
"Her eyes is green till she gets sore and then they look kinda blackish," he said, gently, "and you hadn't oughta talk mean about a gal that thinks you're so swell, Benny."

"She thinks *I'm* swell?"

"Yerse! I told her all about how brainy you are and how I and you have been buddies so long and she says I got to make her and you acquainted."

Ordinarily, such flattery might have softened the brainy partner in the firm of Linn & Dunnevan—Force *and* Brains, Inc. But hard facts reminded Seaman Linn that this was no time for Tim Dunnevan to be falling in love with a colleen, genuwine or otherwise.

An early American clock, finished in red enamel, on the wall of Steve Kanopolis' Pacific Bar showed the time to be 1:47 P. M. Linn and Dunnevan had only a noon-to-midnight liberty. Outside, San Diego's Broadway was very damp with puddles of high fog and it looked like dirty weather. All this while the Great Exposition beckoned.



"Ah, the foul fiend, Officer!" said Liam Mahoney. "'Tis me dynamite truck they've taken! Loaded with forty cases for Oilton No. 3"

"Millicent and Georgine was to meet us at the main gate at one o'clock," Seaman Linn said, grimly. "And if they've waited this long it'll be a miracle."

Fireman Dunnevan tucked half a hamburger into his mouth.

"You go on then, Benny. I can make you acquainted with Seana next time we get liberty."

SEPARATION from Fireman Dunnevan was out of the question.

"I can't trust you by yourself, Tim. That gal would have you hooked into a marriage before night."

Blushing, Fireman Dunnevan ducked his head.

"Aw, she can't get married to no guy yet awhile, Benny. She's gotta look after her Cousin Liam."

"Aw-aw—another kid mixed up in it, hey?"

"Liam ain't no kid. He's almost as big as me; but not half as strong. Seana says he's orful weak. That's why she hasta look after um, see, Benny?" A worshiping humility took possession of Fireman Dunnevan. "That's the way with them genuwine Erish colleens. Angels, they are, Benny. Jest administering angels. Yerse!"

Benny's mordant groan was cut short by the entrance of Miss Seana O'Mara. Fireman Dunnevan heaved to his feet.

"Here she is, Benny!"

Seaman Linn felt a seraphic rush in the air at his side.

"Ah, the pity, the pity! 'Tis late I am! But sure now you'll forgive me, Mizther Dunnevan?"

"Aw . . . uh . . . you ain't a bit late. Uh . . . Benny!"

"Oh—yeah—" Mr. Linn remembered his manners. He rose and turned without enthusiasm to confront Miss O'Mara.

"Benny, I make you acquainted with my lady friend, Miss Seana O'Mara. From Erland!"

"Ah, how nice it is, how nice! Mizther Dunnevan's great friend—'tis very proud I am to shake your hand, Mizther Linn!"

"Pleased to meetcha."

Mr. Linn gulped as that caroling voice dripped honey. His fingers trembled at the touch of a soft, tiny hand. The voice was a ballad and the hand must surely have braided shamrocks. He looked up and saw that Miss O'Mara had a sharp little nose and her bright, grayish-green eyes were smiling. Her hair was concealed under a robin's-egg-blue beret and if she, indeed, possessed a body it was hidden in the folds of a British tweed coat and a plaid skirt.

"Ah, he's a sweet little lad, Mizther Dunnevan!" She withdrew her hand and fluttered to the edge of a chair which Fireman Dunnevan was holding. Here she perched and burst into a song of praise:

" 'Tis so good to meet such wonderful men in America! This Mizther Dunnevan—just look at um, now! He is like our own Irish lads, bless him! The kind, sweet face of him; the fine broad shoulders of him. I bless the saints day we met—"

"Aw, now—"

"I do, I do," sang Miss O'Mara. "Sure, I say a prayer that I have the luck to walk out with um, Mizther Linn!" She smiled at Seaman Linn; "An' you'll be Irish too, I'm thinking?"

Seaman Linn was not charmed.

"Naw," he said, "I'm American."

"You have the Irish look about you," Miss O'Mara insisted, "though 'tis true Mizther Dunnevan would make three of you with your boots on."

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN, who had been expanding with each rapt compliment, was now inflated to goggle-eyed helplessness. He blinked down at Miss O'Mara and said: "You—you oughta have some lunch."

"It's too late for lunch, Tim."

Miss O'Mara trilled rapidly. She gave Benny to understand that she ate but a smither and a smather and rarely even that. Furthermore—and this with a dramatic gesture of her hands toward Fireman Dunnevan—there was no time to be thinking of food. Cousin Liam Mahoney, the poor weak lad, was drunk again!

"That's orful, sure is orful," said Fireman Dunnevan, with bewitched promptness. "Ain't there something I and Benny could do about it?" Then, with a blush, "Is Liam violent, ma'am?"

Seaman Linn started his protest, but before it was uttered Miss O'Mara's warble had deepened to as sad a threnody as e'er a poet sounded across the Daft One's Bog:

"Violent? Ah, he is that, poor, misguided lad! He puts the terror in my heart to see him so. Would you believe it, now, Mizther Dunnevan; but he raised his hand against me for the first time. Ah, woe to um, when the black, black drink is on um—"

Fireman Dunnevan scowled.

"Did he hit yer, Miss Seana?"

Seaman Linn stood up. He said, flatly, "We got dates at the Exposition, Tim, and we oughta be on our way." Then, turning to Miss O'Mara, "Sure glad to have made your acquaintance, but I and Tim has dates and we gotta go now."

The statement was utterly ignored. Miss Seana had perched herself either upon or very near to Fireman Dunnevan's knee and she was saying: "Ah, 'tis like you to ask that question, Mizther Dunnevan. 'Tis the sweet, chivalrous heart of you—"

"Where's Liam at?"

"Ah, I couldn't be asking you to help me with Cousin Liam. Ah, no, I couldn't, I couldn't—"

"Don't you mind *that*, Miss Seana. I've had a lotta experience with drunks. Where's he at?"

Desperately, Seaman Linn said, "He didn't sock her. Ain't a mark on her. We got no business interfering with the guy, Tim. He's a *civilian;* and it's against the Regs to go interfering with a—"

Fireman Dunnevan snorted. He reared himself to his six feet two inches of fireroom-hardened bone and muscle.

"You stay here, Benny. I can handle Liam with one hand tied behind me!"

"Oh, Judas Priest, Tim—*listen!* It's a summary *court.* Lieut.-Commander Herrick warned us the next time we tangled with civilians we'd get the limit!"

"I ain't gonna fight him, Benny. He's *her* cousin and I wouldn't lift a finger—"

Miss O'Mara pushed between Mr. Linn and Mr. Dunnevan. Her eyes were blackish, but her voice was sweetly reproachful:

"Sure, an' what is this about fighting, lads? 'Tis only in my mind that mayhap Mizther Dunnevan might know how to sober poor Cousin Liam so he can go out with the truck, tonight. Ah, I know so little of men's wickedness that I'm fair helpless when the black, black drink is raging in my Cousin Liam—"

Fireman Dunnevan, seeing a tear in her eye and romance in her sigh, shoved his best friend aside.

"Yerse! I can sober him up okay. I sobered up plenty of guys in the U. S. Navy, Miss Seana! Where's Liam at?"

Hopping triumphantly by Fireman Dunnevan's side, Miss O'Mara took complete charge. The little colleen, it developed, was temporarily in service to a Mr. and Mrs. Julius Goldfarb. So kind were the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Goldfarb that every Thursday afternoon and evening, they allowed Miss O'Mara the use of Mrs. Goldfarb's car.

Seaman Linn rode disconsolately in the rumble seat. The high fog was very thick and it looked more than ever like dirty weather.

Cousin Liam Mahoney, it shortly developed, was domiciled at a tourist camp several miles beyond the Exposition grounds.

When Tim and Benny and Seana arrived at this place they found about fifty mixed inhabitants of the tourist camp grouped in a discreetly wide circle around one of the small, white cabins. These cabins had been adroitly constructed to resemble shoes. The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe—one Mrs. Charles Thersenveld, previously of North Dakota—summed up the situation for Miss O'Mara with admirable terseness:

"You gat him out, please. Queek, you gat him out. My cabans ban yust too small for drunk mans!"

Miss O'Mara announced that the black shame was full upon her; and began to snuffle. Mr. Dunnevan pawed at her shoulder and said: "I've sobered up lots of drunks in the U. S. Navy, ma'am." It was Mr. Linn who took charge in the crisis.

HE EXAMINED the white stucco shoe and Cousin Liam Mahoney's position in it.

"Hully gee," Seaman Linn reported, expertly, "the guy's got a gin-and-aguardiente bun on; and his head's where his feet ought to be."

Cousin Liam slept the sleep of the unjust, his feet in the heel of the "shoe" and his head in the toe. He had thrust one arm through an eyelet, which served as a window. A small boy in the curious, though respectful, throng sang out: "He had one foot poked through the back wall, but my pop shoved it back!"

"Ah, the weak, weak lad! The poor misguided lad! And him with a fine new job driving the truck!"

"Aw, it's okay, Miss Seana. Benny will fix it. I and Benny will get him sober."

Seaman Linn removed his jumper and tie. He asked for a gunny sack, which he tied around his waist. He directed Fireman Dunnevan to make similar preparations. Then, turning to Miss O'Mara, he said. "Tell the squarehead we'll need some salt and warm water, first; then some black coffee and two cans of raw tomatoes. Okay. Now, you folks stand aside, whilst we pry him outa that cabin!"

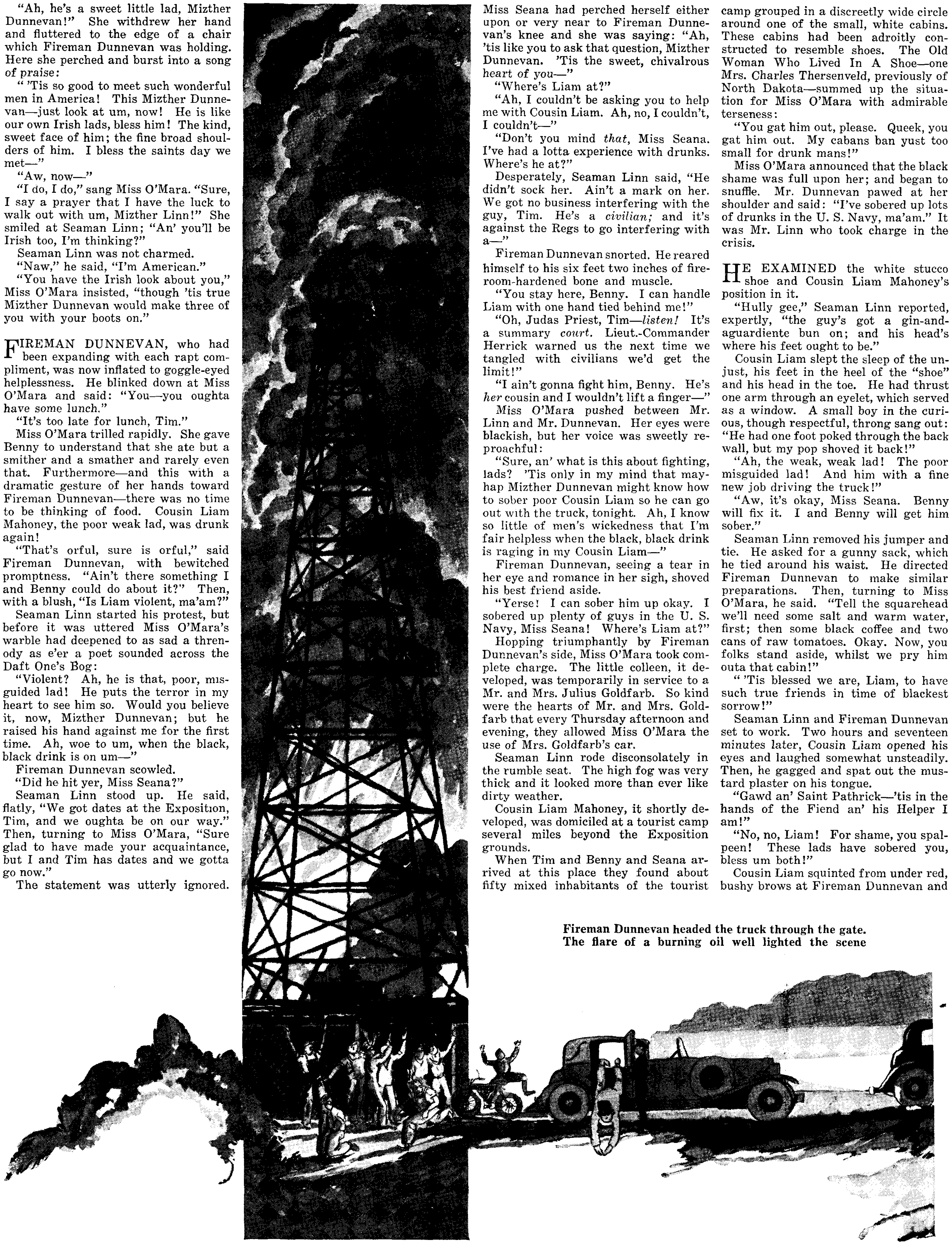
" 'Tis blessed we are, Liam, to have such true friends in time of blackest sorrow!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan set to work. Two hours and seventeen minutes later, Cousin Liam opened his eyes and laughed somewhat unsteadily. Then, he gagged and spat out the mustard plaster on his tongue.

"Gawd an' Saint Pathrick—'tis in the hands of the Fiend an' his Helper I am!"

"No, no, Liam! For shame, you spalpeen! These lads have sobered you, bless um both!"

Cousin Liam squinted from under red, bushy brows at Fireman Dunnevan and



Fireman Dunnevan headed the truck through the gate. The flare of a burning oil well lighted the scene

Seaman Linn. They were perspiration-soaked and weary; and each bore marks of the physical struggle. Cousin Liam was a little smaller, but only a little smaller than Fireman Dunnevan.

"Bad 'cess to ye both! Ye've ruint as blissful a souse as ever a man achieved in this bloody world!"

Seaman Linn could stand no more. "You got a crust, brother," he snarled. "We done it to save you your job."

Ingratitude had a firm hold on Cousin Liam. He struggled to his feet and glared at Miss O'Mara.

"Me job, is ut? Agh! 'Tis me job that keeps me drinkin', sure. And no thanks to ye, Seana O'Mara! 'Tis yerself that forced me to take the dommed job—"

Fireman Dunnevan stuck a fist against Cousin Liam's mouth.

"Pipe down! Drunk or sober, I'll clout you if you go and use profane langwidge!"

"Oh-ho—ye black Mick! So that's it?"

MISS O'MARA gave Fireman Dunnevan such a look as to remove all the fight from him.

"Sure, now, pay no attention to the black-hearted rascal, Timothy!" she said, throatily. "And bold I am to be callin' you that. And bolder still to be saying that I'll meet you at the Bide-a-Wee tearoom for a bit of dinner this very night!"

Fireman Dunnevan was sunk.

"That—that sure is swell, ma'am!" he burbled.

Seaman Linn and his best friend quarreled bitterly in the bus going back to San Diego's business section . . .

"So she calls you *Timothy!*"

"Yerse!"

"Oh, you cluck! Can'tcha see that all she cares about is us helping save Liam his job?"

"She's his cousin, Benny, an' real Erish colleens, why their blood is thicker than water. Yerse."

"Cousin nothing. She's stuck on Liam!"

"Pipe down, Benny."

"Oh, *golly,* Tim! God loves U. S. sailors, but that don't mean sapheads that ain't loyal to real U. S. gals but goes picking up immigrants—"

"I said pipe down!" Then, in a burst of sentiment, "I oughta clout you for acting sarcastic about my lady friend, but I won't because I and you has been pals so long. Yerse. But you go on to the Exposition, before I hafta clout you, anyway."

Seaman Linn got up and took another seat at the extreme rear of the bus. Fireman Dunnevan made no gesture of repentance. When the bus reached Broadway, he left it and entered a picture show. Seaman Linn followed him into the show and sat several seats away. When it was time for Fireman Dunnevan to keep his dinner date with Miss O'Mara, he left the show, still followed by Seaman Linn.

They sat on opposite benches beside the door of the Bide-a-Wee tearoom, ignoring each other with heavy emphasis. Miss O'Mara was late again. Ten minutes . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . thirty . . .

She dashed in, breathless, at a quarter of seven. Her face was tear-streaked.

"Ah, Timothy man, I've found you!"

"Yerse! What's wrong?"

Miss O'Mara included Seaman Linn in her frenzied appeal.

"Ah, the black heart of um! I delivered him cold sober to the garage. With my own ears I hear Mr. Johnson say he must make a quick trip with the truck up north to the oil fields. An' what does the weak, weak lad do? I follow him and with my own eyes I see um stop that truck outside a saloon. Out he comes, the spalpeen, with two bottles. I plead with um, but he shrugs me off, may the Fiend take um, and I follow. And there he sits drunk again, in his truck beside the highway road!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged glances for the first time since their quarrel.

"I got to help her again, Benny."

"Suit yourself. Only you better remember you're due back at the landing at a quarter of twelve. S'long."

He started out the door.

Miss O'Mara caught his arm.

"No, Mizther Linn! 'Tis a fey night, and if Mizther Dunnevan, the brave lad, takes that truck north, he'll be needing help. 'Tis near a hundred miles of driving through the Devil's own fog—"

Seaman Linn gasped.

"Are you *crazy?* Tim ain't gonna take no truck nowhere tonight!"

Erish eyes were pleading, and up spake Timothy Dunnevan: "I *got* to, Benny. If they fire Liam it'll break her heart!"

HALF an hour later, a wet, disheveled and slightly drunken truck driver staggered into the presence of State Highway Officer Schmook at a hot dog stand on the outskirts of San Diego.

"Officer, they've taken me truck!" he howled. "Two sailors, Officer. They've run off with me truck!"

"What make of truck and which way were they heading?"

"Ah, the foul fiend, Officer! 'Tis me *dynamite* truck they've taken! Loaded with forty cases for Oilton No. 3. There's a big fire at Oilton—"

Officer Schmook paled.

"Two sailors on the loose in a dynamite truck? I—I better call the sergeant—"

Fireman Dunnevan sat at the wheel. Seaman Linn was strained forward trying to wipe fog from the inside of the windshield. In darkness and fog they had gained possession of the truck, and in darkness and fog they rolled along the Coast Highway.

"She kissed me, Benny. The little Erish colleen kissed me."

"Hunh. Well, step on it! Heck, we'll never make it back by a quarter of twelve going this way. Lookit—thirty-two miles an hour."

"It won't go no faster, Benny."

Seaman Linn peered around the semi-darkness of the cab and at the solid box body of the truck.

"Gotta heavy load on. What we hauling, Tim?"

"Seana said it was some machinery for them oil drillers. Liam hauls for 'em all the time."

"It oughta do at least forty, Tim . . . Say, I bet there's a governor on this bus. That's it! They went and stuck a governor on it, the cheap lugs. Afraid we'll burn too much gas. Stop a minute—"

"No place along here to stop in, Benny."

"Hell's bells, Tim! Jest stop. It'll only take a minute to yank 'at governor off. Where's a flashlight?"

"I don't see none, Benny," said Tim, looking around. The truck swerved and there was a protesting squawk from someone's horn in the fog.

"I'll hafta use matches. Stop her!"

They lurched to a halt and Benny got out; located the governor seal with matches; yanked it off and unscrewed the mooring rod. Cars ground brakes behind them and voices yelled: "Hey, get off'n the highway" and "Gee, brother, I almost bumped yuh!" Tim and Benny replied with rude bravado. The urge for speed was exciting them.

"No governor now, Tim! Let's see what she'll do!"

The truck, they discovered, would do forty-seven miles an hour up hill and much more than fifty down hill.

"It's sure easy-riding, Tim. I bet they got them springs set in rubber."

"Yeah. Is it *all* painted red, Benny?"

"Far back as I can see it is."

They topped a hill above the ocean and roared down into the thick white fog. Fireman Dunnevan masterfully passed a creeping sedan.

"Shucks, Benny, that Liam guy has it soft, driving this. He oughta be stuck in a fireroom when we're doing thirty knots!"

"All these civilians has it soft. They don't know work like we do it in the Navy."

Seaman Linn lighted a cigar, carelessly tossed the match to leeward, and settled back on the seat. This adventure was turning out better than anticipated.

"Step on it a little harder, Tim. We got to make up for slowing down to forty through them towns."

"The fog's lighter along here. Lessee if she'll do sixty, hunh?"

"Suits me, big boy."

They did sixty.

Suddenly, Seaman Linn detected an ominous staccato barking off the port quarter.

"Jiggers, Tim. Sounds like a cop!"

He looked out, as Tim slowed to thirty miles. Tim looked out, too.

"Heck, Benny, it's two cops!"

"Pinched! Didn't I warn you about them colleens? We're pinched!"

"Maybe they ain't cops, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan leaned overside. The truck veered into the path of an approaching passenger bus.

"Gee, Tim, look *out!*"

Bus and truck went by each other so close that Fireman Dunnevan nearly had his head taken off.

"They're cops, Benny!"

"Why don't they pinch us? What they waiting for?"

"Aw-aw, here comes one of 'em!"

A HIGHWAY patrolman shot out of the gloom and slid along opposite the truck, but on the extreme left-hand edge of the road. He waved his arm wildly and shouted something.

"Pinched!"

Fireman Dunnevan applied the air brakes. The truck skidded toward the cop. With a terrified squawk of his siren, the cop stepped on the gas and shot down the road. He remained two hundred yards ahead of the truck, waving his arm hysterically.

"Shall I stop, Benny?"

"N-naw, he ain't told us to in so many words. It don't look like a pinch. See—he's still keeping way ahead of us."

Fireman Dunnevan squinted back.

"The other cop's keeping way behind us."

These strange actions moved Seaman Linn to thought. He said: "They're acting darn' funny for cops, Tim."

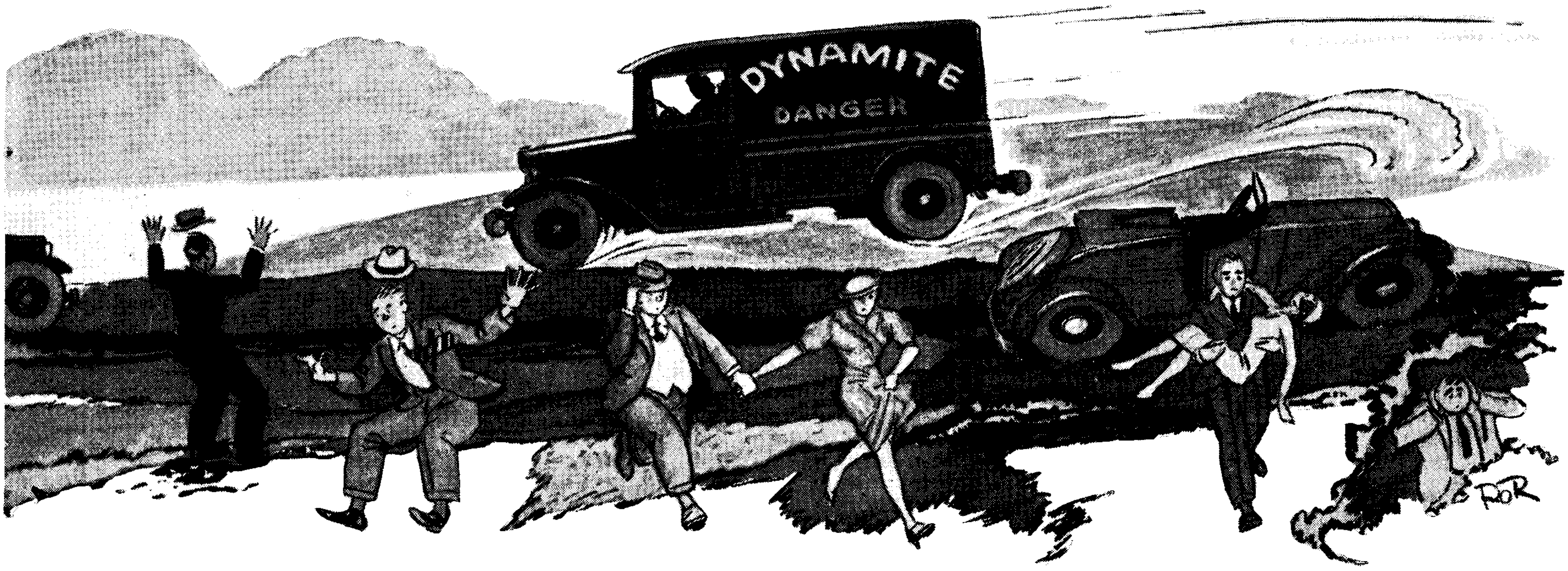
Breathing heavily through his nose, Fireman Dunnevan could not bear the suspense any longer.

"I'm gonna speed up and see if they *are* cops, Benny." Then, darkly, "They may be Jap spies."

"Hey—don't do 'at—"

But Fireman Dunnevan stepped on it. He bore down upon the leading policeman. Looking over his shoulder, this minion of the law was startled to see the truck almost at his taillight. Another squawk of the siren, and the cop went away from there.

(Continued on page 45)



Three Words

By Hugh Wiley

James Lee, the subtle, in another murder mystery, wherein a killer raises a question—and answers it

ON THE day before his expedition started west from Peiping, Alan Markham turned a collection of minor details over to Howard Lin, his Chinese assistant, and resigned himself to an afternoon's relaxation. The Chihli Plate was being run and a ten-dollar bet on a Mongol pony named Princess brought him a hundred silver dollars.

That night to Howard Lin, "We're starting lucky. I won at the races today," he said.

Lin smiled at his chief. "I hope we have the same luck west of the Little Gobi."

"We'll have plenty of luck," Markham predicted.

Against this prediction Old Man Trouble rode with the explorers for a thousand miles across the desert and then, beaten to a pulp, he was driven to retreat by the superior forces of Lady Luck.

Returning to the United States eighteen months after his departure from Peiping, Markham brought to Berkford University a treasure of ancient manuscripts and trophies in stone and metal that had been recovered from the haunted sands of the Takla Makan.

Howard Lin came back to the university with his chief to help Markham with some of the translations of the manuscript. A month after Markham had finished his preliminary report, and while he was still engaged with his first general classification of the earlier documents that had been found in a cliff south of the Tarim River, he was discovered dead in his residence.

TO THE coroner's jury, testifying relative to Alan Markham's death, "I saw his hand sticking out of the window about ten minutes after four in the morning," Peter Barton said. "I only been working for the Jersey Dairy since November last year, but all the time since I begun delivering down the peninsula the professor took a quart a day. His hand was caught in the window screen and it was kind of bloody on the wrist. There was not much blood."

Q: What did you do when you saw the dead man's hand?

A: I was scared. I called out, "Hey, Professor!" and then I stood up and looked inside the bathroom. The light was burning. He was hanging down from his hand where it was caught in the screen window. I run to my truck and headed for the first telephone I thought of down at the Nite Bite Lunchery on the highway.

Q: To whom did you telephone?

A: First I got two nickels for a dime from the cook. And then I called up the police department.

Q: Not the sheriff of the county?

A: No, sir. I never give him a thought.

The records show that Sergeant Miller of the police department was informed of the discovery of Professor Markham's body at 4:16 A. M. Forthwith upon receipt of the information Sergeant Miller directed Peter Barton to return to Professor Markham's house.

Sergeant Miller then called Dr. Garner and, after informing him of the milkman's discovery, requested Dr. Garner to meet him at once at Professor Markham's house on the campus.

After he had completed his call to Dr. Garner, Sergeant Miller put another call through for Harvey Ainsworth, the comptroller of the university.

Sergeant Miller arrived at Professor Markham's house at 4:35 A. M. to find the milkman, Pete Barton, and the comptroller of the university, Harvey Ainsworth, in the house.

QUESTIONED by the coroner, Sergeant Miller testified in part as follows:

Q: Where was Professor Markham's body when you got to the house?

A: He was still hanging by his wrist from the screen window in his bathroom.

Q: You walked into the bathroom?

A: The first thing I done when I got to the professor's house after I seen Mr. Ainsworth and the milkman was to walk in and look at the dead man.

Q: How did you know he was dead?

A: Anybody could tell he was dead.

Q: Did you feel his pulse, listen to his heart?

A: There wasn't any need of that. Dr. Garner got there while the three of us was talking. The first thing he said after he spoke to Mr. Ainsworth, when he saw the body, was that the professor was dead.

Q: Of suicide or murder or death from natural causes, which did you instinctively decide upon? That is—I mean, did you have any ideas on this subject?

A: No, sir. The only thing I thought of was burglary. I kind of looked at the professor to see if he was shot or hit in the head with something or anything.

TO HOWARD LIN, a Chinese: You were well acquainted with Professor Markham?

A: I have been studying with Professor Markham for two years.

Q: He employed you as an assistant?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: When did you last see Professor Markham alive?

A: I had supper with him on Friday evening. He told me we would have an early supper because he had a lot of work to do that night.

Q: What time did you last see him alive?

A: About nine o'clock that night.

Q: Mr. Lin, in the professor's bathroom did you see the bottle containing the poison that killed him?

A: Yes, sir. It was standing on the glass shelf above the wash bowl in the bathroom.

Q: Did you touch the bottle?

A: No, sir. It was none of my business. My chief was always taking some kind of medicine for his indigestion.

Following Howard Lin, Dr. Lyman Garner was sworn in by the coroner.

To Dr. Garner, "We can dispose of the formalities, Doctor," the coroner said. "Please tell us in plain language what you discovered when you found Professor Markham's body."

A: The man was dead. Death was due to poison. The poison was hydrocyanic acid.

Q: Have you any theory as to how Professor Markham's wrist happened to be caught in the screen window of his bathroom?

A: Paralysis of respiration is one of the characteristics of a fatal dose of hydrocyanic acid. The symptoms are those of sudden and complete asphyxia. A full dose produces a sudden paralysis of the heart. A smaller amount, still fatal, might permit some volitional movements to be made before death. In my opinion, Professor Markham attempted in his last moments of life to open his bathroom window and fell dead at that moment. The odor of the hydrocyanic acid was unmistakable in the residue of contained air in the professor's lungs.

Q: Dr. Garner, would you say that the professor committed suicide?

A: I cannot say yes or no to that question. The broken tumbler on the bathroom floor had contained a solution of hydrocyanic acid. A small bottle containing a strong solution of hydrocyanic acid was on the glass shelf above the wash bowl in the bathroom.

Q: Did you record a description of the bottle and its label? . . . Of course, Doctor, you understand we require your answer to the question merely for the record.

A: I understand. The bottle was a two-ounce bottle. The stopper was some composition substance covering a glass tube similar to an eye dropper with a rubber bulb at the end so that the dosage could be measured.

Q: Pardon me, Doctor, how much of the solution was in the bottle? Was it full?

A: Practically full.

Q: Was the stopper in the bottle when you saw it?

A: No, sir, it was lying on the glass shelf above the wash bowl.

Q: Do you recognize this bottle as being the one that contained the poison?

A: It looks like the same bottle.

Interruption by Sergeant Miller: "Excuse me. I made a record of the label on the bottle. It was Prescription No. 77,853 from Ehrmann's Pharmacy. Dr. Emmett prescribed it."

The coroner nodded to Sergeant Miller. "Thank you," he said.

"Dr. Emmett is up at Lake Tahoe on a vacation," Sergeant Miller continued. "I telephoned him this morning. He said he never prescribed no poison for the professor."

With mild impatience the chief inquisitor nodded again at Sergeant Miller. "Just a moment, Sergeant," he suggested. "I have not finished with Dr. Garner."

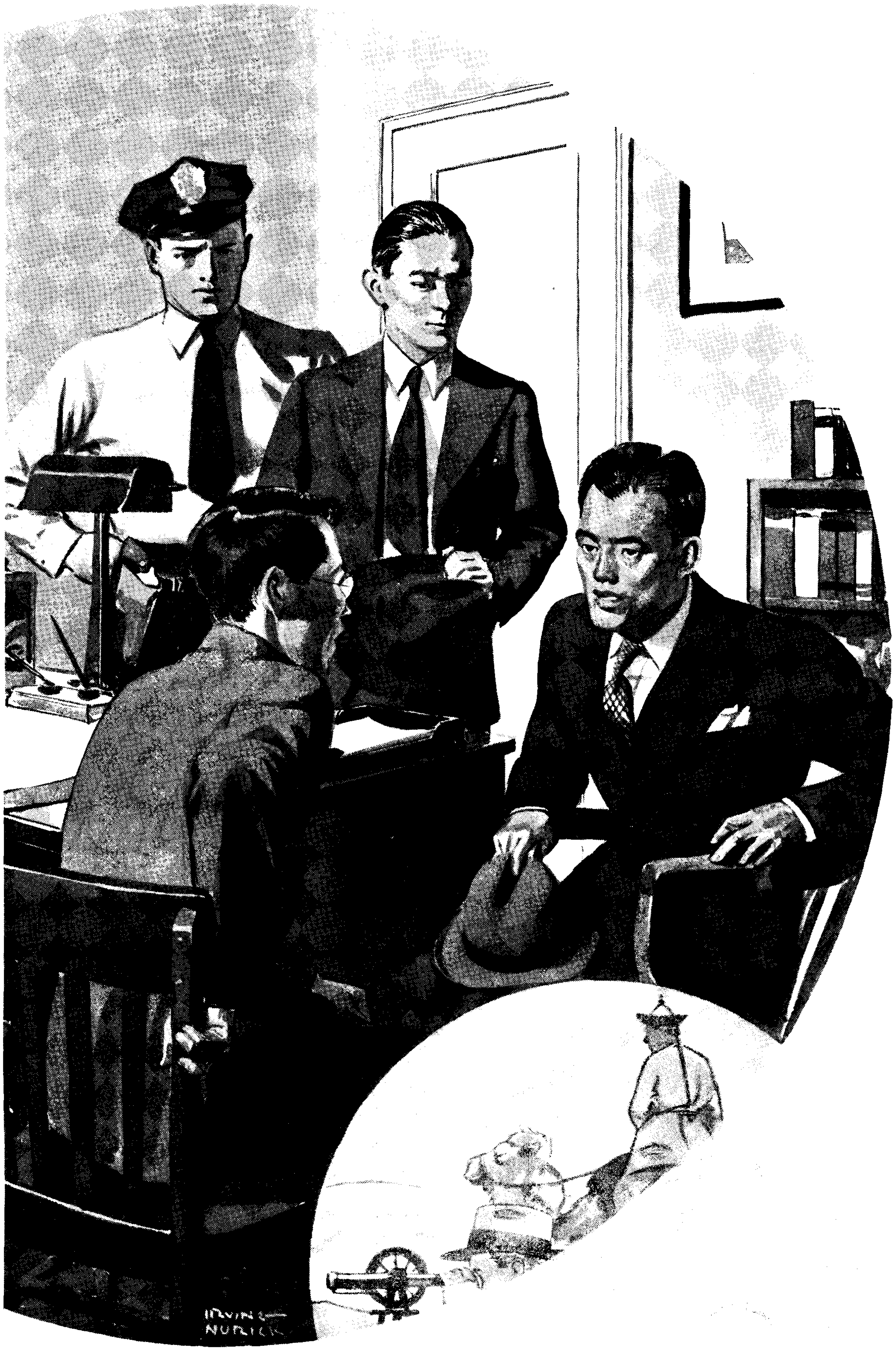
Then, resuming with Dr. Garner: Doctor, have you any theory as to why the deceased should have possessed a bottle of deadly poison?

A: The only thing that occurs to me is that in writing the prescription Dr. Emmett may have used an ambiguous contraction in Latin that might mean either hydrocyanic acid or hydrochloric acid. Hydrochloric acid may be useful in atonic dyspepsia and acidity of the stomach.

Q: And such an ambiguous contraction might result fatally to the patient?

A: Yes, indeed. A great many physicians in their ignorance of case endings in Latin grammar are apt to—

Interrupting Dr. Garner: "Thank



Looking intently at James Lee, "Please accept my apologies," Howard Lin said quickly. "I am happy to make appropriate obeisance to a Chinese scholar"

ILLUSTRATED BY
IRVING NURICK

you, Doctor," the coroner said. "We will have Mr. Ehrmann sworn—and his pharmacist, Mr. Frank Ramsay."

Presently to Ludwig Ehrmann: You are the proprietor of Ehrmann's Pharmacy?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: From your records, who compounded Prescription No. 77,853 dated on the label on this bottle 7-26-35?

A: My junior pharmacist, Mr. Frank Ramsay.

Q: Thank you, Mr. Ehrmann. That is all. . . .

Q: Mr. Ramsay? Do you recognize the label on this bottle?

A: Yes, sir, I wrote the typewriting on it.

Q: I asked you to bring your file of prescriptions with you. Have you got the original prescription for the contents of this bottle, written by Dr. Emmett?

A: Yes, sir, I brought the file with me.

TO HIS associates when the prescription of Ehrmann's Pharmacy had been presented in evidence, "Gentlemen, you see that this prescription is one of those 'ambiguous contractions of the Latin term' that Dr. Garner told us about. You will read in the first line of Dr. Emmett's prescription in his handwriting, 'Acid. Hydroc.' Dr. Garner tells us that the term might mean either hydrochloric or hydrocyanic acid and that the first chemical in small doses might be harmless, while a few drops of the second chemical which killed Professor Markham would mean death. I regret to say that it becomes necessary to assume that young Mr. Frank Ramsay made an error in compounding the prescription."

At this, springing to his feet, "Mr. Ramsay made no error in compounding the prescription," Ludwig Ehrmann protested. "What sort of a fool would do a thing like that? You see on the label the prescription was dispensed by F. R. and checked by L. E.—that means me—'Ludwig Ehrmann.' We never make mistakes."

The coroner smiled thinly. "So you never make mistakes, Mr. Ehrmann. . . . There is always a first time. Maybe this is your first mistake."

"We have never made a mistake with a prescription," Mr. Ehrmann exploded. "In thirty-five years! We carry no cyanide in solution. It is in crystals."

The coroner nodded coldly. "Thank you, Mr. Ehrmann. Please be seated."

"Gott im Himmel!" Mr. Ehrmann exploded, glaring in anger at the coroner. "Yes! I will be seated."

WHEN Mr. Ehrmann was seated there was a moment's silence and then to the foreman of the jury, "It is reasonably evident that Professor Markham came to his death because of an error made in compounding a medicine prescribed by Dr. Emmett. It is a reasonable assumption that the pharmacist who filled the prescription, Mr. Frank Ramsay, is culpable. I request you to bring in a verdict of accidental death by hydrocyanic acid solution self-administered. I recommend that the pharmacist, Mr. Frank Ramsay, be held on a technical charge of manslaughter."

Turning to the young pharmacist, "This, of course, is highly unfortunate for you, Mr. Ramsay, but it seems to be the only course I can take in the matter. . . . There is, however, one more witness to testify—Ota Haruki."

"I am a student in the university," Haruki affirmed. "I have been attending Professor Markham's classes."

Q: You work for the professor?

A: Yes, sir. I cook supper for him three or four times a week.

Q: He had other servants?

(Continued on page 36)

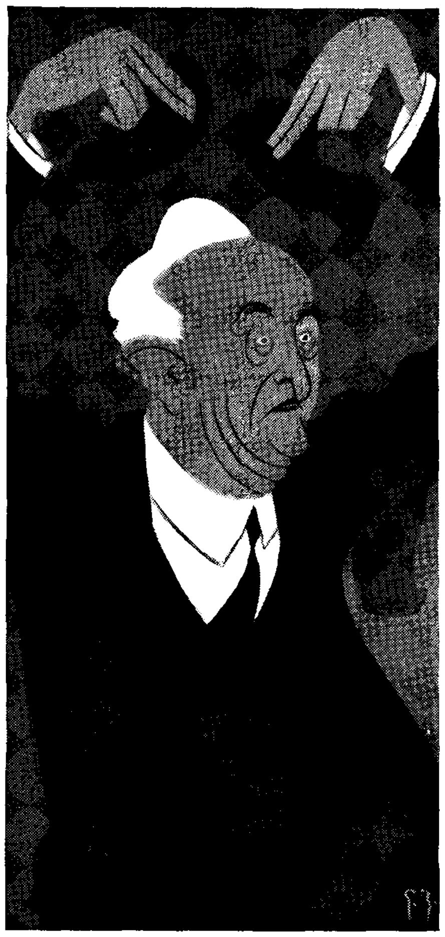
Thunder on the Right

"Invalid laws," "spending orgies," "cruel and insufferably insolent agencies"—these are a few of the charges hurled at the New Deal by Right Wing Democrats. And the Republican party, cocking an attentive ear, finds a splendid omen for 1936 in these mutterings of thunder on the Right. In this article Mr. Creel carefully analyzes the elements of discontent and their probable effect upon next year's election

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Carter Glass, arch-enemy of the President's monetary policies, denies any intention of bolting, despite our "repudiated" money

Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia has outlined the Democratic malcontents' case against Roosevelt

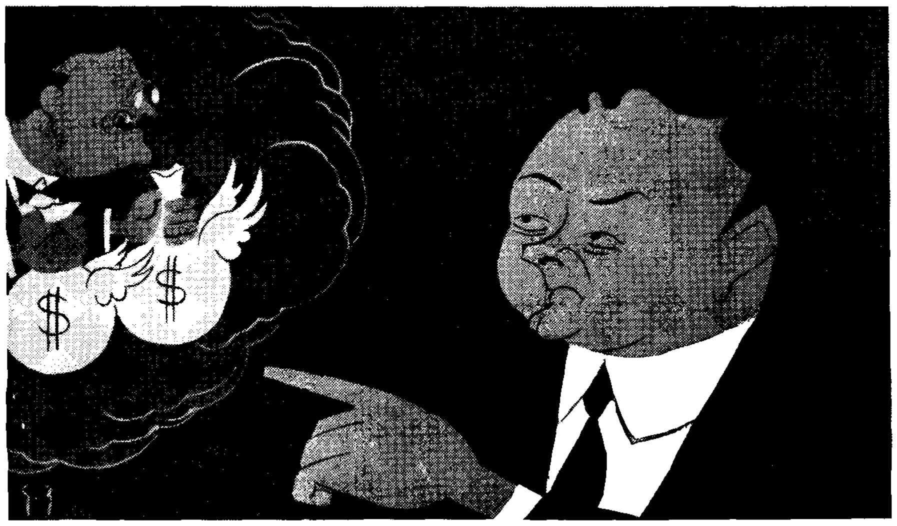
Governor Albert Ritchie is already on record with a speech that raked the New Deal from stem to stern

ASK any Republican what makes his eyes so bright, and gives him his air of happy, palpitant expectancy, and he will coyly confess that it is his confident hope of a Right Wing revolt in 1936 that will split the Democratic party wide open, dooming it to inevitable defeat.

Backed into a corner, he will even specify the men who have reached such a pitch of moral indignation over "Roosevelt heresies" that they are ready and willing to lead a bolt in event of the President's renomination. As prayerfully as though chanting a litany, he will recite the names of Alfred E. Smith, John W. Davis, Senator Carter Glass, Newton D. Baker, Albert C. Ritchie, Father Coughlin, Senator Harry Byrd, John J. Raskob, John Henry Kirby of Texas, Jouett Shouse and Governor Talmadge of Georgia.

It may not be denied that these rosy hopes have some sound base, for there is indeed a very definite Right Wing in the Democratic party today and, what is more, its members have even gone beyond Republicans in their denunciations of phases and features of the New Deal. Senator Glass, for example, quivers like an ague victim when he considers the gold-clause legislation and the manner in which the Administration defaulted on the contracts given trusting citizens. Not even the eminent statisticians of the Brookings Institute are able to figure the number of dollar bills he has worn to tatters by wildly waving them in the air as he emphasizes his charge of repudiation. "Spending orgies" is another complaint of the senator from Virginia, and both the NRA and the AAA have felt the barbs of his caustic tongue as he voiced passionate resentment against "cruel and insufferably insolent" agencies that administered "invalid laws."

Father Coughlin, breathing heavily, has expressed the fear that the New Deal was veering dangerously in the direction of Socialism, if not downright Communism, and Mr. Kirby, chairman of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, claims that his body has already enrolled 50,000 members, and that another year will see seventy per cent of Southern voters lined up to defeat the President for attempting to "overthrow America's free institutions in favor of a dictatorship."



The American Liberty League, with Jouett Shouse as its president and Mr. Raskob, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, as one of its "angels," says little or nothing about membership, but has established a new world's record for the issuance of pamphlets. Not a day in the last year but has seen the offices of Washington correspondents invaded by messenger boys, all staggering under a weight of printed matter—either solemn statements from the League itself or radio speeches delivered by its Big Berthas.

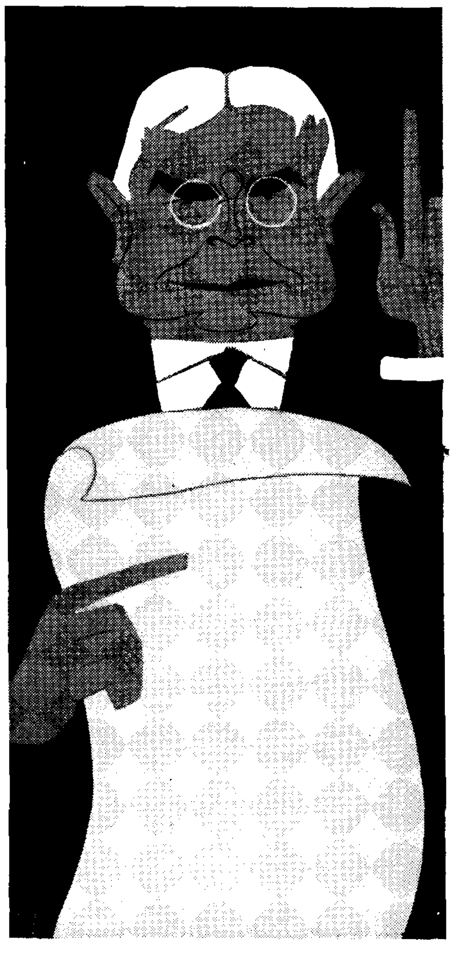
Hard People to Please

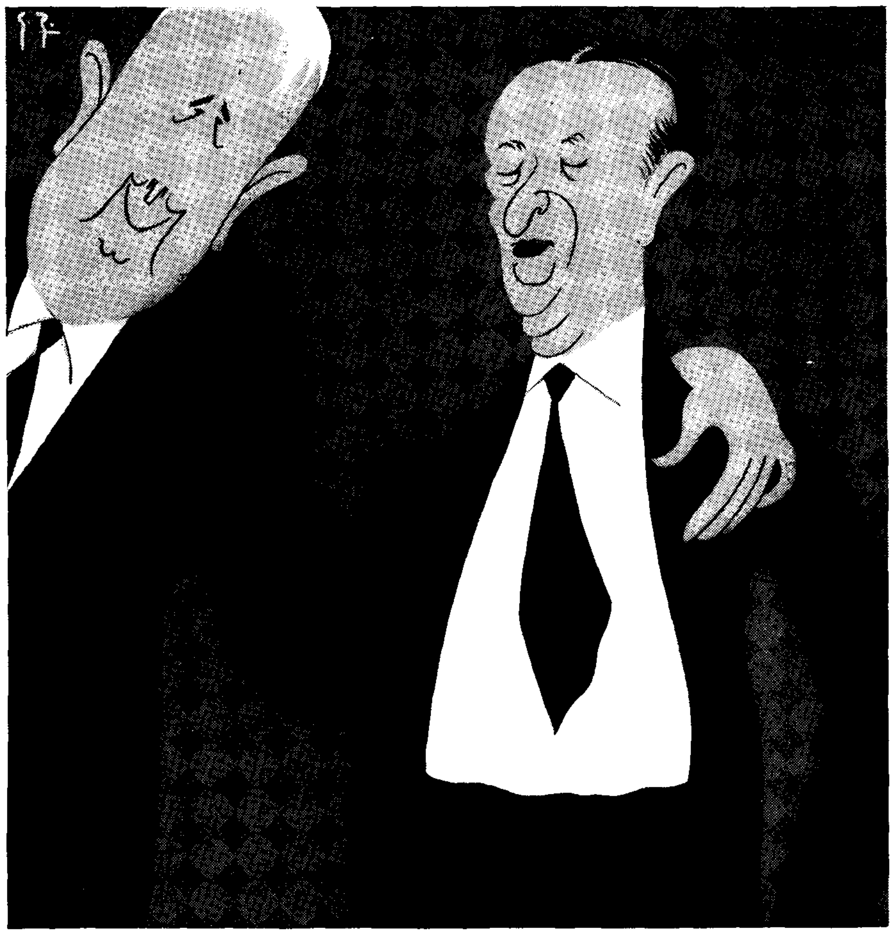
Nothing that the President has done or proposes to do meets with the approval of Mr. Shouse, Mr. Raskob and their associates. Of the sixty-four American Liberty League pamphlets before this writer at the present moment, all are savage, unsparing attacks, as may be gathered from a few of the titles: "Legislation—By Coercion or Constitution?"; "The Imperilment of Democracy"; "Lawmaking by Executive Order"; "The New Deal—Its Unsound Theories and Irreconcilable Policies"; "Potato Control, the High Point in Absurdity" and "Fabian Socialism in the New Deal."

The AAA is assailed as a "trend toward Fascist control of agriculture"; the President's tax program as a "transparent political gesture"; the collective bargaining provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act "fomented industrial strife and have been an obstacle to recovery"; the banking bill "opens the door to unsafe banking" and "turns the nation's monetary system over to politics and politicians"; the Social Security bill is socialistic, and the Guffey Coal bill "unconstitutional, impracticable, injurious to prospects for industrial recovery, and a step toward further aggrandizement of an ever-spreading governmental bureaucracy."

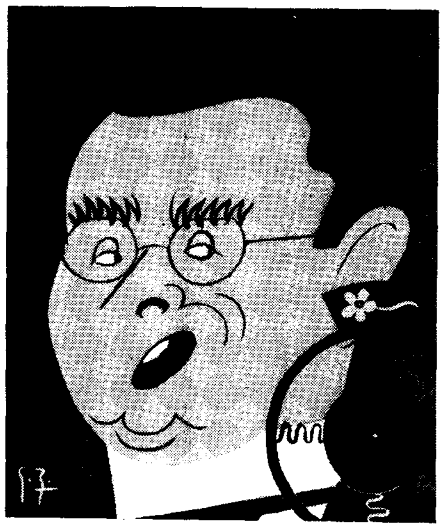
Newton D. Baker and John W. Davis have accepted retainers to fight certain New Deal laws on the ground of unconstitutionality, the federal government's water power policies and the public utilities holding company bill making largest claims on their talents. Mr. Ritchie, Maryland's ex-governor, is on record with a speech in which the New Deal was raked from stem to stern as a departure from the "faith of the fathers."

Senator Harry Byrd, however, perhaps more exactly than any other, has outlined the Democratic Right Wing's case against President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Backed by his own pay-as-you-go record while governor of Virginia, he has repeatedly denounced the Administration for its "extravagant expenditures," insisting that "assurance of a new policy of prudent economy will do more to revive business and absorb the unemployed than will further expenditures on public works." He fought

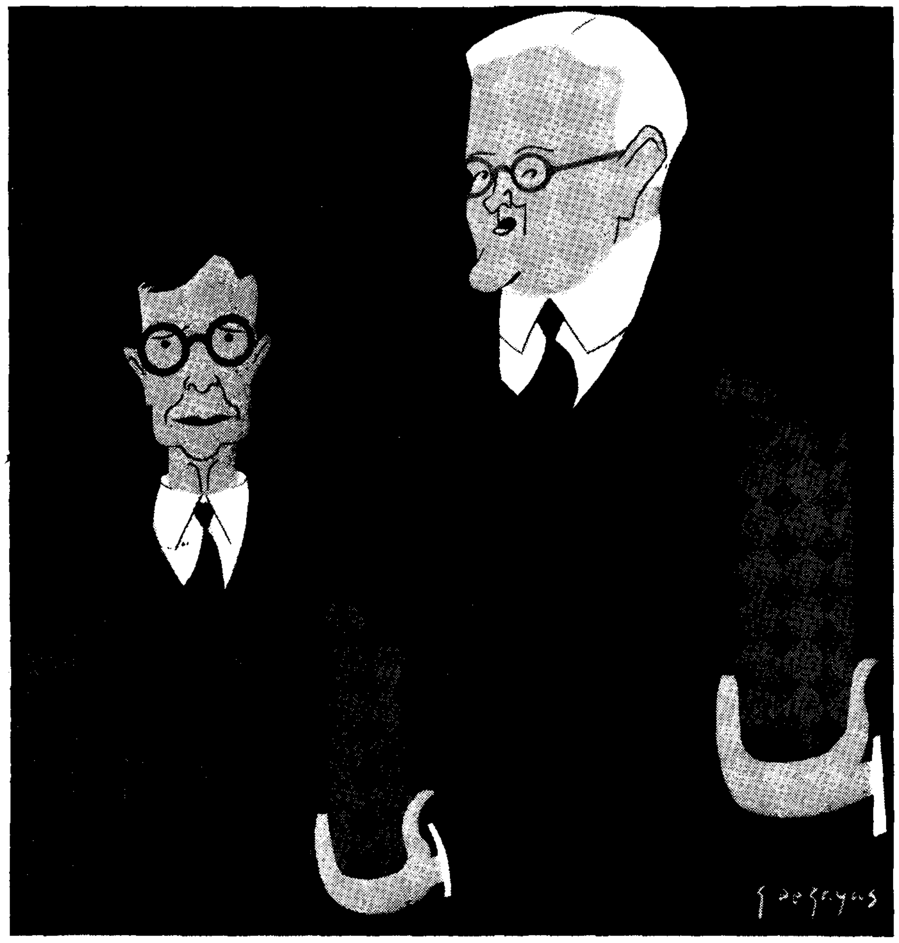




Alfred E. Smith is reluctant to be presented by William R. Hearst as a ready-made "savior of our American institutions"



Father Coughlin, recently a visitor at Hyde Park, might disappoint the hopeful by showing up in the fold, flock in hand



Newton D. Baker and John W. Davis are already drawing pay for making legal war on certain of their party's legislation

the $4,800,000,000 public works and relief bill with unabated vigor from first to last, and assailed the social security bill with equal bitterness, insisting that unemployment insurance and old-age benefits should "await recovery."

At one time in the course of debate he went so far as to set down, specifically and concretely, his points of difference with the President. First, he was of the opinion that "the time has come when temporary and emergency legislation should yield to sound principles of gradual but substantial reductions in public spending, increasing our markets abroad, and giving private enterprise courage to go forward"; second, "conduct of government within an income that will not require excessive increases in federal taxes"; third, "assurance that individuals may develop a business without the fear of competition in that business by the federal government, or undue interference with the reasonable control of the business."

This may be accepted as a fair statement of Right Wing belief and position, for all of its leaders, at one time or another, have made much the same charges and proposed similar remedies. Some, perhaps, may be merely secret advocates of privileged interests, struggling to retain or recapture unfair advantages, but with others it is an honest conservatism. Behind their declared dislike of "extravagant expenditures" is an even deeper dislike of New Deal "experimentation," particularly where it involves an extension of federal authority, an encroachment on the rights of states and interference with private business.

Who'll Carry the Banner?

Notwithstanding all these plain evidences of dissatisfaction with the President and the New Deal, amounting to open revolt in many cases, no Right Wing leader has yet shown any sign of captaining an organized protest against either Mr. Roosevelt's renomination or reëlection. With all due regard for the sincerity of Mr. Shouse and Mr. Raskob, they are generally regarded as the representatives of special interests and so far have no candidate to offer. Mr. Kirby, of Texas, who claims to carry 50,000 votes in his vest pocket, has never figured in national politics, and the record shows that his sole political honors came from President Harding.

Coming to the *real* leaders, those who might carry weight with voters, Newton Baker has issued no statement of any kind, and Governor Smith, although entreated daily and feverishly by Mr. Hearst to come to the rescue of "America's institutions," is preserving a silence so inviolable that even throat specialists cannot get him to open his mouth and say "Ah." Governor Talmadge, once vocal until it hurt, has gone into the silence since a Georgia straw vote showed Roosevelt a fourteen-to-one favorite.

On the positive side, however, ex-Governor Ritchie stoutly affirmed his Democracy before sailing for Europe, telling the world that the party nominee would have his loyal support, and despite clumsy attempts at secrecy, it is known that Father Coughlin was a luncheon guest at Hyde Park, exposing himself to the full force of the well-known smile.

The Bolt as a Weapon

As for Senator Glass and Senator Byrd, they joined recently in a statement that rumors of their bolting were "complete nonsense, if not worse," and that neither entertained "the remotest notion" of playing a rebel's part in 1936. Senator Glass, going even further in his Lynchburg News, declared that "it is almost inconceivable that any Democrat of national prominence will lend himself to the Hearst movement," but conscious, evidently of his attacks in the past and the use that might be made of them by Republicans, he finished his statement on this high, indignant note: "To me the most repellent suggestion is the idea that a representative of a sovereign state in the Senate of the United States who acts upon his judgment and conscience on legislative problems is, therefore, politically hostile to the President of the United States and should be malignantly accused of a purpose to bolt the party nominee."

Assuming that there are Right Wing Democrats sufficiently aroused over the leftist swing of the New Deal to take the field in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, and granting that these rebels are able to get an outstanding man to take the nomination, just how important would be the effect of the bolt on election results? Luckily, there are facts and figures on which to base speculation, for both parties have been the victims of major secessions in the past, notably in 1860, 1896, 1908 and 1924.

Rather than stand for Stephen Douglas in 1860, Southern Democrats quit in a body, and nominated an opposition ticket headed by John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. Regular Democratic strength was still further weakened by the appearance of a Constitutional Union party, for, while it assumed to appeal equally to both Republicans and Democrats, its presidential candidate was John Bell of Tennessee, with Sam Houston of Texas, John Crittenden of Kentucky and other Southern leaders among his chief supporters. These bolts were entirely responsible for Lincoln's victory, for Douglas received 1,376,957 votes, Breckinridge 849,871, and Bell 588,879, a total of 2,815,707 against 1,866,452 votes for Lincoln.

Theodore Roosevelt's secession in 1912 was not designed primarily as a bolt to defeat Taft, but had behind it the confident hope that the Progressives would capture the Republican party, and march to an easy victory. A hope with solid base, for Taft lay buried ocean-deep under unpopularity, T. R. was a national idol, and Woodrow Wilson only a "college professor." All that the Bull Moose movement accomplished, however, was to split the Republican party in half, giving Wilson the presidency.

The candidacy of Robert M. LaFollette in 1924 was in no sense a Republican bolt, but a straightforward third-party movement, backed by Bull Moosers, organized labor agrarians and socialists, and designed to appeal to progressives dissatisfied with both Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis. Contrary to expectation, he drew largely from the Democrats, and the Coolidge victory was a landslide.

For purposes of comparison, however, it is best to go back to 1896, for the McKinley-Bryan campaign was marked by

(Continued on page 44)

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

THE mother of Clark Jenkins, quarterback of the Atlantic football team, almost misses the opening game when her other son, Pete, fails to meet her in a hotel lobby. A charming girl—Margaret Bailey, a student at Atlantic—observes her predicament, introduces herself, and insists on escorting her to the game, in a taxi.

The game ended, "Cal" Calhoun, a brilliant Atlantic halfback and Clark's roommate, is walking toward the dressing-room when a girl stops him. "Will you please tell Clark Jenkins that his mother is waiting for him?" she says.

Cal delivers the message. His description of the girl—Margaret—is a flattering one. So flattering, indeed, that Clark rushes out to his mother. But the girl has gone. And it is not until he encounters her in a class, a few days later, that he meets her.

From his mother, Margaret has learned something of Clark's history. Born in a coal-mining section, and actually working in a mine for several years, he has fought his way into college. Margaret, whose father is wealthy, regards him as an interesting specimen—a rugged young giant who is, she strongly suspects, being paid for his work on the gridiron. As a matter of fact, Clark is not a bought player. He does, however, accept small monetary gifts from Tony Scotti, a poolroom proprietor, who bets on the games. These "loans" he has listed; he intends to repay Scotti, in full, some day.

Chatting with him, on the library steps, she finds him somewhat more cynical than she had suspected; and she draws him out cleverly. Clark finally turns to her. "Do you know," he says, "I was afraid of you!" Margaret laughs. "Wait," she says, chuckling, "until I tell Dad about that!"

II

THE next Friday evening witnessed the usual rally before the Midwest game. There was a gigantic bonfire of miscellaneous wood which had been gathered all week in a furious contest between the freshmen and sophomores. Later there would be angry demands from downtown citizens whose wagons, coal sheds and other useful articles had been gathered in the nets of the enthusiastic underclassmen. But it made a nice fire.

Later, the players discussed the rally.

"Even though you know it's phony, it gets under your skin," Jake Hussey, the fullback, said, "but that one guy was too much." He imitated the distinguished alumnus: "I go back to Jim Bevan, I go back to George Decker, I go back to Pete Barlow—I thought he was going clear back to the Revolutionary War."

Cal said: "I had a good nap during that one. I've heard it so often I could give it myself. Oh, well, what the hell, they gotta go through the routine, I guess."

Paul Fenton, youthful guard, objected. "They've done that for forty years before big games, Cal. It's tradition. Have you no respect for tradition?"

"What's tradition? Can you eat that?"

When the others had gone Clark got out a book, propped up his leg and started to read.

"How can you study tonight?"

"Nervous, Cal? I thought you didn't care about the game."

"Don't be silly. I care about the game all right but not the way you do."

"How do I care about it?"

"You fall for this college guff."

Clark grinned and returned to his book. Cal said: "You know you're not getting a damned thing out of that book. It's mostly the bunk, anyhow, studying. I'm about fed up with the whole business. I'll be glad when it's over."

"I suppose that's why they have graduations."

"Sure—it takes you four years to get wise to the racket and so they ship you out and get in a new bunch of young dummies to goof. I see you moved in on the Bailey millions."

"How's Park Avenue?"

"Freddy wouldn't pass out last week and we didn't get much chance. Danced a lot but you can't find out much dancing."

"Is she coming down tomorrow?"

"No—had a date for the Yale-Army game. She's giving a party at her studio, though, and invited me up but I can't go running all around the country after one doll. I have no dough, anyhow."

THE door opened without ceremony. Tony Scotti and Pete Jenkins made a loud entrance. Pete winked and opened a square box he had carried under his arm. "How's that?"

It was home-made cake. They broke it up. As they ate, Tony talked enthusiastically about his betting plans for the next day.

"I betcha tomorrow I make maybe two t'ousan' dollars."

Cal was interested. "Going up, aren't you, my friend?"

"I tell you dis is gettin' big. A fellow from New York came to see me last week. He's same fellow I get race track and fight dope from. He says they're gonna make book on football now same as on horses. Put out form sheets, get inside stuff and all that. Everything honest, just smart."

Pete chuckled. "Yeh—smart. Tell 'em about the you-pick-em stuff."

Tony laughed. "All right. Odds tomorrow on dis game, three-to-two, you pick 'em. Sounds even money, huh? Okay. You gotta lay three hunnerd to two hunnerd. You bet on Atlantic. Okay. Some other guy pick Midwest. He put up three hunnerd to two hunnerd. No matter who wins I pay out only five hunnerd and I keep one."

"Where'd you get wise to that?"

"That's Wall Street racket. I tell you I clean up big dis year. Tomorrow I lay a t'ousan' dollar on you myself."

Clark warned: "Better go easy, Tony. They're tough."

Tony waved his hands scornfully. "You guys tough, too. New York guys got it all figured out, just like horses. Know what they figure give you guys edge? Clarkie's punts."

"Better lay off, Tony." Clark was serious.

"I take chance. Maybe I buy new car. You boys win I fix you up good."

CAL spoke lightly. "With that kind of dough up, touchdowns ought to be worth about a hundred each, Tony."

"By golly if I be sure you get 'em, these big guys pay you that much all right—just like jockeys."

"But you better go easy tomorrow, just like Clark says."

"Anything wrong?"

"He's got a bum knee, that's all, and we don't know how long he'll be in there."

Tony swore. He scratched his head. "You guys can't win without Clarkie's puntin'. Come on, Pete."

They hurried from the room.

Cal grinned. "Gone to drag down his bets."

"I don't know whether you should have told him that or not."

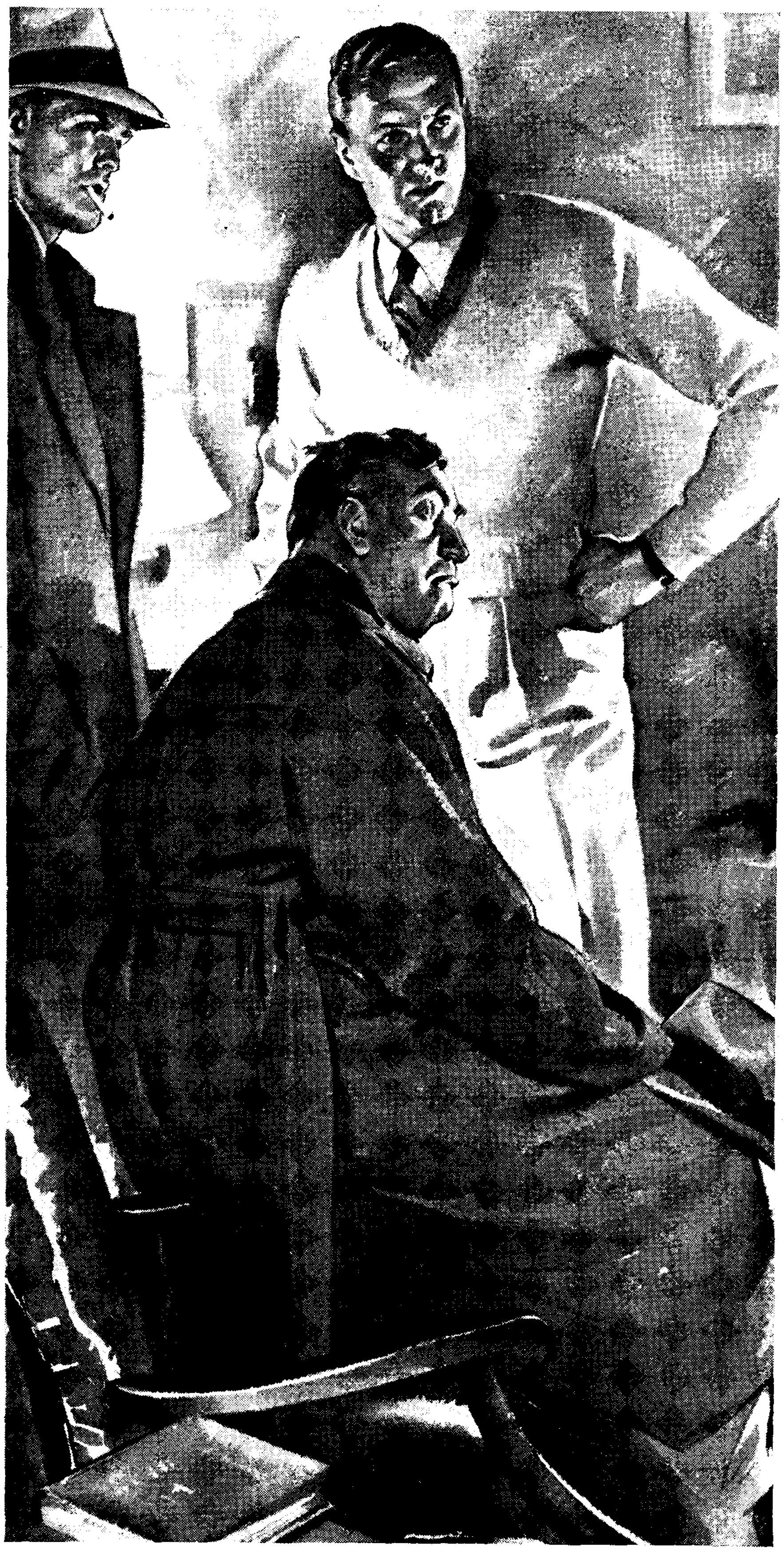
"But, Clark, the guy has been good to you—you wouldn't want to see him lose big dough, would you? And Pete, too."

"I told him not to bet; but we didn't want it to get out about my leg."

"Because we didn't want Midwest to get hold of it. Tony isn't going to tell them. Did anybody mention a shot of novocain? That might make it hold out."

Clark looked steadily at his book. "I suggested it myself but the Skipper wouldn't go for it."

Cal was vehement. "They're never going to shoot any of that stuff into me to win a ball game. I'm not going to take a chance of getting crippled up for any coach or college."



"We can't take money won on a game we lost," Clark said

"But you wouldn't object if I took a chance?"

"I didn't say that; but for a fellow who's so careful about other things—liquor, women, gambling and all that—you sure play football reckless."

"I like to smack and get smacked. Don't you ever feel that way?"

Cal tightened his lips. "I don't want any more cracks than I have to take. Not that I'm afraid, understand, but I've got a long time to live and there is no percentage in getting slug-nutty before you get started. One of these days you'll see where I'm right."

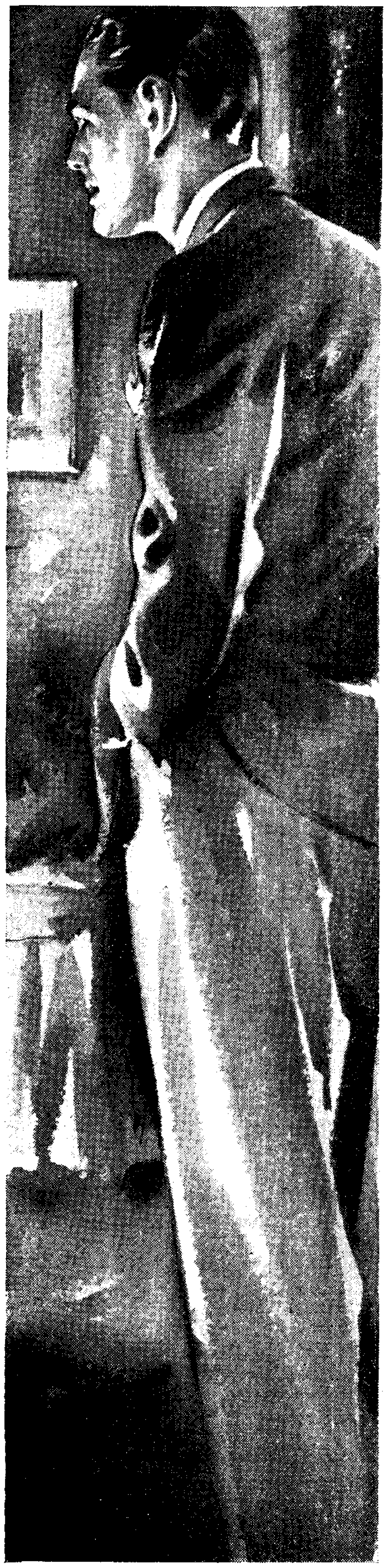
Spike Adams, athletic publicity man and college correspondent for the New York Globe, entered. He was a bantamweight, with keen black eyes, nervous, emphatic gestures and speech. He tapped Clark's knee: "How's it?"

"Not so hot."

"Goodby ball game, then."

"Nothing in the papers, Spike."

"Since when," Spike asked, "did I start putting things like that in the papers? They only pay my salary." He turned to Cal: "Well, All-America, it looks like the only chance we have tomorrow is for you to be as good as you think you are."



"What big sports writers are covering the game?"

Spike gave him the list, an impressive one, which included Brad Anthony, columnist of the Globe and the most influential of the All-America pickers.

Cal grinned: "Then I'll have to put on a show." He turned to Clark. "I might even play the way you like to play tomorrow—if the percentage is there."

"What's the gag?" Spike asked.

"We were discussing why fellows play football and take chances."

"It's easy," Spike explained. "Why do kids love to go to war? It's action. Only we give 'em a football instead of a gun."

"Nerts," said Cal Calhoun. "That's the coach's blah! Guys play football these days for what they can get out of it."

THE next afternoon was warm—a swift change of October mood. The human horseshoe was a floral piece of lively shifting color, saturated with the scent of the big game. This was an early-season meeting of giants. Only one could go marching on. These people had come to see which one.

Jerry Bailey and his sister found their seats in the student section. He was twenty-two and a sophomore, she was nineteen and a freshman. Jerry, more than six feet tall and with the framework for a powerful man, was good-looking, in the blond, regular-featured manner.

The Atlantic students were whipping themselves with cheers into the proper frenzy of devoted partisanship. Jerry waited until they had finished. Then he called satirically: "Come on, Midwest."

Male students nearby glowered. Margaret said: "This is a nice spot to try to be cute."

"I've bet on them. Why can't I cheer for them?"

"You bet against your own team?"

"I bet on the winner. They can't lose. One of our brave boys won't play. Since when did you go collegiate, anyhow?"

"I'd like to see them win. And you're talking silly. This isn't the race track."

He laughed. "The boys have moved in, Margo. You should have seen how the odds dropped when the word got around."

The lineup was announced. The regular Atlantic eleven was to start. Jerry was puzzled. "Something must have gone wrong—the fellow who gave me that usually knows what he's talking about."

His sister said: "I hope you lose your shirt."

Midwest kicked off and Calhoun returned the ball to his 25-yard line. The teams lined up. Cal made seven yards on the first play and Margaret grinned. "How much did you bet, Wise Guy?"

Jerry was annoyed. "Lots of time yet."

JAKE HUSSEY was dropped for a two-yard loss, Cal failed to gain and Jenkins dropped back in punt formation. He got off a long, high kick to the Midwest 20-yard line, where the ball rolled out of bounds.

The Atlantic line charged through on the first play and stopped Murphy, the visiting star, without gain. Murphy punted high and straight at Jenkins. Two ends came down and tackled him hard as he caught the ball.

This time Jenkins tried a pass on first down but it was incomplete. A running play failed and then Clark punted for the sidelines again. It went out on the 25-yard line.

Murphy made three and punted, again high and straight at Clark, who was bowled over before he could take a step. When he got up he limped about.

"Uh-oh," Jerry said. "If they've got his punting leg it will be just too bad. Or maybe he's the one. Maybe that limp is a gag."

"He's had a bad leg all week."

"How do you know?"

"He told me."

Jerry laughed. "So that's why you've gone—"

The crowd was up, cheering. Cal had found a hole off tackle. Jenkins, through ahead of him, took out the defensive back coming up and Cal went for twenty-seven yards and a first down on the Midwest 40-yard line.

The big Midwest line rallied to stop Calhoun twice and then Murphy intercepted a long pass on his twenty. On first down he made five, then lost three. Then he punted, again high and down the middle. This time Clark dodged the end and returned ten yards to midfield before he was nailed fiercely by two men.

"Maybe he's the one," Margaret cried, laughing. But Clark got up limping and Atlantic took time out.

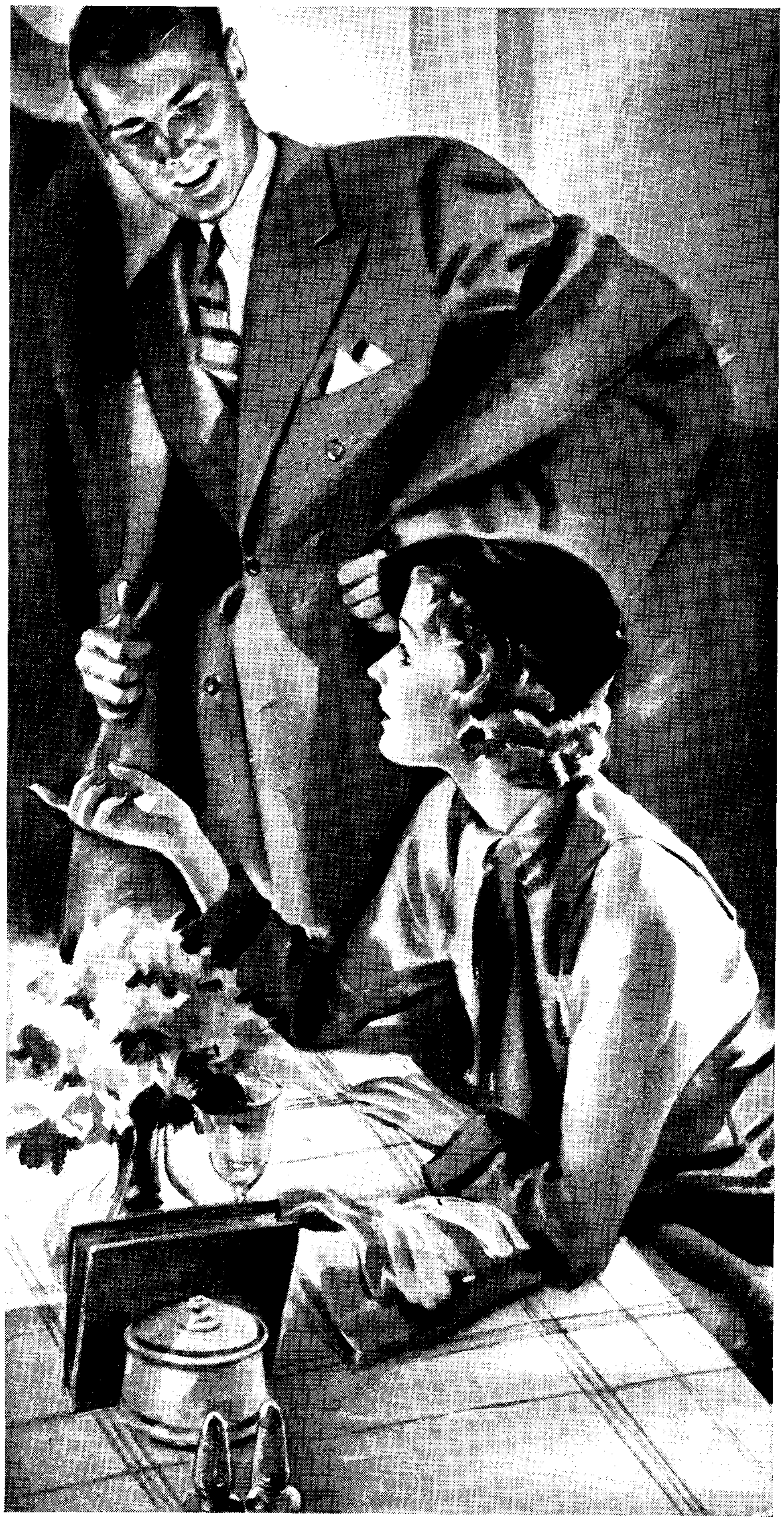
"They haven't yet tried to kick away from him. They want him to get the ball so they can take their cuts." Jerry was gleeful.

Clark Jenkins remained in the game and the crowd cheered. When he went back to punt again the Midwest line swarmed through, hurried the kick and it rolled off the side of his foot, traveling only thirty yards.

"It's working," Jerry said quietly. "I'd hate to be in the boy friend's spot, Margo."

THE game went into the second quarter. Atlantic's forwards, lighter but faster on the charge, were cutting through to stop the Midwest attack

(Continued on page 51)



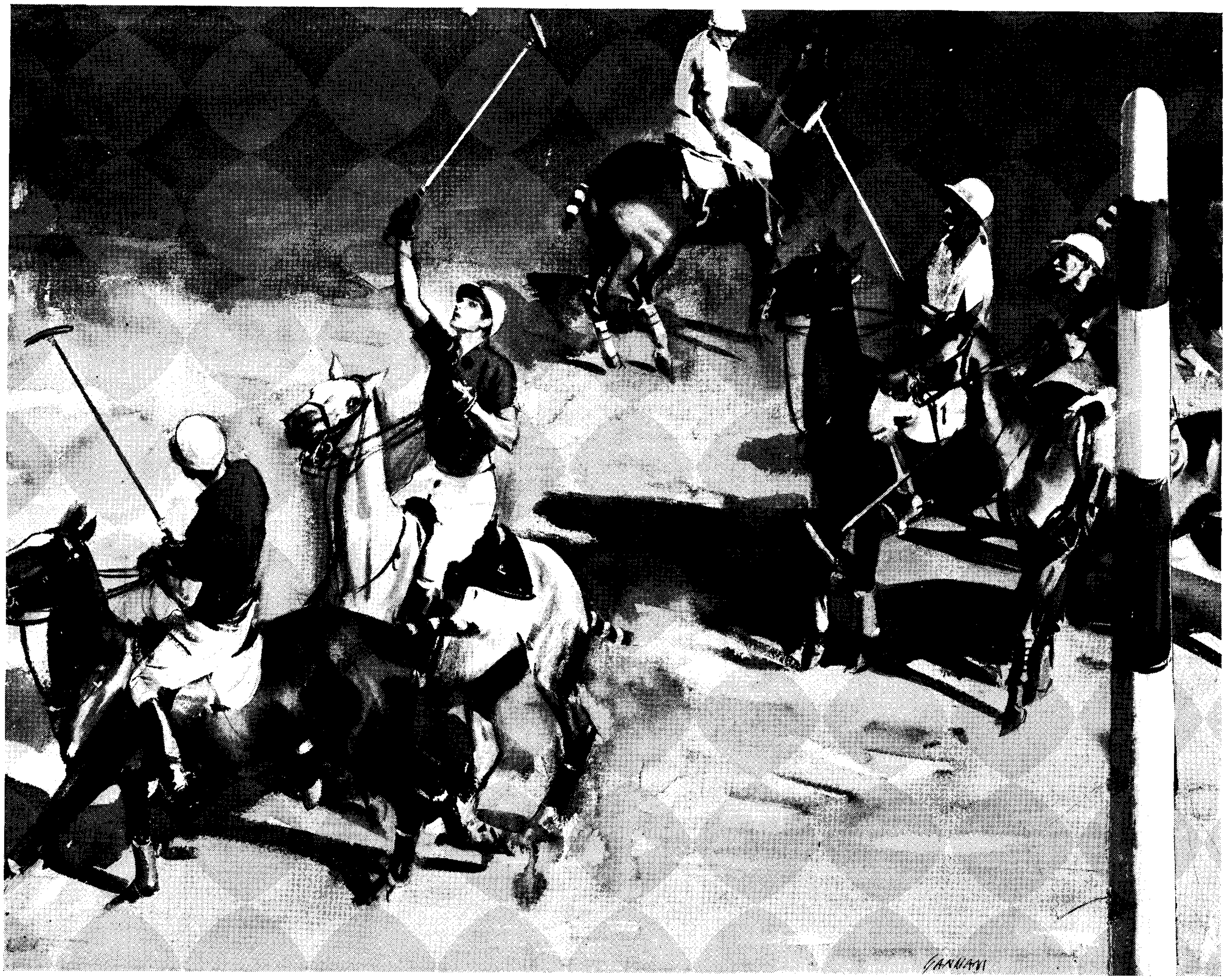
"Before you sit down," she said, "walk up and down where I can see you"

The Glory Riders

The story of Tom Hyatt, who knew more about polo than love

By Frederic Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



They were all watching him curiously before he had been five minutes on the field

AFTERWARD they said that Tom Hyatt's crashing of the Fair Hills polo team must have been a matter of showmanship, carefully planned ahead. The facts just didn't look right any other way you read them.

The first team of the Fair Hills Polo Club has a combined handicap rating of thirty-odd goals, a reputation as one of the five best-mounted polo outfits in the country, and a record of three decades as backbone in the Internationals. Tom Hyatt was a wind-gaunted young cattleman from the tall, high brush of Llano Blanco—and where is that?

Yet Tom Hyatt appeared suddenly from wherever it is to play regularly in the lineup of that great polo four; he flashed across the polo sky like a meteor, taking up more space in the headlines than the team itself, more space than the English team which visited Fair Hills that year. It was the sort of thing that happens often in baseball, often in golf; in polo never. The very quality of horseflesh necessary to success advertises the approach of a coming star from a long, long way.

To people who knew Fair Hills, with its wealth and its traditions, its conservative selection committee and its stately galaxy of great polo names, the whole thing was more than incredible; it was something that never could have happened at all.

What becomes of a cowboy from the brush country who suddenly finds himself riding against men with great names and hundred-thousand-dollar strings of ponies—and finds out that he can ride them off?

THIS is the inside story of Tom Hyatt, of Llano Blanco, Texas, who went through all that.

Tom Hyatt first came north to play polo as a favor to Sam Bicknell, an old Texas neighbor of his. Sam had more fast ponies than he knew what to do with; every year he brought a string of them north, and sold them off to polo players at prices he ought to have been ashamed of.

Sam Bicknell happened to be drifting along the sideboards of a Fair Hills practice field one morning when three disgruntled riders heard the news that their Number Two man's smashed rib would definitely keep him out of play for the season.

Sam stood around for a while, listening unobtrusively to the cussing. It was right good cussing for men whose natural talent had been hampered by an expensive education. During a lull, Sam made a mild suggestion.

"There's a boy owns some country

next to my Llano Blanco place. Maybe he could help you out."

Possibly they heard him the first time, and possibly if he had been talking about a pony they would have listened. But little Sam's deceptively off-hand statement didn't register, even when Sam went to what amounted to great lengths of praise, for him. "This boy's growed up on rope work and cow ponies, before he ever touched a mallet," Sam said. "He's pretty good."

But later, when he kept on, somebody said absently, "Bring him along some year, why don't you?"

That was all the old Texan needed.

"I'll wire," said Sam. "Now."

It isn't true that they tried to talk him out of it. Fair Hills belongs to the Pohannuck Valley, and the Pohannuck is a rolling country of great stables, hunt clubs, blue ribbon kennels, and high-goal polo rivalries. In such places, people aren't rude to a real horseman like old Sam. And anyhow, everybody liked him.

So they just said, "Fine. But we'll manage to pull through somehow, old man. Don't go to any trouble—"

"No trouble," said Sam. "No trouble at all."

Undoubtedly those polite people forgot him then. Three days later when Sam appeared in the Fair Hills paddock with a wide-shouldered young man in khaki breeches and the slant-heeled boots of a cowman—Tom Hyatt had hopped the first plane—none of them could remember ever having heard of the newcomer.

"This here's Hyatt," Sam announced.

He didn't ask them to do anything about it. He put Tom Hyatt aboard his own ponies, which he was trying to sell, and sent him out into stick-and-ball practice with the rest.

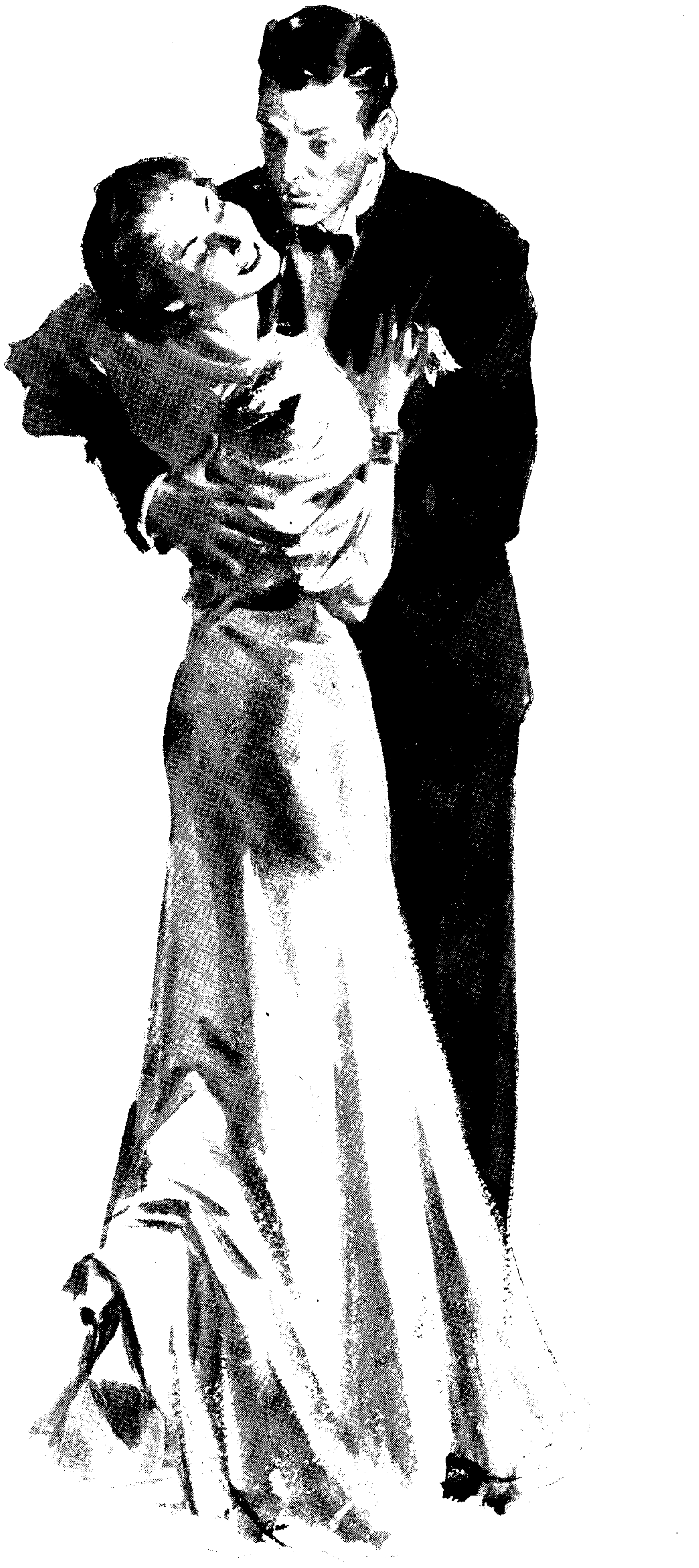
IN ALL the time he played afterward, Tom Hyatt never looked less promising than he did that first morning. And yet, even so, they were all watching him curiously before he had been five minutes on the field. He hit long, slashing shots with a deceptive laziness, as if they were no effort at all. He was a hitter, all right, no doubt of that. But it was his odd-angle shots that caught their eyes. From under neck or tail of his running pony he hit long, whistling lofters as easily as other men hit straight forehand shots. And he would always as soon take a high, bouncing ball out of the air as play one running on the ground. Down in the lumpy patches of Llano Blanco he had never learned that some shots are supposed to be hard.

Without at all realizing what they were looking at, everyone there yet recognized that here was something not in the ordinary run of the game at all.

They got up a little practice scrimmage, and dragged him into it just to see what he had. He was pretty shy about it at first. "Aw, shucks, fellows—I don't get the hang of this here green grass." But when they had played two chukkers they had learned that Tom Hyatt could lift a pony into a smoking streak that made it do the work of two, and seemed to do it just by whispering.

On the next afternoon Tom Hyatt played with the Fair Hills Whites against the Fair Hills Blues—which is the same as the second team against the first. For once the Whites, all of them, played away over their heads, and with Tom Hyatt at Number Two the Whites beat the best team the Fair Hills Club could mount, by a score of eight to six, in four chukkers. The selection committee began exchanging nervous glances, sensing unhappiness ahead.

During the next ten days the committee must have prayed that he would slow up, and save them from a dilemma.



She laughed up at him, and her laugh was shaky, too

But Hyatt did not slow up; he steadied, and if anything, got better. The selection committee got itself a headache that was a honey. Finally they sent him into their first scheduled game of the season, against the great Broad Island team.

That was the beginning; and they never again were able to turn back.

When he loped his pony out onto the field for the first chukker of his first Eastern game, Tom Hyatt was just an easy-riding, wind-browned young man wearing ready-made polo whites and the regulation helmet. But when he rode off at the end of the eighth chukker neither Tom Hyatt nor the Fair Hills polo team was any longer the same. The incredible had irretrievably taken place, and an unknown young rider from the brush plains had made himself famous in a single afternoon.

His second game brought out the experts, the sports section reporters and photographers, the staff writers from glossy magazines devoted to glossy leisure. Hyatt did not disappoint them. After his few days' practice the flat, deep turf seemed easy to him compared to the pock-marked Texas fields. He was riding like a streak of light, and his long, lacing hits were accurate and clean.

Instantly the people in the press box took him to their hearts, their copy desks, and their linotypes. Here was color—the sort of action in terms of the improbable for which the presses are forever hungry. The selection committeemen forgot their headaches, and recognized their gift from God.

His fourth game drew such a gate as ordinarily packed the Fair Hills stand for tournament finals. It brought out thousands who were curious, or polo crazy, or otherwise bothered about the galloping game's new hero. And it brought out Sheila Rossiter.

WHAT happens to a cowboy from the tall brush when he suddenly finds himself ranked in the first ten polo players of the world? In this case it was Sheila Rossiter who happened to Tom Hyatt.

He met her over cocktails in the big, white house belonging to one of the Averys; a house that looks across the Fair Hills Club toward the Poconos.

It isn't true that he didn't know who Sheila was. Nobody could have been around Fair Hills for twenty-four hours without discovering that the Rossiters were important people wherever they were, and very nearly tops in the Pohannuck Valley. But Sheila Rossiter wasn't the kind of girl whom you would think of, first of all, as important. Her slender, dark loveliness wasn't something to remind you of Rossiter enterprises — shipping and banking and mines; nor of the Rossiter kennels and stables, where animals are handled as if they were expensive flowers. To Tom Hyatt, she was simply a girl who looked like a complete person—slim and fresh and more elusively lovely than anything else he had ever seen. She seemed to add up, somehow. After Hugh Avery's introduction, Hyatt was glad to stay a while answering her questions about the training of cow ponies and how a rodeo bucker is saddled in the bronc chutes.

Maybe her hands were what gave him crazy ideas in the first place. They had the same tranquil sureness as her eyes; and they didn't twirl the stem of a cocktail glass, or flutter in calculated self-dramatizations while she talked to the men who were always around her.

It didn't seem strange to hear her say, after a while, "Drive up to the farm with me tomorrow, if you can. There are three hunters up there. My father's giving me first choice—"

IT DIDN'T seem strange, a few days later, to be trying out hunters and jumpers with her in the paddocks of rich up-valley farms that all appeared to be part of the Rossiter holdings. He danced with her after hunt-club dinners. He wasn't trying to monopolize Sheila, yet; but they kept turning up at the same places, being seen more and more together, until they were together every day. It seemed to Tom Hyatt that he was getting a series of the most welcome breaks he had ever known. He never realized how an adroit girl can manage those things when she really wants to very badly and the man doesn't quite know how.

Tom Hyatt was trying hard to take a lot of new things in his stride, the way a horseman learns to do, whether he is brought up in the flat saddles of the Pohannuck country or knows best those swell-forked Texas rigs that had carried Tom Hyatt over so many miles of his ranch land. He knew how different the world of Sheila Rossiter was from his own—as the rounded, hilly skyline of this Pennsylvania valley was unlike the ragged arroyos of Llano Blanco, shimmering in a heat blaze.

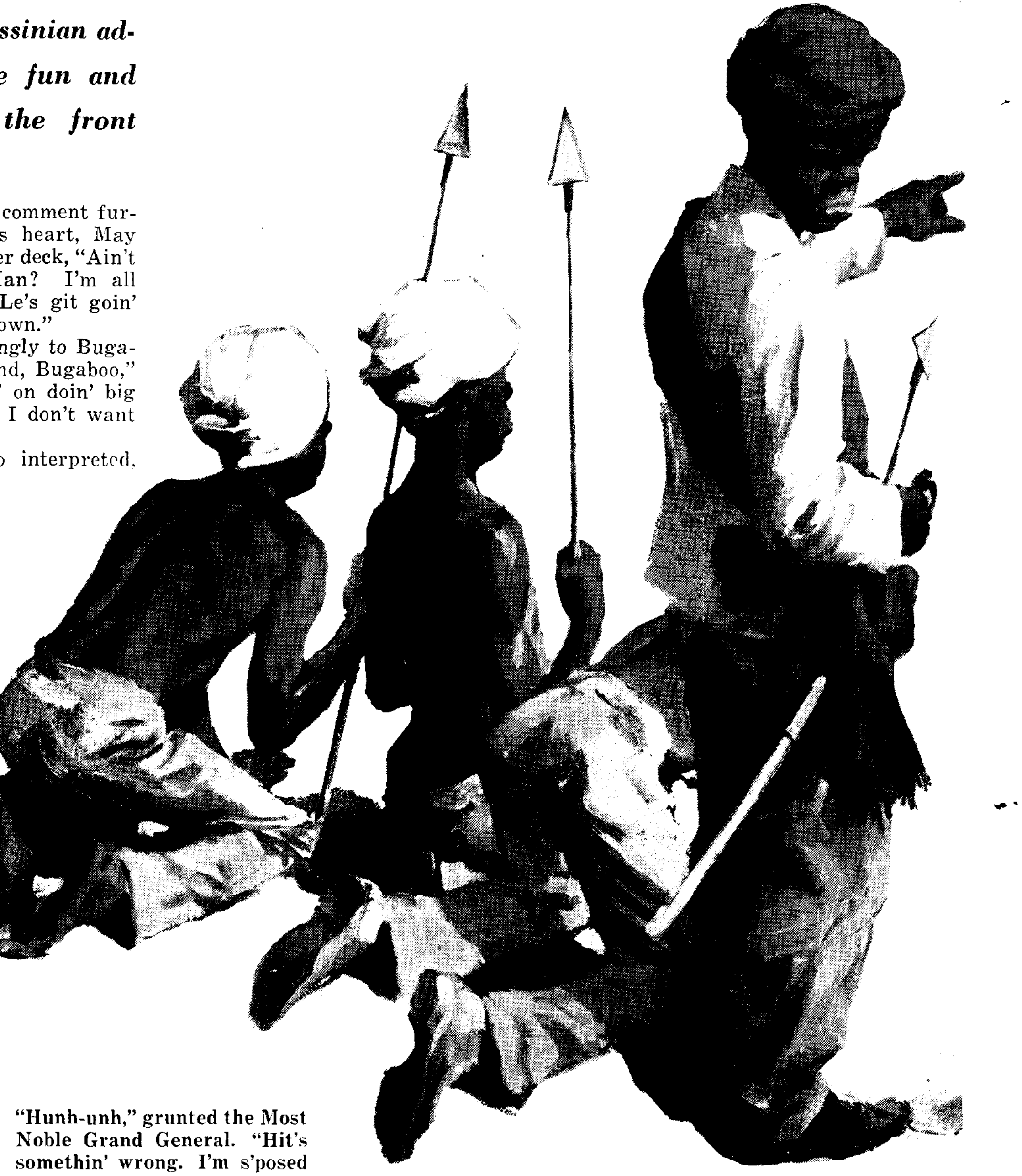
He knew these things. But he didn't fit them into the pattern they should have made. For those were the days of victory, when he rose to his true greatness on the polo field. His name was in every paper, and upon the lips of everyone wherever polo was talked. He was wanted everywhere, everyone

(Continued on page 48)

Bugaboo Jones Affiliates

By Roark Bradford

Bugaboo Jones and his friend, Iron Man, in an Abyssinian adventure with all the fun and fighting far from the front



"Hunh-unh," grunted the Most Noble Grand General. "Hit's somethin' wrong. I'm s'posed to be de king er dis outfit"

THE steamboat John D. Grace had been made fast to the wharf at Beinville Street, the fires under the boiler had been dragged and the last "hold-back" dollar had been handed to each roustabout. The magic of being a "big steamboatin' man f'm down de river," a toby that charmed the country women as far up as Greenville, had been broken.

Bugaboo Jones stood stripped under a dripping water pipe back of the boiler and scrubbed his huge black body with laundry soap. His mind showed him a vague picture of the card a little dark man had given him when the boat landed. The card said:

You are your BROTHER'S KEEPER
Join TODAY! Bring your FRIENDS
Enlist in the
LOYAL DEFENDERS OF
ABYSSINIA ! ! !

"Iron Man," Bugaboo said speculatively, "I craves to 'filiate."

Having just completed his ablutions, Iron Man was dressing with all the care of a dead-game sport who was fixing to circulate among the high.

"May Bell put too much starch in dis shirt," Iron Man complained.

"Starch," Bugaboo observed, "is de latest style, dey tells me."

"Too much starch," Iron Man insisted, "eetches me."

Bugaboo laughed. "Ain't gonter eetch you ha'f," he said, "like dat pearl-handle' knife May Bell's gonter give you fits wid, quick as she find out you's fixin' not to take her over back er town."

Iron Man jabbed a knotty fist down a starched sleeve. His naturally sad expression became one of downright pain. "I didn't promise to take May Bell back er town," he denied. "I told her efn she'd wash my clothes I'd pleasure her when us landed. But I didn't say whar at."

BUGABOO stepped from under the shower and began to rub himself dry with a burlap sack. "A woman," he said, "about de size er May Bell, wid a pearl-handle' knife, kin give a man fits outn de book."

"I'll pleasure May Bell when us land up de river," Iron Man told him, "but my time in N'Awlins is already spoke for by Druscilla."

Bugaboo looked up in surprise. "Ain't she de lady Sylvester hit you wid dat pool cue about, de last time you was hyar?"

Iron Man smiled sadly. "Druscilla," he said dreamily, "is wuth gittin' hit about. She de downright purtiest gal I ever seed, wid dem high-heel shoes and her cheeks all painted so red to you can't hardly see de black shinin' through de paint. And when she go along Saratoga Street, and she git dat strut er her'n, de air kind er swishes out her sweet name. Like de old paddle wheel er de boat been doin' ev'y since us left hyar. Hit go 'Druscilla—Druscilla—Druscilla,' ev'y time hit turn over in de water!"

Bugaboo shook his head. "You sho' got hit bad, ain't you, son?"

Before Iron Man could comment further on the flower of his heart, May Bell shouted from the boiler deck, "Ain't you 'bout ready, Iron Man? I'm all dressed up and waitin'. Le's git goin' befo' I sweats dis dress down."

Iron Man looked pleadingly to Bugaboo. "You trot her around, Bugaboo," he begged. "I'm countin' on doin' big things wid Druscilla, and I don't want May Bell messin' 'round."

"You means," Bugaboo interpreted, "efn you starts out wid May Bell and end up wid Druscilla, you know May Bell gonter do you up."

"I ain't skeered er no woman," Iron Man said. "I jest don't want too many around me at one time. One is a-plenty."

Bugaboo began to dress. "Me," he said, "I likes a heap er ladies around me. And mens, too. In a big crowd, a man kin back out de side door when de ruckus start. And two ladies git to quar'lin' amongst deyse'ves, and leave a man be. But one lady will sho' give a man fits, and he can't do nothin' but take hit. Me, I craves to 'filiate. I ain't takin' May Bell nowhares."

Iron Man gave Bugaboo a very unfriendly look.

May Bell came down presently, and the three steamboating people, two roustabouts and a serving maid, dressed in their finest, started the ten-block walk to "back of town," where they expected to make merry.

Their unaccustomed fine clothes hampered their style for a few blocks. May Bell's high-heeled shoes made it awkward for her to swish the skirt of her dress, but before she covered many blocks she had acquired the correct stride.

Bugaboo's stiff straw hat, he discovered, would set back even farther on his head if he bent forward and held his neck stiff. He could get, too, a swaggering effect by rocking from side to side.

Iron Man confined his efforts to raising his left foot higher than his right—a gesture which, he felt certain, gave him the air of a natural-born rounder.

"Man," Bugaboo exulted, "fo'ks over back er town sho' is lucky to have all er us good things comin' along. I b'lieve I'm fixin' to make me mo' fun den I kin handle."

"I ain't braggin'," May Bell offered, "but efn dese high-heel shoes don't jab out through de top er my haid, I bet hit ain't a lady in town looks more gooder den I feels."

"We gonter have fun," Iron Man agreed, "but us ought to have another lady. May Bell is a mighty good-lookin' gal, but she ain't enough for two handsome mens like I and Bugaboo."

"I'm enough woman for you," May Bell announced. "You let Bugaboo take keer er gittin' his own woman."

Iron Man winced.

"Oh, I kin git womens," Bugaboo bragged. "Plenty womens. All I got to do is just wawk along, and de ladies can't stay away."

THEY crossed Rampart Street, and turned down Franklin. The odors of cooking food from a dozen small restaurants assailed their nostrils.

"Le's eat," Bugaboo suggested. "I feels like some catfish and po'k chops."

"Well, I believe you," May Bell said enthusiastically.

"I c'd lay away some ration, myse'f," Iron Man admitted, heading for a restaurant door.

He opened the door and waited for Bugaboo and May Bell to walk in. Then he said casually, "I'll see y'all in a minute. Go ahead and git to eatin'."

Food in large quantities kept May Bell and Bugaboo so busy that for a while they forgot Iron Man. After several slices of catfish and four pork chops, May Bell remembered.

"I bet," she observed, "Iron Man is fixin' to wawk off and leave me."

Bugaboo grunted and swallowed. "I bet," he agreed.

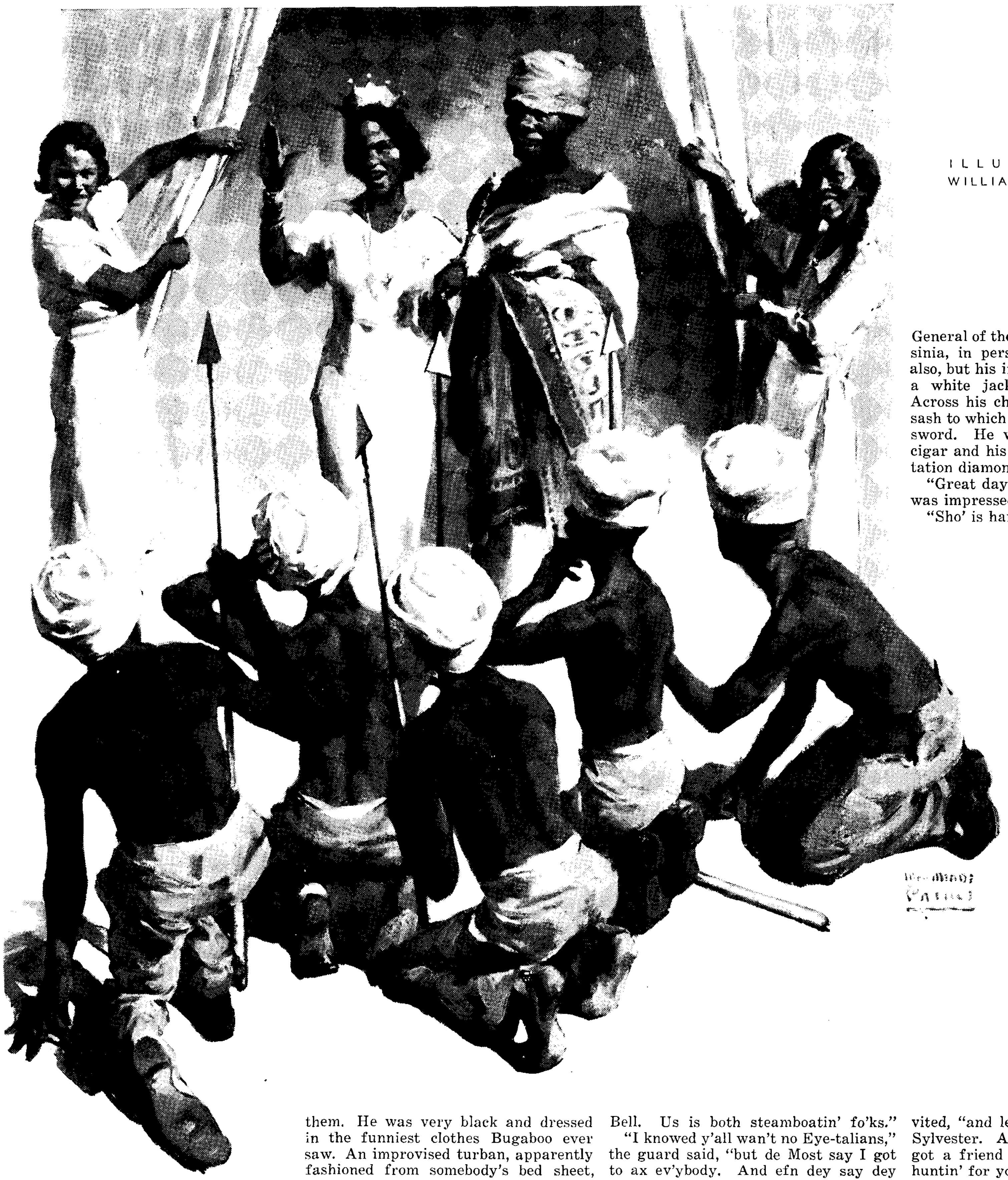
"Dat's a dirty trick to play on a lady," May Bell said angrily.

"Ain't ha'f as bad for you as hit is for me."

May Bell, feeling the insult, squinted her eyes and glared at Bugaboo, while her mind worked out phrases to throw at him. Before the proper arrangement of words could be marshalled, the dapper little dark man who had distributed cards to the roustabouts on the boat came in.

He went to May Bell and Bugaboo. "Take my cyard," he offered. "I represents de Loyal Defenders o' Abyssinia."

Bugaboo looked at the card and then at the representative. He had had some talk with the man, on the boat, but he had been too busy to pay much attention to what had been said.



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Aw, you's f'm de lodge, hunh?" Bugaboo asked.

"Hit's sort of a lodge," the man admitted. "I'm de member gitter, and I'm gittin' up members."

"Sounds good," Bugaboo said.

"Is hit any bene-fits," May Bell wanted to know, "or is hit jest social?"

"Well," the organizer admitted, "hit sort er do and hit don't. Y'all take dis cyard over to de clubhouse and let de Most Noble Grand General er de Armies tell you." He gave Bugaboo an address two blocks down the street.

The place turned out to be a vacant loft on the second floor. May Bell was not impressed and would have passed up the whole business had not Bugaboo urged her on.

"You can't never tell," he explained, "when you's out to make fun."

At the top of the steps a guard halted them. He was very black and dressed in the funniest clothes Bugaboo ever saw. An improvised turban, apparently fashioned from somebody's bed sheet, half buried his head. His body was bare to the waist and he wore a pair of yellow pantaloons that bagged ridiculously around his insteps. He was armed with a spear, an ex-pool cue with a vicious-looking tin point on it.

"Dis looks like somethin', now," Bugaboo whispered to May Bell. Then, addressing the guard, he said, "Us craves to see de Most Noble er dis lodge."

"Be's you friend or be's you foe?" the guard challenged.

"Us don't be's neither one," Bugaboo replied. "Us is jest fixin' to peep around some, and see does us like dis lodge."

"Well," said the guard, "hit's been kind er dull, so far, but us countin' on big doin's tonight, de Most say."

"What you do?" Bugaboo asked.

The guard grinned. "Nothin' but jest stand hyar and keep de Eye-talians f'm j'inin' up. You ain't no Eye-talian, is you?"

Bugaboo laughed. "Not wid my complexion," he said. "Nor neither May Bell. Us is both steamboatin' fo'ks."

"I knowed y'all wan't no Eye-talians," the guard said, "but de Most say I got to ax ev'ybody. And efn dey say dey is a Eye-talian I'm got to stick 'em wid dis spear." The guard made a careless gesture, and Bugaboo cringed.

"Mind out, fool!" he exclaimed. "Dat thing'd hurt somebody, did you stick 'em wid hit."

"Sho' hit would," the guard nodded. "I bet efn you was a Eye-talian, and I jabbed you wid dis thing, you'd think de devil had done got you."

BUGABOO thought the situation over. "How come you got to stick Eye-talians in dis lodge?" he inquired.

"I don't know." The guard was uncertain. "But dat's what de Most Noble say I'm got to do, and long as he pays me a dollar a day I'm gonter stand hyar and stick 'em, efn dey comes up hyar."

"Do ladies jine de lodge, too?" May Bell asked.

"Not de regular lodge," the sentry explained. "De ladies jest auxil'aries."

Bugaboo and May Bell passed inside and were met by the Most Noble Grand General of the Loyal Defenders of Abyssinia, in person. He was in uniform, also, but his included a solid red turban, a white jacket and blue pantaloons. Across his chest was smeared a purple sash to which was attached a ceremonial sword. He was smoking a long black cigar and his fingers sparkled with imitation diamond rings.

"Great day in de mawnin'!" Bugaboo was impressed.

"Sho' is handsome," May Bell agreed.

The official stood as they walked in. He was a big black man, obviously well fed. "Y'all wish to jine up in de noble cause?" he asked. "Our brothers in Abyssinia is about to be e-clipsed by de Eye-talians, and hit's our purpose—"

He rambled off a lot of meaningless words and statistics designed to fire Bugaboo and May Bell with zeal to join in some sort of war, but Bugaboo's ears had ceased to hear. Instead, his eyes searched the face partially hidden under the turban.

"Ain't yo' name Sylvester?" Bugaboo interrupted.

The Most Noble Grand General gulped. "What my name was," he evaded, "ain't no never-minds to nobody. Right now I'm de Most Noble Grand General er de Loyal Defenders er Abyssinia."

"Take dat rag offn yo' haid," Bugaboo invited, "and lemme see ain't your name Sylvester. And efn dat's yo' name, I got a friend name Iron Man which is huntin' for you."

"Did he did Iron Man somethin'?" May Bell asked.

"Nothin' much," Bugaboo told her. "He jest hit Iron Man back er de haid wid a pool cue, one time, and lep' out de side door befo' Iron Man c'd git him."

"Aw, dat wan't hardly nothin'," the Most Noble stated glibly. "Dat was jest a little argyment amongst de colored. But now de colored got to stick side by side to keep de Eye-talians—"

"De Eye-talians ain't never did me nothin'," Bugaboo declared. "Nor neither Iron Man, so far as I knows. And you daid sho' hit Iron Man wid a pool cue and he's huntin' for you, right now."

"Is dat whar Iron Man at?" May Bell beamed. "I was fixin' to git mad wid him for wawkin' off f'm me."

Sylvester was a rapid and convincing talker and before long Bugaboo was a willing listener.

The details were simple. It cost exactly five dollars to join the order. For

(Continued on page 34)

Deepwater Island

By Alan Le May

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

BACKED by John Colt, an astute businessman, Karen Waterson sails from San Francisco for Honolulu, where she files suit against old James Wayne for possession of the rich island of Alakoa. Karen's case is based on evidence that her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, believed dead for twenty years, signed away Alakoa when he was mentally incompetent. . . . Against Colt's wishes the girl ships from Honolulu for the island with Tonga Dick Wayne, a nephew of James Wayne. Try as she may to count him an enemy, Karen finds herself fascinated by the romantic young adventurer. Just before they make their landfall, Dick tells Karen that he loves her. . . . In James Wayne's house on Alakoa, Karen is conscious of a growing tenseness in the atmosphere. It breaks when James Wayne is seized with a heart attack and dies. Tonga Dick takes her back to Honolulu. . . .

There he meets John Colt, the man behind Karen's suit. Dick suggests a compromise if Colt will drop the case. When he is refused he returns immediately to Alakoa. He calls for the plantation books and finds what he is looking for: payments charged against "old debts" over a period of seventeen years. He then demands that his two brothers—Ernest and Willard—be brought in. To them he says, contemptuous of their weakness, "John Colt will be here within twenty-four hours. What are you going to do to keep this precious island of yours?"

Willard suggests that they try to frame Colt in some blackmail scheme, and in a fury Dick orders them from the room. A short time later they return with a radio message. "Garrett Waterson!" Ernest bleats. "This message says he is coming here—and Garrett Waterson has been dead for twenty years!"

"Like hell he has!" Tonga Dick replies flatly. "How can he be dead when I'm working for him myself!"

But Dick Wayne has no time to reassure his distracted brothers now. Word has come that the boat bringing Karen and John Colt from Honolulu has dropped anchor in the bay; and another radio from Garrett Waterson, telling him to come out to guide his ship across the bar. . . . Dick goes down to his ship. Across the quiet water he can see a ship—and at the rail awaiting him is Karen. He hails a native boat and goes out to her.

VII

THE outrigger moved off a little, drifting idly. It was the girl who spoke first, her voice hushed in the quiet.

"I thought you might come over here."

Dick Wayne leaned close to her so that their shoulders touched, and held his voice low, hoping that Captain Ramey would not be brought out of his galley.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "Something's happened—the whole situation is changed. John Colt can't accomplish anything here. The fight is off, and if it starts again it will be on an entirely new basis."

She waited, and in the rapidly thickening dark he could not see what was in her eyes. In the quiet they could hear a persistent clattering in the galley, where Ramey was struggling angrily with the cooking arrangements; but he might be expected to come on deck again at any moment. Dick's time was very short.

"Karen," Dick said, "you are not an heiress; and you have no claim upon Alakoa. You see, Karen—your grandfather is alive."

There was a long minute of uneasy silence. He didn't expect her to believe him, at least not at first. Shock, incredulity, refusal to accept the truth—he supposed he would have to contend against all of these before he could go on.

Karen's answer astonished him when it came. She spoke in a low drawl:

"You know, I rather thought so, Dick."

Having braced himself for an uphill attempt to convince her, Dick was taken aback. "Why—how on earth did *you* know?"

"John Colt admitted that one thing might destroy our case—and wouldn't tell me what it was. Then yesterday, when you told him that you could bring our claims to nothing it seemed to me that he believed you, though he wouldn't admit it. He hardly would have come here if he hadn't feared a new development, would he? So—the only thing I could think of was that my grandfather might still be alive, and that you had dug him up."

"He'll be here soon, Karen—very soon."

"My grandfather?"

"Yes."

SHE considered that, her eyes on the disappearing horizon. "It will be strange to see him. I suppose I *will* see him, won't I? It's going to be like—meeting a ghost. He's been such a vague, misty sort of gigantic figure, overshadowing everything for so many months—ever since John Colt first convinced me that I might have a right to Alakoa. A great, legendary figure, lost in the past. And now, actually to see him, face to face—it's very surprising."

"And after that?"

"After that—nothing, I guess. Back to San Francisco. And a job again, if I can find any. But first I'll have to touch this resurrected grandfather of mine for a loan. I can hardly ask John Colt to pay my passage back. It's going to be very entertaining."

"Entertaining?"

"Can't you just hear me? 'Grandpa, I have accidentally gone broke while trying to prove that you were a ninny, and I would like to borrow a few funds!'"

"Let me get this straight," Dick said. "Do you mean that you're actually going to take my word for the existence and identity of Garrett Waterson?"

"John Colt will fight to the last ditch, of course. There'll be a lot of contentiousness, and disclaimers, and demands for legal proof, and everything will be extremely awkward and unpleasant. But I can see the end. Oh, I believe you, Dick."

"That's going to help. It's going to help a lot."

"Your island," Karen said, "is no doubt perfectly safe."

"Not at all. The Waynes are certainly anything but safe."

"You mean that there may be some doubt as to the identity of—"

"No—not in the least. This man is the true Garrett Waterson—and truly your grandfather."

"Then—?"

"Who knows what standpoint *he* will take? Garrett Waterson has always been a man given to extreme views. For all I know he may jump to the conclusion that he would like to recover the island, and hand it over to you."

"To me? After I've tried to prove—"

"Why not? Garrett Waterson's later years have been bitterly lonely. It seems to me very likely that he will wish to do just that. Certainly John Colt will undertake to show him exactly how it can be done. Colt will be ready to handle all details—Waterson needs only to make a decision, and the whole thing is as good as accomplished."

"You mean my grandfather *could* recover Alakoa?"

"He's in perfectly sound mind. But he can have himself shown incompetent if he wants to—God knows he's eccentric enough."

"But Dick—that's fraud!"

"It's just what you and John Colt started to do in the first place."

"I've been perfectly sincere. Dick, you just have to believe that!"

"I do. But Garrett Waterson may very possibly believe, by this time, that the Waynes took unfair advantage of him when they bought Alakoa."

Karen seemed strangely shaken. "Then nothing is settled at all, is it?"

"Nothing. The key has passed into other hands—that's all."

"And this fight has to go on and on—"

"Are you tired of this fight, Karen?"

"Something's changed it for me. I don't know what it is. At first it seemed such a glorious adventure; it promised to open up a whole new world. But that's all gone. I don't know what's the matter. Somehow I'm not sure, any more, that I want Alakoa."

"Neither," said Dick Wayne, "do I. You know that."

She turned a little to look at him; and the young stars made her face a pale oval, mysterious and lovely, but her expression he could not see.

"You don't want your island?" she asked queerly.

HE TOOK her hands, and made her turn toward him. "You know what I want. You've known it all the time."

"But—the island—your brothers—"

"Haven't you?" he asked.

"There isn't—there isn't any way—"

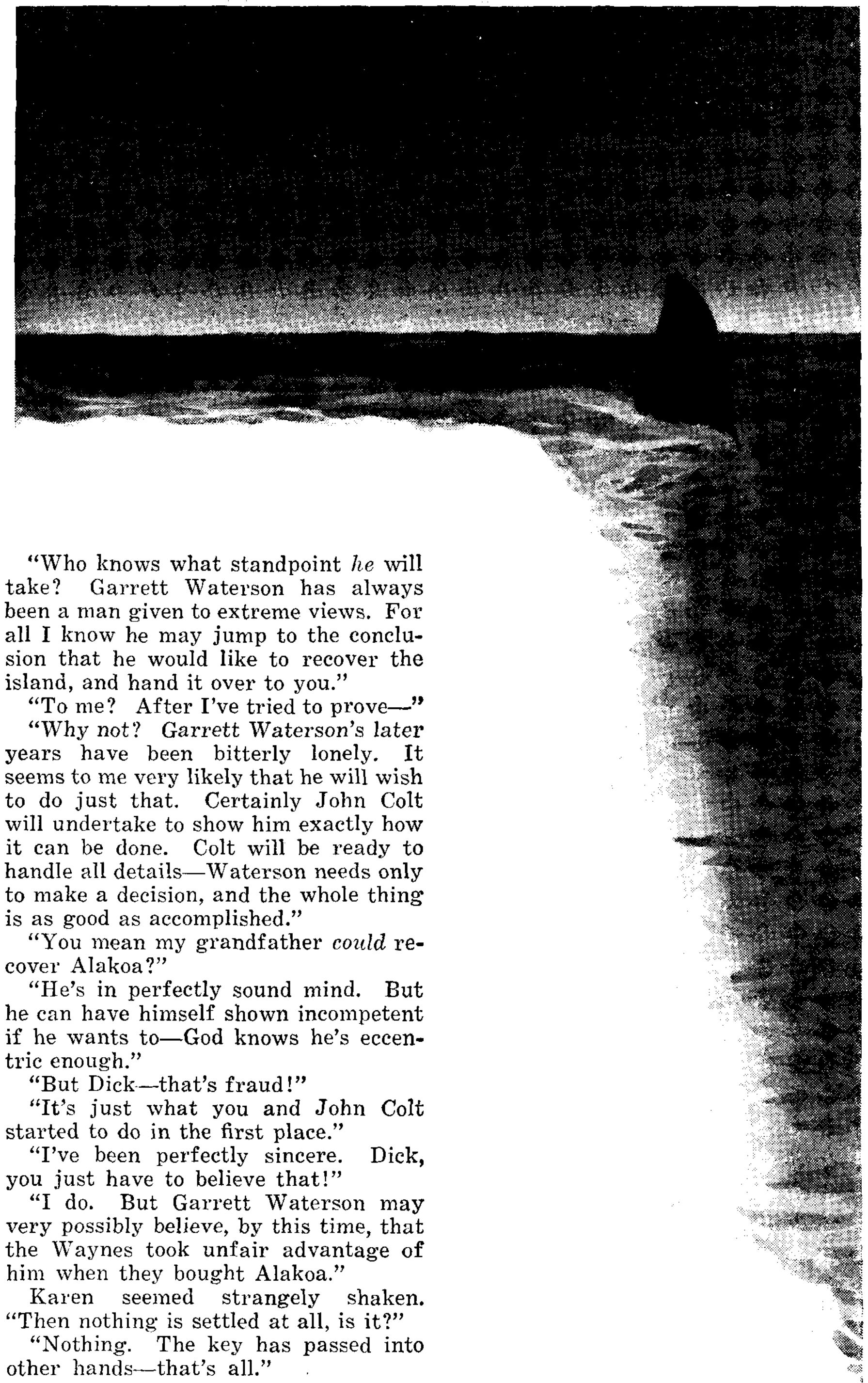
"Haven't you?" Dick insisted.

The resistance seemed to go out of her; she swayed forward, and rested her cheek against his chest. "Yes," she admitted; "I know."

"There isn't any time to lose," Dick said. "I've had a radio from Waterson. He'll drop anchor in less than two hours. By that time it will be too late."

"What are we going to do?"

"We're going to run out on this show. We'll be married in Hilo. I don't care what happens after that. They can go on with this infernal squabble until they eat each other's last shirts."



The incredibly long, monstrous shape of Kai-Ale-Ale was snouting near to the swimmer now; Hokano swam straight on, unmindful

"It's impossible! I can't!"

"Why? If you're still going to let John Colt—"

"Don't you see what position I'm put in? Do you think I've so little pride that I'd try to seize your island, and fail, and then edge in by marrying the very man I tried to bankrupt—"

"Damn the island!"

"I wish I'd never heard of it—but it's with us yet. If it weren't for Alakoa I'd go with you anywhere, any time—rich or penniless, married or not married—it wouldn't matter. But to seem to get the island by marrying you—after every other trick failed—"

"I don't believe you care any more about the island than I do."

"You don't now. But some day you'd remember, and perhaps begin to doubt; and nothing could ever be—"

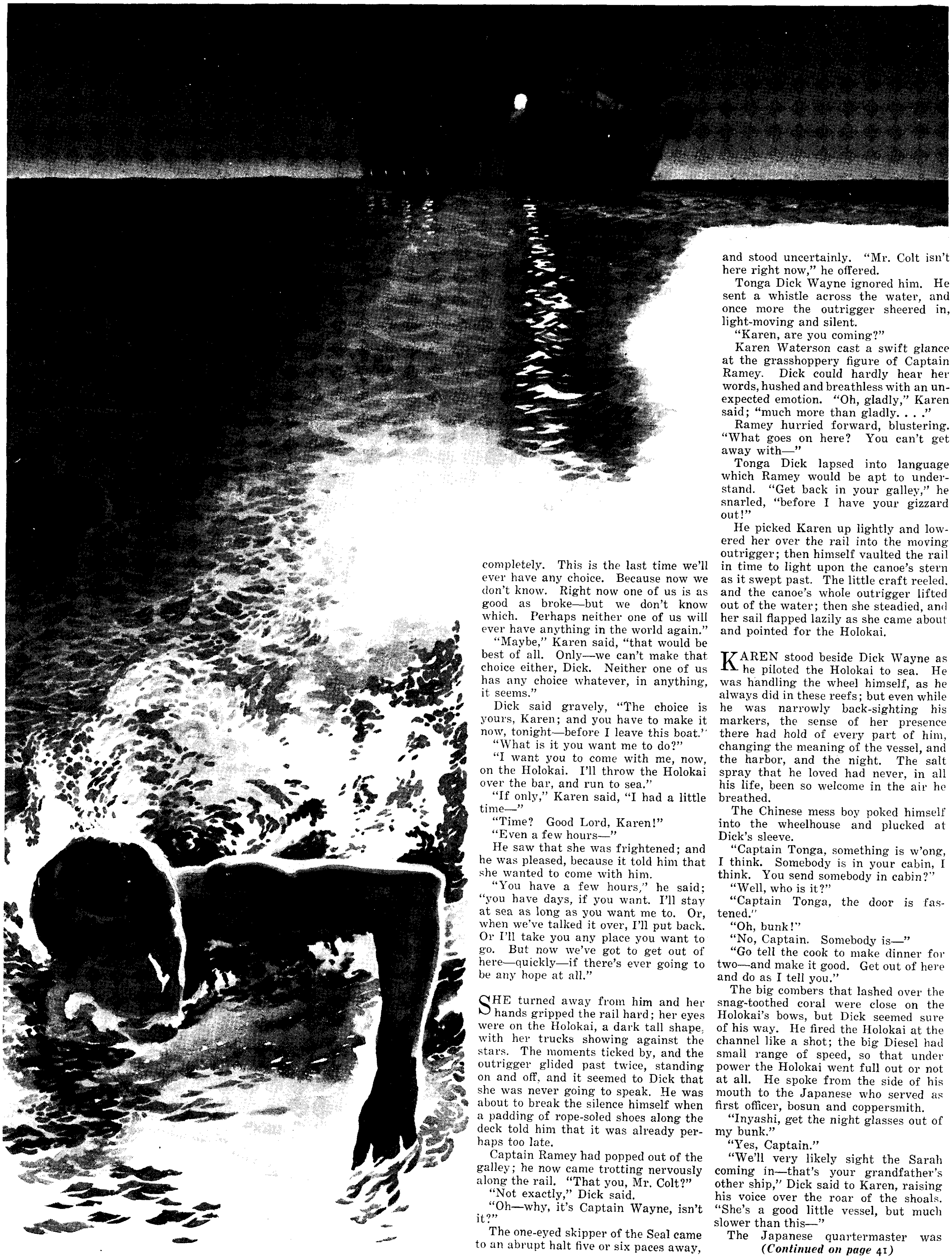
"But you don't know that you've lost the island. Nobody will know until Garrett Waterson shows his hand."

"Dick—if my grandfather takes the island, I'll marry you then, if you want me to."

"No," he said. He released his hold, and she moved a few inches away from him. "No," he repeated. "I'm not going to marry an island either, Karen."

"Then you see—it's hopeless, Dick."

"In another hour or so it will be—



completely. This is the last time we'll ever have any choice. Because now we don't know. Right now one of us is as good as broke—but we don't know which. Perhaps neither one of us will ever have anything in the world again."

"Maybe," Karen said, "that would be best of all. Only—we can't make that choice either, Dick. Neither one of us has any choice whatever, in anything, it seems."

Dick said gravely, "The choice is yours, Karen; and you have to make it now, tonight—before I leave this boat."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to come with me, now, on the Holokai. I'll throw the Holokai over the bar, and run to sea."

"If only," Karen said, "I had a little time—"

"Time? Good Lord, Karen!"

"Even a few hours—"

He saw that she was frightened; and he was pleased, because it told him that she wanted to come with him.

"You have a few hours," he said; "you have days, if you want. I'll stay at sea as long as you want me to. Or, when we've talked it over, I'll put back. Or I'll take you any place you want to go. But now we've got to get out of here—quickly—if there's ever going to be any hope at all."

SHE turned away from him and her hands gripped the rail hard; her eyes were on the Holokai, a dark tall shape, with her trucks showing against the stars. The moments ticked by, and the outrigger glided past twice, standing on and off, and it seemed to Dick that she was never going to speak. He was about to break the silence himself when a padding of rope-soled shoes along the deck told him that it was already perhaps too late.

Captain Ramey had popped out of the galley; he now came trotting nervously along the rail. "That you, Mr. Colt?"

"Not exactly," Dick said.

"Oh—why, it's Captain Wayne, isn't it?"

The one-eyed skipper of the Seal came to an abrupt halt five or six paces away, and stood uncertainly. "Mr. Colt isn't here right now," he offered.

Tonga Dick Wayne ignored him. He sent a whistle across the water, and once more the outrigger sheered in, light-moving and silent.

"Karen, are you coming?"

Karen Waterson cast a swift glance at the grasshoppery figure of Captain Ramey. Dick could hardly hear her words, hushed and breathless with an unexpected emotion. "Oh, gladly," Karen said; "much more than gladly. . . ."

Ramey hurried forward, blustering. "What goes on here? You can't get away with—"

Tonga Dick lapsed into language which Ramey would be apt to understand. "Get back in your galley," he snarled, "before I have your gizzard out!"

He picked Karen up lightly and lowered her over the rail into the moving outrigger; then himself vaulted the rail in time to light upon the canoe's stern as it swept past. The little craft reeled, and the canoe's whole outrigger lifted out of the water; then she steadied, and her sail flapped lazily as she came about and pointed for the Holokai.

KAREN stood beside Dick Wayne as he piloted the Holokai to sea. He was handling the wheel himself, as he always did in these reefs; but even while he was narrowly back-sighting his markers, the sense of her presence there had hold of every part of him, changing the meaning of the vessel, and the harbor, and the night. The salt spray that he loved had never, in all his life, been so welcome in the air he breathed.

The Chinese mess boy poked himself into the wheelhouse and plucked at Dick's sleeve.

"Captain Tonga, something is w'ong, I think. Somebody is in your cabin, I think. You send somebody in cabin?"

"Well, who is it?"

"Captain Tonga, the door is fastened."

"Oh, bunk!"

"No, Captain. Somebody is—"

"Go tell the cook to make dinner for two—and make it good. Get out of here and do as I tell you."

The big combers that lashed over the snag-toothed coral were close on the Holokai's bows, but Dick seemed sure of his way. He fired the Holokai at the channel like a shot; the big Diesel had small range of speed, so that under power the Holokai went full out or not at all. He spoke from the side of his mouth to the Japanese who served as first officer, bosun and coppersmith.

"Inyashi, get the night glasses out of my bunk."

"Yes, Captain."

"We'll very likely sight the Sarah coming in—that's your grandfather's other ship," Dick said to Karen, raising his voice over the roar of the shoals. "She's a good little vessel, but much slower than this—"

The Japanese quartermaster was

(Continued on page 41)

Bowery Boys

by Quentin Reynolds

Youngsters from New York's swarming East Side in a Boys' Club camp on Long Island

Right in the middle of New York's prize hotbed of crime a very important idea took root. It spread until now we have boys' clubs in a hundred and fifty cities. Bit by bit they're helping to choke out crime. What's more, the boys like 'em

IN THE 1870's the East Side of New York was a garden spot where crime, filth and ignorance blossomed lustily with practically no outside help at all. The Bowery was the main artery which fed the side streets and which nurtured the stalks of vice as soon as they showed their pretty heads above the sidewalks of New York.

Policemen always patrolled the East Side in groups of two or three, and the mortality among them was high. The youngsters of the district traveled in gangs as a defensive as well as an offensive measure. These kids looked up to and worshiped their elder brothers who belonged to real gangs, and a kid whose brother had a reputation as a cop fighter, a pickpocket or a muscle man in one of the Bowery joints basked proudly in this reflected glory and usually was made leader of his gang. Sometimes the youngsters got jobs. As newsboys they were allowed to saunter in and out of the Bowery dens, selling papers and picking up the rudiments of one illegal trade or another. Often they acted as lobbygows—lookouts for gambling houses.

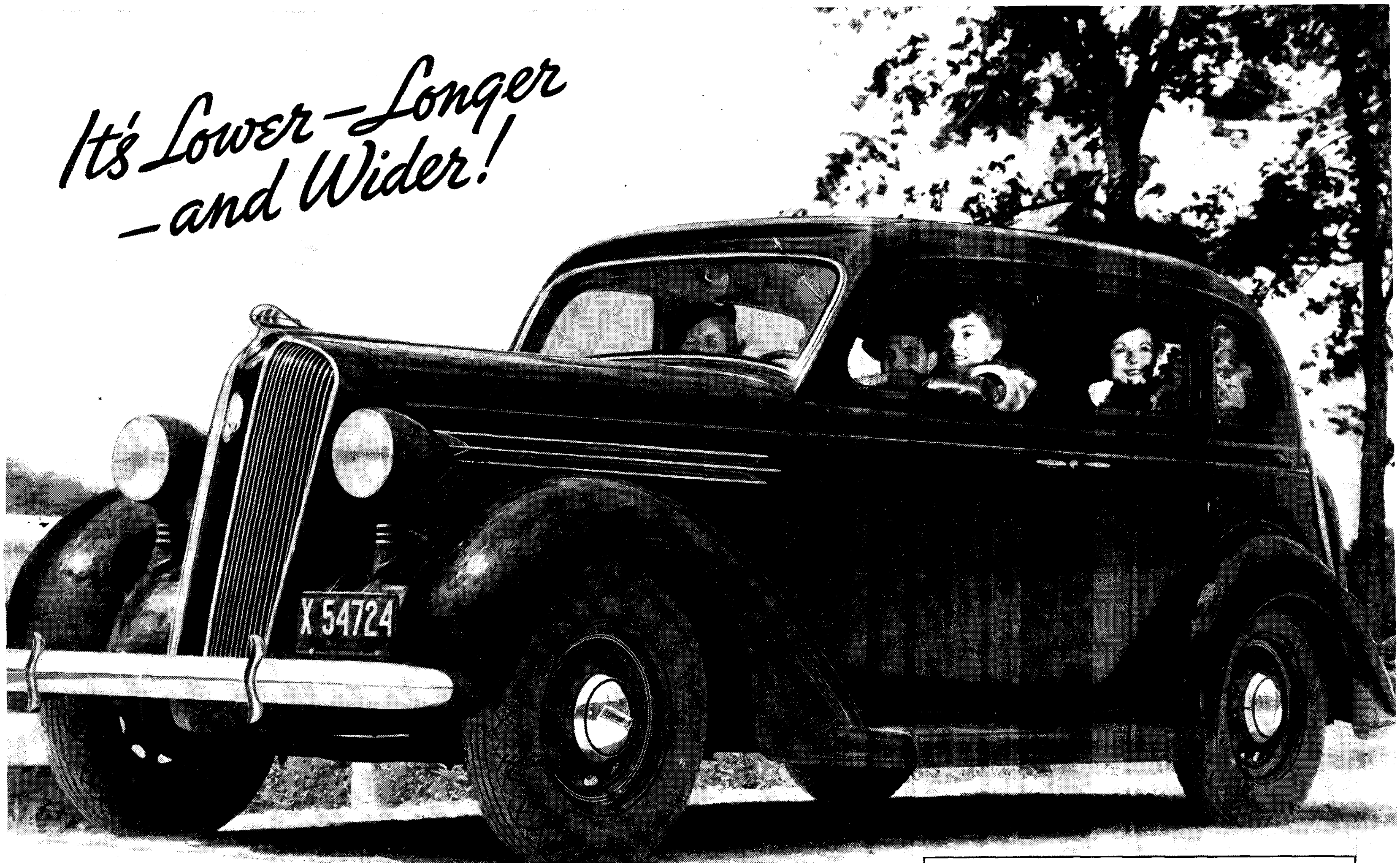
Kids on the East Side were born with an instinctive hate for policemen, cleanliness and discipline and often they grew up without ever having had any contact with the latter two. By the time a kid was ten he had to belong to some gang or he was an outcast. The gangs would prey on the pushcart peddlers who lined the sidewalks of East New York, and small shopkeepers were their legitimate prey. In the 1870's and for decades afterwards the East Side was the greatest and most fertile incubator of crime in the country—if not in the world. When the kids ran out of traditional enemies they would fight among themselves, hoping to earn the kind of reputation which would be rewarded by eventual admittance to the more robust and vicious gangs of their elders; gangs which victimized not only the East Side but which occasionally forayed north to spread consternation and terror among the more effete residents of uptown New York.

In the midst of this delightful pastoral scene there was an institution called the Wilson Mission School, a charitable enterprise concerned with the training of poor young girls. Amid the depravity of the East Side this school stood like a beacon light—but its light was neither strong nor far-reaching. Nevertheless, its valiant effort to salvage something from the wreckage of the East Side shoals came to the ears of fashionable uptown New York.

Women of means and leisure became interested, and one of them asked a young friend of hers to visit the institution with her. He was twenty-eight and he didn't know as yet that the vague restless feeling he had was the beginning of the birth of a social consciousness. A Wall Street office boy at

(*Continued on page* 38)

Plymouth Announces its New 1936 Car!



40 Big New Improvements in Ride and Performance

IT'S HERE . . . the biggest, roomiest and most beautiful Plymouth we've ever built.

The 1936 Plymouth is again the most economical full-size car you can drive. All evidence indicates 18 to 23 or more miles per gallon of gas.

Among 40 improvements, the big Plymouth frame is 100% more rigid . . . bodies are newly reinforced at five major points. This new car will take even more punishment than the sturdy 1935 Plymouth.

Eleven new comfort features have been added to Plymouth's famed Floating Ride . . . seven and a half new inches of leg room (in the model shown above) . . . and two new inches of elbow and shoulder room.

The last trace of road-shock at the wheel has been removed by a new steering design. Driving and handling this new Plymouth is going to delight you. Plymouth's brakes are 100% hydraulic . . . they stop you quick. It's the safest low-priced car!

See . . . and drive . . . and ride in the beautiful new Plymouth before you buy any new car today.

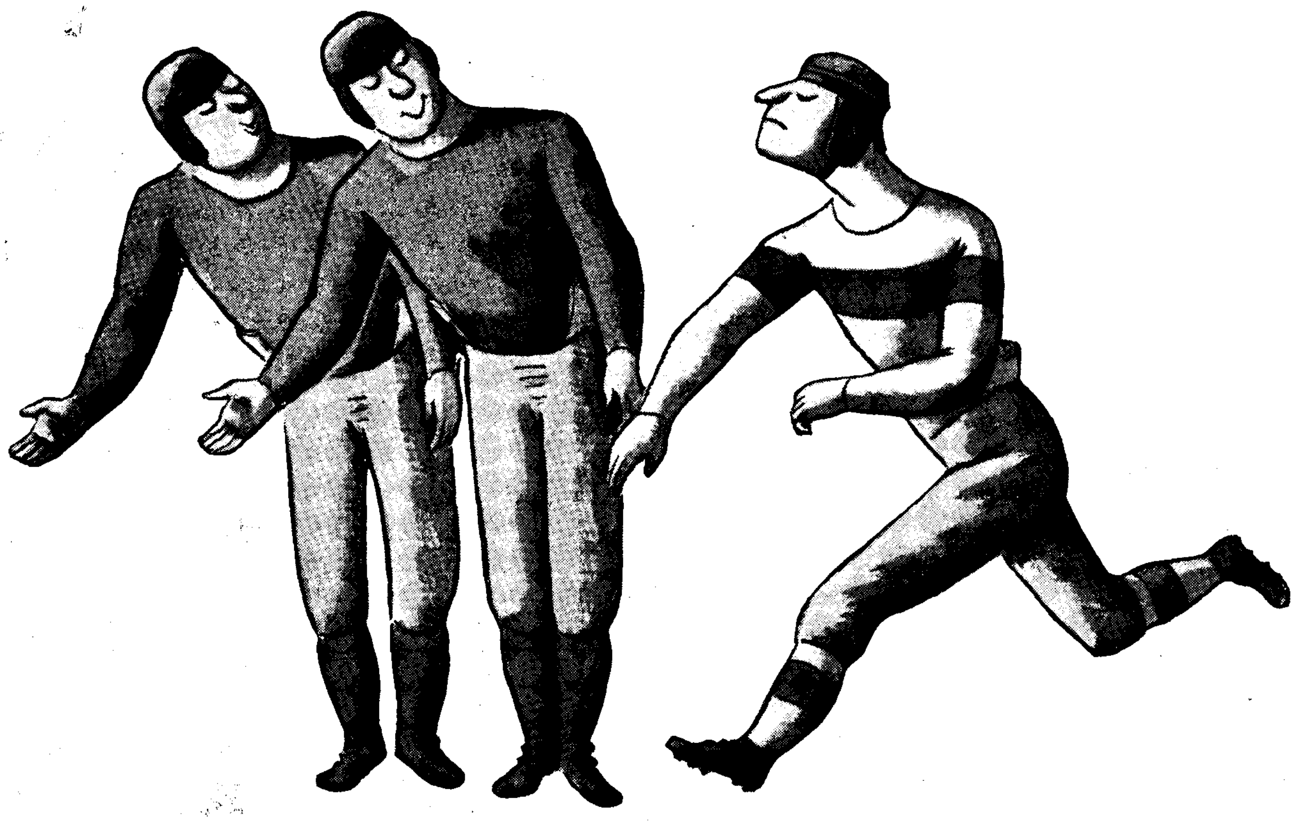
Any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will put a new Plymouth at your disposal . . . and explain the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

4 THINGS PEOPLE WANT:

1. **ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 23 miles per gallon of gas.
2. **SAFETY**—Plymouth's body is Safety Steel . . . Brakes are 100% hydraulic.
3. **RELIABILITY**—Of all low-priced cars, Plymouth has most long-life features.
4. **COMFORT**—Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort improvements.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



The end and the back are supposed to be permitted to run down the field if and as they wish

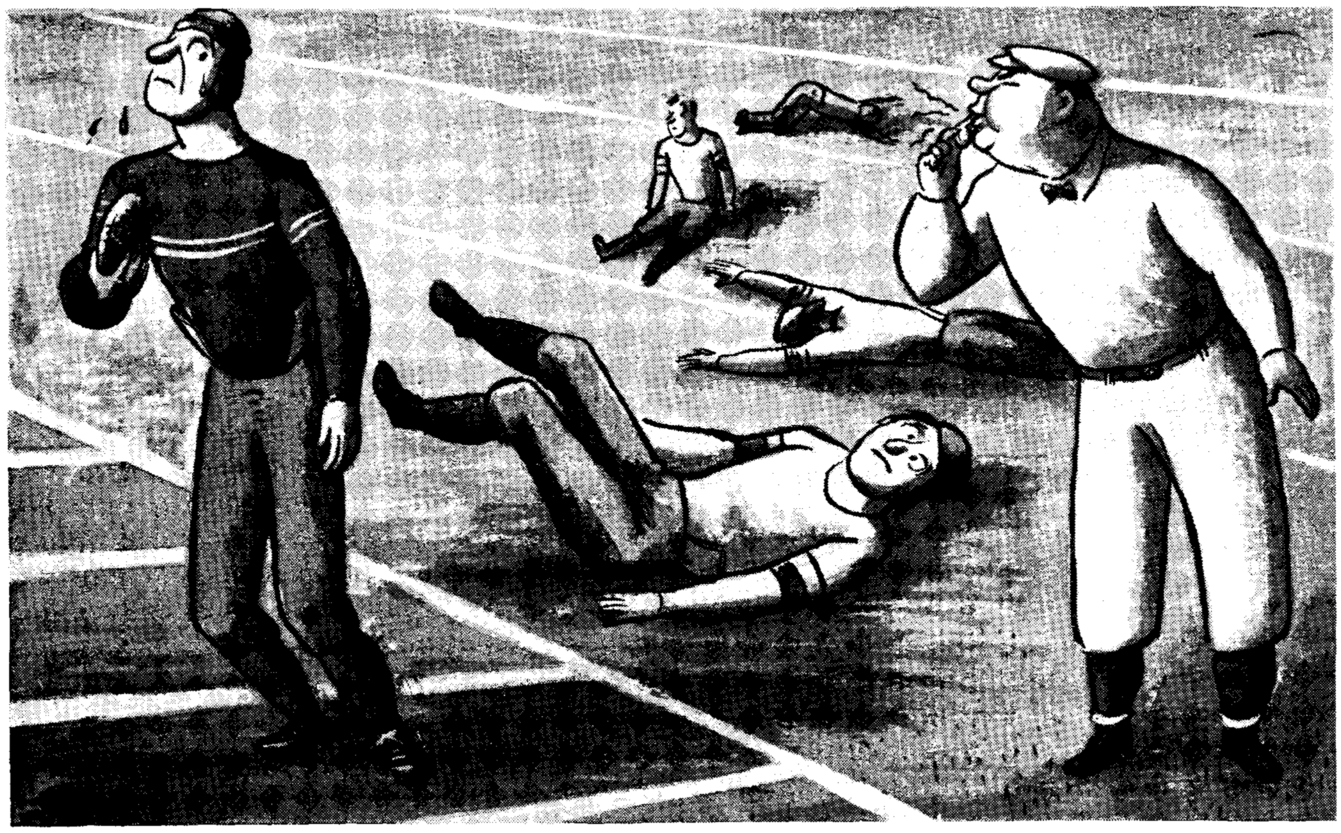
So I Said to the Referee—

How does the varsity football coach on the bench feel when the referee makes a mistake? Gridiron games, you know, frequently hang on a single ruling which might have been called either way. Lou Little tells you what goes on before, during and after the game in the relationship between coach and official

By Lou Little

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM STEIG

Once the referee's whistle has blown, the ball is dead. The decision is irrevocable



THIS was one game we had to win. Of course, we want to win them all if possible. It's much more fun to win than to lose at any time. But in every eight- or nine-game varsity football schedule, there are one or two traditional contests that *must* be won. At least, that's the frame of mind in which coaches and players approach the preparation. Ask a Michigan man how he feels about his game with Minnesota; or a Harvard man coming up to the Yale game; or a Stanford man on the eve of the Pacific Coast's glittering classic with the University of California.

Well, we—Columbia—had to win this one.

We had scouted our ancient and honorable rival most carefully. We had diagnosed the defense we were to meet. We had outlined an offense which we hoped fondly would find a weak spot. We had bolstered our defense to meet a hard-driving, powerful, versatile attack. We had studied the peculiarities of the too-capable individuals who comprised the invading and menacing horde.

And we had discovered that the large and workmanlike defensive tackle who was to face the strong side of our attack had a skillful and not easily detected knack of holding an opposing end at the line of scrimmage when that end's chief object in life at the moment was to get downfield under a forward pass.

Holding eligible receivers of a forward pass at the line of scrimmage is one of those border-line fouls in football on which it is most difficult to rule. The defensive lineman, of course, has every right and duty to hit the offensive end or wingback at the scrimmage line as the ball is snapped. He cannot know then—at least he isn't supposed to know—whether the play is a run or a forward pass. His obligation is to get across that scrimmage line to mess things up. He is permitted, nay, even encouraged, to place violent hands on the individual who happens to be in his way.

The rules state, however, that such laying on of hands must be in an actual attempt to get at the ball or at the runner. As the play develops, the end and back eligible to receive a forward pass are supposed to be permitted to run down the field if and as they wish in order to be in position to catch said pass. But it is remarkable how often the defensive tackle happens to get tangled up with the offensive end or wingback in such a way that the potential receiver is held up a second or so. Occasionally a rude defensive tackle even happens to fall on the eligible receiver so that the latter never does get downfield.

A Word to the Wise—

You can see how the foul can be a difficult one for even a watchful official to detect and call. You can see also why I was anxious that the officials on this particular day have an eye on the activities of the large tackle who all season had been holding eligible men at the scrimmage line, not flagrantly but just enough to spoil their chances of catching a pass ticketed for them.

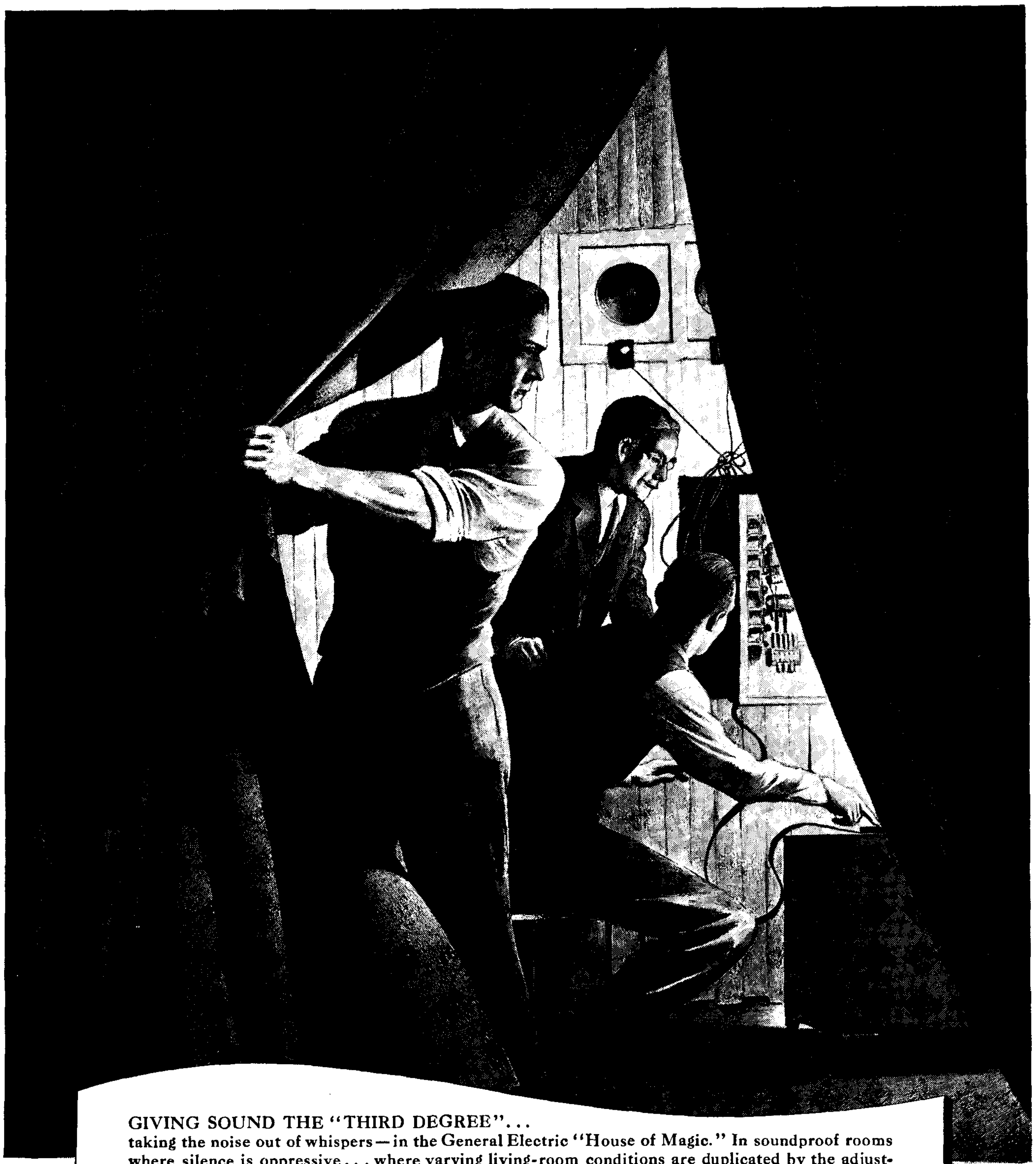
I wanted to be ethical in this situation. And, goodness knows, I wanted to be prudent. But I certainly wanted also to be sure that the officials on this day did have it definitely in mind that defensive holding, with eligible pass receivers as victims, constitutes a foul and calls for a penalty.

A half-hour before game time, I dropped in to say hello to the officials and, as coach of the home team, to see that their wants had been taken care of by the student managers.

We shook hands all around and talked

(*Continued on page* 32)

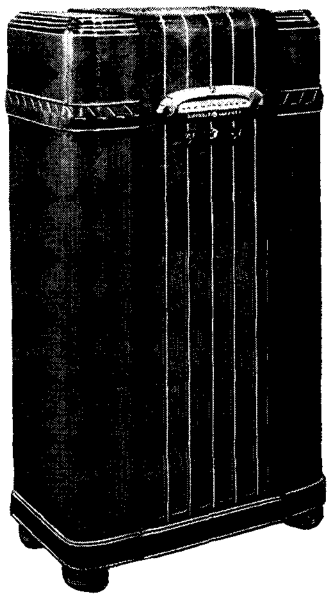
They took the Noise out of Whispers!



GIVING SOUND THE "THIRD DEGREE"...

taking the noise out of whispers—in the General Electric "House of Magic." In soundproof rooms where silence is oppressive... where varying living-room conditions are duplicated by the adjustment of curtains... they tested speaker after speaker for purity of tone... rejected scores of them until they found the perfect speaker for the new G-E Radio.

AND OUT OF MAGIC LIKE THIS CAME THIS MIRACLE



IN THE General Electric "House of Magic," birthplace of the New 1936 G-E Radio, they do many strange and startling things.

Sounds of every kind are given the "third degree"—relentlessly, ingeniously... their secrets, their mysteries revealed.

The music of symphonic orchestras and dance bands, singing and speaking voices are changed into flashes of green light—to be seen as well as heard!

In cells of oppressive silence, where a whisper crashes the eardrums like a thunderclap, supremely sensitive instruments measure sounds you'll never hear... notes beyond the range of the deep-throated tuba, the shrilling piccolo.

No other radio has such a background—for there is only one "House of Magic."

And it alone made possible the five great modern developments embodied in this most advanced of all radios—a thrilling world-rover of glorious tone... of performance lastingly brilliant that the years cannot dim.

Enjoy radio as never before with these 5 modern G-E features

NEW METAL TUBES ... strong and clear in signal, supremely quiet, untiring and dependable—the greatest forward step in radio progress since the introduction of the all-electric receiver.

G-E SENTRY-BOX... controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands... permitting only one of a thousand and one radio waves to pass—the wave you're dialed to hear.

G-E PERMALINER... maintaining the original alignment of the set... keeping the radio at "concert pitch" year in and year out.

G-E STABILIZED SPEAKER...supremely sensitive... reproducing speech and music with amazing fidelity—with every shade of tonal color.

G-E SLIDING-RULE TUNING SCALE... ... showing only one tuning band at a time ... listing all stations in a straight line—as easy to read as a ruler.

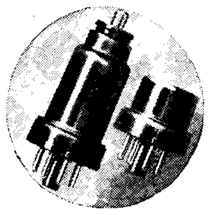
This radio that came out of the "House of Magic" is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's—in a variety of consoles and table models—all modern in styling.

See them... hear them... thrill to them!

Of course, a fine radio deserves a fine antenna. And the "House of Magic" has supplied that, too—the new G-E V-Doublet All-wave Antenna. Price, $5.95.

• • •

Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers built by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.

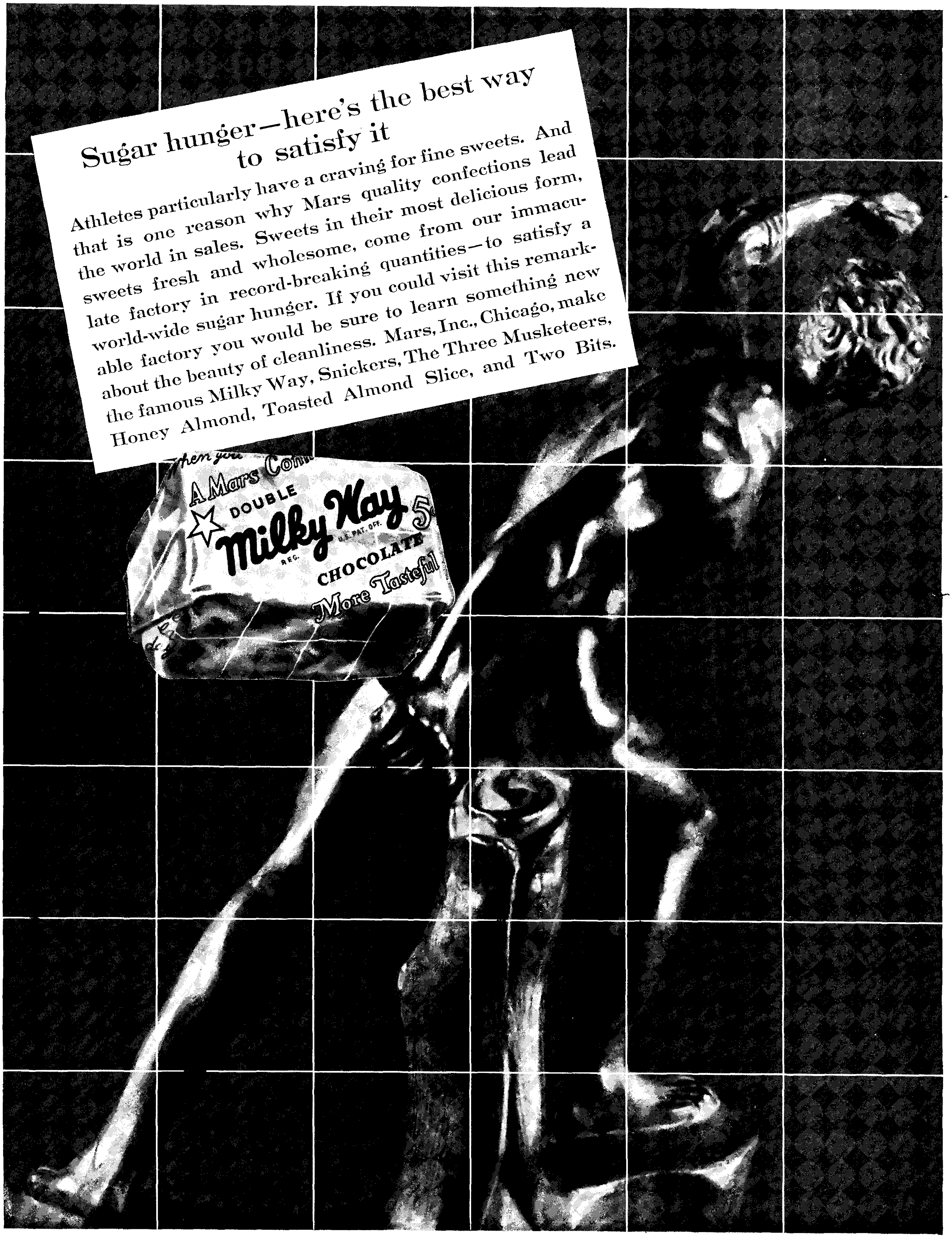


SPAN OCEANS... CONTINENTS with the impressive console shown at left above—Model A-87. Four reception bands... new metal tubes throughout... walnut cabinet of neo-classic design. Priced at $125.00.

All 1936 G-E Radios are completely equipped with metal tubes... even those priced as low as . . $34.50

(All prices F. O. B. Bridgeport, Conn., and subject to change without notice.)

The new 1936
GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



Sugar hunger—here's the best way to satisfy it

Athletes particularly have a craving for fine sweets. And that is one reason why Mars quality confections lead the world in sales. Sweets in their most delicious form, sweets fresh and wholesome, come from our immaculate factory in record-breaking quantities—to satisfy a world-wide sugar hunger. If you could visit this remarkable factory you would be sure to learn something new about the beauty of cleanliness. Mars, Inc., Chicago, make the famous Milky Way, Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slice, and Two Bits.

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A Mars Con
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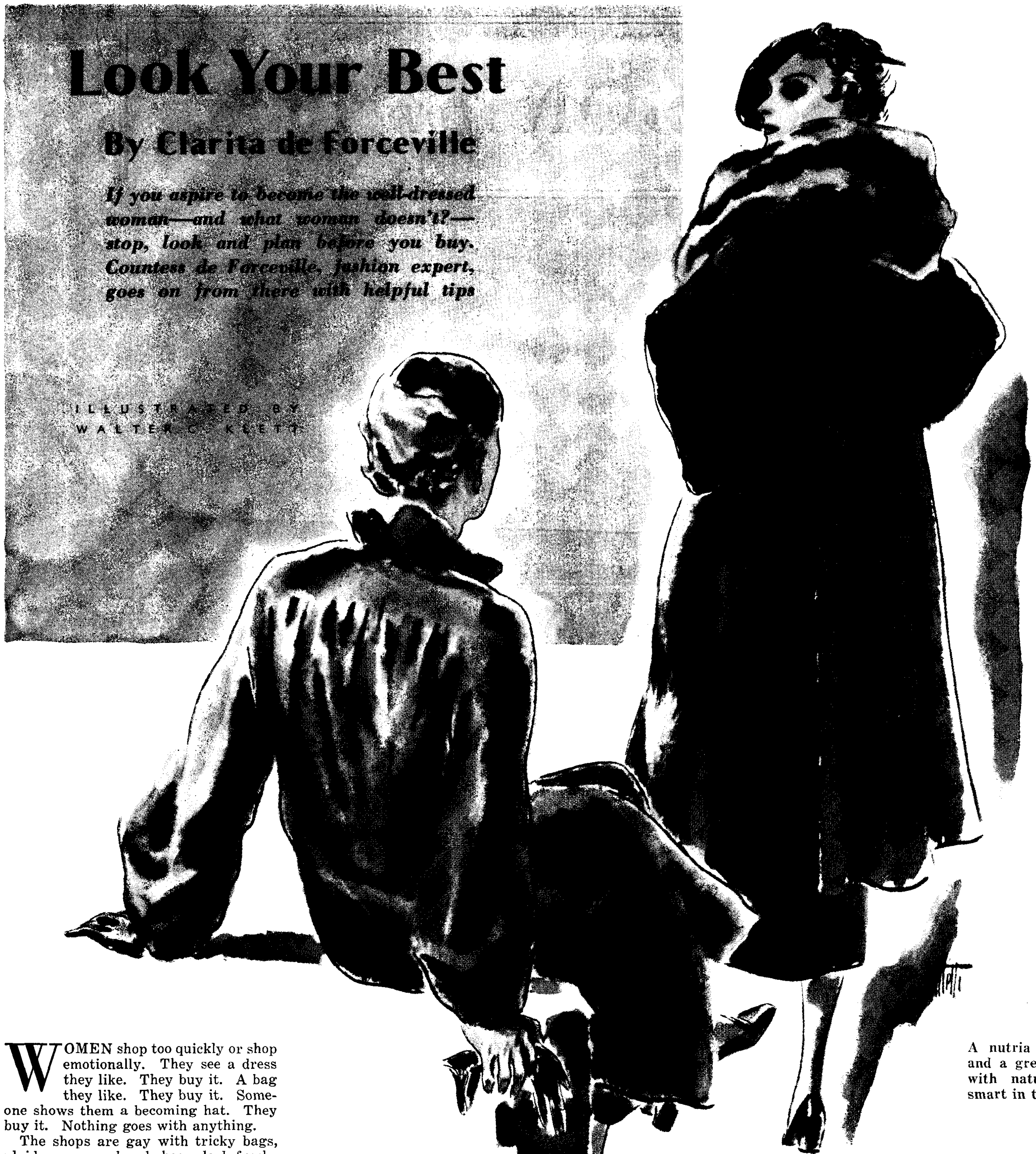
5
CHOCOLATE
More Tasteful

Look Your Best

By Clarita de Forceville

If you aspire to become the well-dressed woman—and what woman doesn't?—stop, look and plan before you buy. Countess de Forceville, fashion expert, goes on from there with helpful tips

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER C. KLETT



A nutria coat and hat, and a green woolen suit with natural blue fox, smart in town or country

WOMEN shop too quickly or shop emotionally. They see a dress they like. They buy it. A bag they like. They buy it. Someone shows them a becoming hat. They buy it. Nothing goes with anything.

The shops are gay with tricky bags, plaid scarves, colored shoes, dark frocks with bright trimming that are irresistible to any but the stoniest feminine heart. A red handbag looms up on the counter. It is the answer to some early childhood desire. It is purchased, only to become a strident note with every existing costume. And the woman who makes her wardrobe a collection of such separate enthusiasms can never be well-dressed.

The well-dressed woman makes a plan and sticks to it. She knows what she wants and works hard to achieve it, for to be well-dressed isn't easy. It means knowing yourself and knowing the mode. It means making your plans to suit the one to the other. It means sales resistance—and sales insistence, too, going from shop to shop on the trail of what you want till you run it down.

In America most women don't bother to do this. American women play bridge better than they dress. They are wonderful with their houses; such hospitable rooms, such marvelous kitchens and such amazingly beautiful tables! But many of them are not so effective with their clothes. Yet it is intelligent to do well what one sets out to do—if you wish to look well, to achieve it. It takes time and thought, but it is worth it. It is not extravagance but common sense and making the budget do its full job.

There are frequently heated discussions as to whether American women are well-dressed. There are those who think the American women are the best dressed in the world—that they are stealing leadership from the French. There are others who say that American women have no flair for clothes—that they can copy but they cannot originate. There are facts to support both contentions.

But American women have so much to start with. They are young and fresh; they have fine figures, skin and teeth. Their ready-to-wear shops are really marvels of this modern age. Even the most inexpensive of them has the makings of a fine wardrobe. The astounding thing is not that there are so many well-dressed women, but that there are so many indifferently dressed ones. I am not speaking about the women who give no thought to clothes at all. That I can understand, too. I am speaking about the women who want to look well-dressed, who try to look well-dressed—but who try by spending instead of by planning, who, with a little planning, could look twice as well on half the money.

There have been seasons in the past when the emotional spender and the woman with no definite plan didn't have much chance to go wrong. Formula seasons, when the rules were so rigid that it took courage to break them. Seasons when some one dominant influence kept most of the offerings in the same key. But, of late years, we've seen greater and greater latitude in choice. More and more inventiveness has manifested itself among those who make the mode. Clothes produced in such seasons are at once lovelier and ten times as disastrous, if not chosen according to a definite scheme and combined with the utmost discretion.

(Continued on page 40)

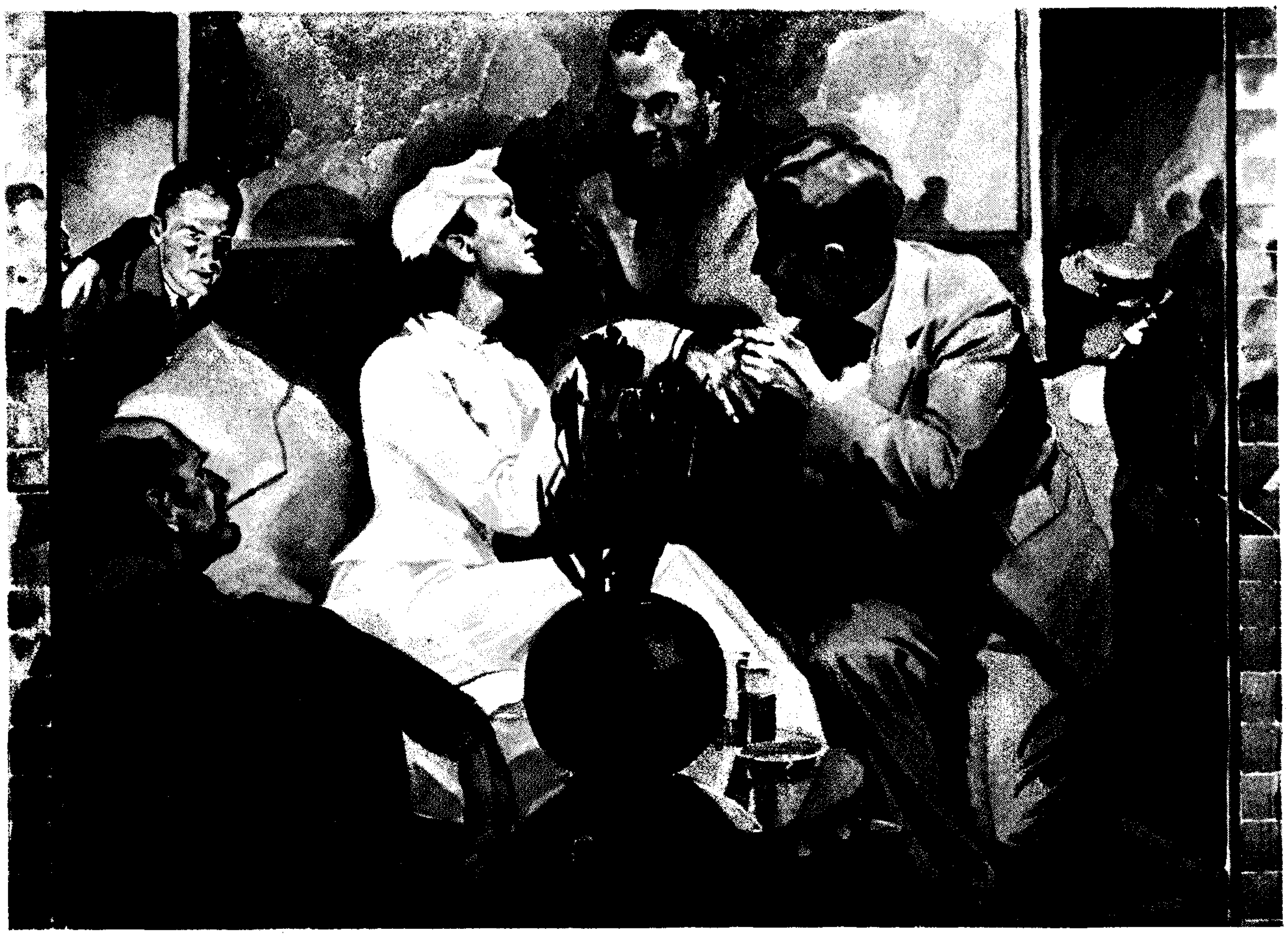
HUDSON *for* 1936

The new leader of the style parade ... Cars that sparkle with fresh, new beauty. A size sensation ... 20% more room than any other popular car. Biggest cars ever priced so low. ℭ With 5 *Things You Never Saw Before* in any automobile. Radial Safety Control, a wholly new eas riding principle that makes driving safer, steering saf and stopping safer ... Duo-Automatic Hydraul Brakes (double safe stopping) ... The Rhythm Ride ... Tru-Line Steering ... and the Automat

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT,

Draft Eliminator. ¶ Under all this, the unmatched smoothness of Hudson-built motors . . . with 113 or 124 horsepower . . . record-breaking performance and economy . . . ruggedness proved by over two and a quarter million Hudson-built cars. ¶ Discover for yourself how much that is new and better Hudson has engineered into these long wheelbase cars of superlative quality . . . priced just above the lowest. Hudson dealers invite you to come in . . . and drive out . . . in a 1936 Hudson Six or Eight.

N, Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario



Wednesday afternoons, at Matilda Lake's, you met the most interesting people!

Table Tapping

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Doris Montague

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

As KAY FRAZER came into the smoke-filled, buzzing room she was surrounded by middle-aged men who were hoping to find refreshment at the fountain of her youth.

Wednesday afternoons, at Matilda Lake's, you met the most *interesting people!* Artists and writers and poets, and how ill they all looked. But it was an illness of the mind, an infinite boredom with themselves and each other.

This is what will happen to me, Kay thought. Give me ten more years. . . .

"Do you ever stand on your head?" the little pinched lady with the long feather boa asked her briskly.

"No," Kay said shortly. She had come to the party again to escape from the bitter loneliness of her empty apartment. But she refused to show the eager interest and astonishment expected of her.

"Well, my dear," the little lady continued, "it does the most wonderful things *for* you. It was taught me by my Yogi friends. The only trouble with Yogis is, they *will* try to hypnotize me. Heaven only knows what they'd do if they ever succeeded!" But her deprecating little laugh implied that she knew only too well.

Yes, that was part of it. These ladies pretended that men pursued them, that they still wanted to be pursued.

God keep me from that kind of sterility, Kay prayed, torn between disgust and pity. And then she saw John Lawrence across the room.

Her first feeling was of sick disappointment. You, too? Are you in this mess with the rest of us? All through the five years after that ridiculous quarrel she had gone on believing in his clean, hard intolerance of the kind of people who came to Matilda Lake's.

But he hadn't been corrupted yet. There was still that look of controlled strength and passion about him, a tautness in startling contrast to the let-go slackness that blurred the outlines of the other men in the room. As she watched him from across the room he turned his ugly, attractive, sardonic face in her direction and their eyes met. She nodded coldly, bending her head to hide a hot flush of shame. If he had only found her anywhere but here.

As KAY accepted another cocktail she saw that the trim little maid no longer had to elbow her way through the room with her tray. The crowd was thinning rapidly. But she couldn't leave the room that still held John Lawrence.

"Sorry to interrupt." It was Matilda, a gaunt, gray-haired woman with rimless glasses, the grim shepherdess of this joyless herd. "We're going to tip tables. Shall we go into the dining-room?"

Kay was about to refuse impatiently. Matilda, the astrologist and theosophist, was psychic too. All of these people's cults seemed to melt and run together.

Then she saw John Lawrence go into the dining-room. He was still magnetic enough to draw her helplessly after him.

There were ten of them round the table, four men and six women. They placed their hands lightly on the polished wood. Kay, across the table from John Lawrence, looked at his strong, sensitive artist's hands with sorrow and despair. These child's games for a man like John!

"I think you all know each other," Matilda said, "except John Lawrence, the artist. This is your first time here, isn't it?" Matilda introduced everyone to John.

"Now. Little fingers touching, please. Just relax. Don't exert any pressure. . . ."

Then she addressed the table. "One knock for yes. Two knocks for no. . . . Has the table any message for us?"

Kay felt the table rock violently under her lightly poised fingers. Once.

"Evidently it has," Matilda said. "Is anybody moving the table?"

"I'm hardly *touching* it." "Look, you can *see*—" "But I *couldn't* be—"

"Very well, then. I'll spell out the message," Matilda went on. "Is the first letter of the first word A?" Two rocks. "Is it B?" Two rocks. With infinite patience the table spelled out the first sentence: "I am in hell."

As the last letter was revealed, the ladies snatched their hands from the table as if they felt the flames. They were unused to such strong talk from this long-suffering table.

Matilda sat up eagerly, her glasses trembling with excitement. "Put your hands back!' she cried. "We may be on the brink of a revelation."

"Is the first letter of the next word A?" she continued. "Is it B?"

At last the whole message was spelled out. "Is there anything else?" Matilda asked the table. Two knocks, decisive and final.

"Give me a pencil and paper. I want to write down this message."

John Lawrence rose to go, a tired look on his sardonic face. "Sorry to break away at this interesting moment. But I have an appointment downtown at eight."

"Now," Matilda said, after he had left, "let's see if we can get to the bottom of the message." She held up the envelope she had written on and read:

"I am in hell. Is there no forgiveness?
Will haunt Peter till lost love is found."

"THE only clue we have is the name Peter," she said in a brisk, businesslike fashion. "Does anyone know a Peter?"

"My mother's uncle—" "My great-grandfather—" "My sister married a man named Peter—"

"I think the message is for me," Matilda went on, calmly taking possession of it. "My father's name is Peter. And he had a mistress who died—they thought it was suicide—"

They gave up their claims with little cries of interest and excitement.

"Yes, my father was a strange man. I knew when I was six years old that Mother adored Father, but he had never loved her—"

Kay got up abruptly. "Appointment," she mumbled, "lovely time—"

How rotten to have a daughter who would dissect your heart for the entertainment of her friends. They were all alike in that hateful, sterile crowd—no lives of their own, so they had to go digging into other people's, "Ooh, look what *I've* found!"

It was better out in the street, in the clear, cold fall night, with the bright, hard lights glittering down the avenue and the soft rush of speeding traffic. It was on just such a night as this that she and John had met. Down in the Village in the tiny restaurant presided over by the funny little man. And they had dined there so often later on. When they became engaged they had told the funny little man about it and he had brought them a bottle of wine.

KAY hailed a cruising cab. On the way uptown she thought bitterly of what five years had done to her and to John. She thought of him at Matilda Lake's, across the table from her. His bent head, his oddly intent face, his beautiful, muscular hands. And as the picture of those hands came back to her with startling clearness, she jumped forward in her seat and beat with both fists on the glass partition that separated her from the driver.

"Turn around!" she cried. "I want to go downtown! Oh, faster. I want to get there at eight!"

Oh, thank God, she was saved—saved from the fate of the people at Matilda Lake's. She had someone to love her, someone she could love.

John's hands—those tanned, strong fingers had been white and bloodless at the tips where they rested on the table. He must have been pressing with all his strength on the polished wood. The message—the ridiculous message they were all fighting over was from John to her. Peter was the name of the funny little man in the Village.

On her way down to Peter's, her heart overflowing with happiness, Kay wept softly to herself in the dark of the cab. Strangely, she was weeping for Matilda's mother, who had loved all her life and had never been loved in return.

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JANUARY 1936
DECEMBER 1935
NOVEMBER 1935

Many families take precautions before winter starts

These are the months to begin building good general resistance

Some people resign themselves to common winter ills, assuming there's nothing to be done about them. Other people, however, are making use of newer facts and are taking steps to protect themselves.

It's been found that these common winter ills follow a regular cycle, reaching a peak in mid-winter. January and February are the worst months for them.

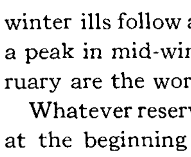
Whatever reserve people have, they use at the beginning of the season, and by mid-winter, their *general resistance* may be low. Under such conditions, they're not able to withstand illness.

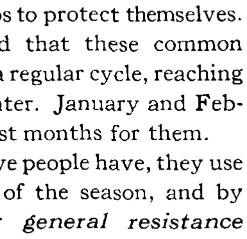
The building of good general resistance must therefore begin *before* winter starts. The time for people to increase their reserve forces is *now*, while they are well.

An excellent daily aid in increasing good general resistance is found in *Squibb Adex*. These tablets and capsules are the *only* concentrate made from *three* special sources—halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol. Each tablet provides 3,300 units of Vitamin A and 660 units of Vitamin D.

People who want to avoid discomfort during the mid-winter months should start with *Squibb Adex* now and keep it up *every day*. At any reliable drug store. They are prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

So I Said to the Referee

Continued from page 24

for a few minutes. Then, cautiously—

"I suppose your interpretation definitely is that if the defensive tackle holds the offensive end at the line of scrimmage on a forward-pass play, that *constitutes defensive holding*."

I was assured that was the interpretation.

"And are you having much trouble with defensive holding this season?" I asked.

The reply was noncommittal. They had seen some, and had called it, but not more than in other seasons. I had hoped that one of them might have noticed the big tackle about whom I was worrying.

"Well," I said, "I've been working on my own players on that point and I hope you'll not have any trouble from them on it. I don't like it because holding eligible men at the line certainly gives the defensive team an unfair advantage. But if you see any of it out there today, I hope you'll call it. I've warned my tackles and if they commit the foul they'll deserve the penalty."

"Don't worry, Mr. Little," advised Umpire W. R. Crowley. "Don't worry at all. If there's any defensive holding by your tackles or any other tackles, it will be called."

A Hint that Backfired

The game got under way. About the middle of the first period, the ball came to mid-field with our opponents in possession. The play was directly in front of the Columbia bench on which I sat.

Second down. The opposing quarterback called for a forward pass. The passer faded back and the end on the strong side started from the scrimmage line, en route downfield as a receiver. But the end didn't get very far. To my own honest bewilderment, the Columbia defensive tackle not only checked the end but threw two arms about him with vise-like grip that held him helpless. It was a most flagrant case of defensive holding by the Columbia tackle and I'll swear that he, then a senior, hadn't been guilty of such a foul since his sophomore year. And the irony of the football fates had led him to reveal his enthusiastic rascality right there in front of me—and directly in the line of vision of Umpire Bill Crowley.

"My gosh," I thought, "I wonder if—"

The toot-toot of Umpire Bill Crowley's horn answered my unfinished question. The play came back. Umpire Crowley spoke to the referee, who began to measure off the five-yard penalty against Columbia. Umpire Crowley then glanced over in my direction. He was close to the side line.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Little," he called quietly, smiling. "You see, as you suggested, I was on the lookout for defensive holding."

Now, what could a poor football coach do in that case? Nothing, I guess. At least, that's what I did until after the game. Then I sought out Umpire Crowley to tell him I thought he had turned in a fine game and that I reckoned we wouldn't have any more trouble with defensive holding by the Columbia tackles.

In my mind there is no shadow of doubt that the football official—whether referee, umpire, linesman or field judge—has the most difficult task in the field of sport. Despite every attempt to simplify the rules, football still has the most complex code of laws known to any sport. Merely memorizing these rules and their many interpretations is a real mental feat.

But learning the rules is only the football official's beginning.

For the baseball umpire the decision is almost invariably out or safe, fair or foul, ball or strike. Rarely are more than two, or perhaps three, players mixed up in the same flash of action on the diamond. The interpretation of the baseball rule usually is a matter of black and white.

How much different in football! Here the decision on a play which depends on an interpretation or an approved ruling designed to apply in a certain unusual situation must be made in the midst of a melee of twenty-two high-strung young men. Probably they themselves do not know exactly what has happened or what is the applicable rule. Add to this the fact that two head coaches who may be fifty or sixty yards from the center of action are likely to have definitely contrasting and not unprejudiced ideas on what has happened. Then consider the fact that the football official has not the opportunity to work in important games more than twelve or fifteen times a season. He can by no means make football officiating more than an avocation. But he must keep himself in top physical condition for the bruising contact that comes when he is hit by a blocker, forced to dodge a shifty open-field runner or to go burrowing into a squirming mass of rugged athletes on play after play.

All right. I've been fair, haven't I? Then don't imagine that the prejudice of a coach is speaking when I say that officials do make mistakes sometimes and that the plight of the coach who sits on the bench and watches a mistaken decision or interpretation go against his team is—well, not so happy.

Perhaps the mistake is the honest slip of a competent official. In that case, I'm going to wait until I cool off after the game, then look him up, get out the book and talk it over with him. We'll part friends, hoping for better luck next time, if he admits his mistake. Any man can make mistakes.

But if the official shows me evidence that he hasn't studied his rules and, above all, if he shows unwillingness to stand on his own feet to take full responsibility for his decision, then I, the football coach, can hardly be blamed for showing a little temperament.

I admire an official who, like the referee in a certain recent major game in the East, made a grievous error. Team A was punting from deep in its own territory. A Team B lineman broke through and blocked the kick. The ball bounced on the ground and a Team B lineman caught it on the bounce. The boy hesitated for an instant, not sure whether or not the rules permitted him to run with it. Then, at a yell from a teammate, he was off, streaking across Team A's goal line for a touchdown. But in the instant the boy had started to run, the referee's whistle had sounded.

Excused Without an Alibi

The whistle was a mistake. The boy should have been permitted to go for his touchdown. But once the referee's whistle has blown, the ball is dead. The decision is irrevocable. Gabriel's horn has no more finality and authority than the shrill toot of the football referee's whistle. Mistake or no mistake, the ball comes back.

So they brought the ball back. While fifty thousand bewildered spectators wondered what had happened, play was resumed at the spot where the punt had been recovered. The game went on. About this time Team B's coach was suffering a mild attack of apoplexy. And no wonder.

After the game, newspapermen descended on the referee, whose name you probably would recognize if I were to tell you.

"What are you going to say about that decision?" they demanded. "We've looked it up. You were wrong, you know."

"I know it," admitted the official. "I knew it the instant after I had blown the whistle. Just say in the paper that the thick-headed referee booted one and that he admits it and apologizes."

Team B's coach, by now partially recovered, entered the room just in time to hear the latter remark.

"Yes," he said. "You booted one all right. But I hope you'll be back next season. At least, you didn't try to alibi your way out. That's good enough for me."

The Way It Used to Be

I remember as a player—and I have noticed the same reaction on the part of players I've coached—how definitely the announcement of the officials for a certain game would affect our enthusiasm in approaching that game. Tell the players that officials such as, for instance, Ed Thorp and Bill Crowley and A. W. Palmer, three who often worked together until Thorp's death in 1934, were to officiate the following Saturday and you'd get a reaction of enthusiasm and satisfaction. The boys knew the game in their hands would be capably directed. It's not entirely a matter of the rules. The boys knew that in a game refereed by Ed Thorp there would be no dramatic bulldozing. They knew that if a question came up they could feel free to ask an explanation and receive a considerate reply. More than that, they knew they'd get the correct answer.

We, the coaches, who are supposed by the football public to be traditional enemies of the officials, are not having much trouble these days with officials who go into the game in the frame of mind that was Ed Thorp's. More than that, and I admit it, it doesn't do us much good in these days to try to make trouble. Back in the days of the old Central Board, we might have been able to make some impression with our squawks because then the officials for a certain game were selected directly by the coaches of the two teams playing.

The Central Board would hold a general meeting in New York in late spring at which the coaches and college representatives would gather. The games scheduled for the following season were rated in the order of their so-called importance. The coaches of the number one game of any Saturday would have the entire list from which to choose for that day. Those appointments were then posted and the officials' names eliminated from further discussion. The coaches of game number two would get together and so on down the list and, often, far into the night.

"I want Zilch to referee," my coaching rival might say.

"Zilch is out," I probably would counter. "You want him because you're using a shift and he's easy on a shifting team. Gulch is a better official. I want Gulch."

"Oh, yeah?" my coaching friend might reply. "Wasn't it Gulch who was blowing that quick whistle all afternoon last fall in your game with Mustard University? I heard about that one. Gulch is out. He was blowing that whistle so much the dogs were following him. How about Doolittle for referee?"

And so it would go. Perhaps we'd finally agree on Jasper Popoff and three other officials. Then, about midway in the game, one of the rival halfbacks might break off tackle, reverse his field and run sixty-five yards for a dazzling touchdown while thousands cheered. But the cheers would die away like the gasps of fifty thousand people out of breath as Referee Popoff would be seen rushing to the spot where the play had begun and marking it with his heel, meanwhile motioning for the return of the ball. Whereupon, the ball having been returned to him, he would pace off a five-yard penalty against the crestfallen team which a minute before had believed itself in possession of a touchdown. Stick a pin in a toy balloon and you'll see what usually happens to a team which thus loses a touchdown.

Referee Popoff would pace off the penalty to the accompaniment of raucous noises from one side of the field. Meanwhile my coaching rival on the other bench, if sufficiently in command of himself, would be drawing a pencil from his pocket and marking a large, black line through the name of Jasper Popoff. Mr. Popoff would find, when the following year rolled around, that he was definitely *persona non grata* in that quarter. And all because he had seen a back illegally in motion before the ball, and had called it, on a play that turned out to be a crucial one.

That is the way it used to be.

In 1922, the Big Ten Conference led the way out of that morass when Major John L. Griffith was appointed as commissioner of that Middle Western organization. Major Griffith was named primarily as an arbiter to govern the relationships of the colleges concerned and to sit in judgment on various differences which arose in eligibility, schedules and the like. But one of his important duties was the appointment of football officials from a list based on the general ratings of officials by the coaches.

In 1927 a dozen leading Eastern colleges, without forming a conference, followed suit in the matter of selecting officials by establishing the Eastern Intercollegiate Association and naming Walter R. Okeson as commissioner. While the original twelve colleges continued to sponsor and, for the most part, to underwrite the organization, many others throughout the East were invited to join up and did, to the number of more than ninety. Later on, a number of these colleges, having been convinced of the wisdom of the system, formed their own sectional groups, each modeled on the large body. At present there are thirty-six colleges working directly under the administration of Commissioner Okeson.

Ironing Out Differences

Once a year the representatives of the colleges meet and compose a list of approved officials. Note that—that the list is made up by the colleges, not by Commissioner Okeson. Each official is rated on the basis of his work the previous season, as judged by the representatives of all the colleges in whose games he worked.

That list is handed to Commissioner Okeson and he is entitled to appoint any official whose name is on it to any game scheduled for the coming season.

Hence, you see, the official is a more independent person than he was ten years ago. He is answerable only to the commissioner during the season. It is true that we coaches send in reports during the season. Each official also makes a report after each game. Each set of reports provides a check on the other—but only for the guidance and reference of Mr. Okeson.

The result has been more initiative by the official, more willingness to accept responsibility on the field. The official takes more pride in his work. He trains physically and mentally much as the player himself trains. Interpretations of rules have been made uniform by the constant contact of Commissioner Okeson with officiating organizations in Middle West, Far West and South. Sectional differences in officiating have been ironed out and an Eastern team going West plays according to interpretations and rules with which it is familiar, and vice versa. It was not ever thus.

Out on the Pacific Coast, the Coast Conference has followed suit by making Herb Dana, a veteran official of that section, commissioner. Down South, A. R. Hutchins has taken on a similar duty for the colleges of the Southern and Southeastern Conferences. He names officials from lists of ten men approved by the coaches for each officiating position.

Win or Lose

Do they still make mistakes? Certainly. I haven't yet forgotten a game of a comparatively recent season. I was told by the referee that he would be blowing a quick whistle, judging pretty closely when forward progress of the ball was stopped. That was all right with me. It promised to be a hard game. He wanted to avoid piling-on. I hoped he would be successful.

Early in the second quarter an opposing halfback started off tackle, was hit by one of our backers-up and the ball squirted from his arms like a watermelon seed. The ball popped four or five yards to the side into the arms of our defensive halfback, who caught it in the air and ran for a touchdown. The ball had not touched the ground.

The joyous bedlam on our bench, however, was dampened as the referee, marking the spot, was heard tooting his whistle and demanding the return of the ball. Our captain rushed up, asking what was the matter. Mr. Referee revealed then that he had blown his whistle as the ball carrier had been hit by our backer-up. The ball was brought back and given to the opponents and the game went on. Neither side scored later. The game ended in a tie.

Wrong? Of course he was wrong. With "quick whistle" on his mind, the referee had blown his whistle in a sort of reflex action before the ball's forward progress had been at all stopped. Was I perturbed? No, I wasn't perturbed. I was good and sore.

However, I began to think things over. We coaches don't condemn a player for a single mistake. I knew this referee fundamentally was and is a good official. He had made no other mistakes in the game. His quick whistle throughout the sixty minutes perhaps had helped twenty-two boys to avoid injury. That decision might as easily have gone in our favor, instead of against us.

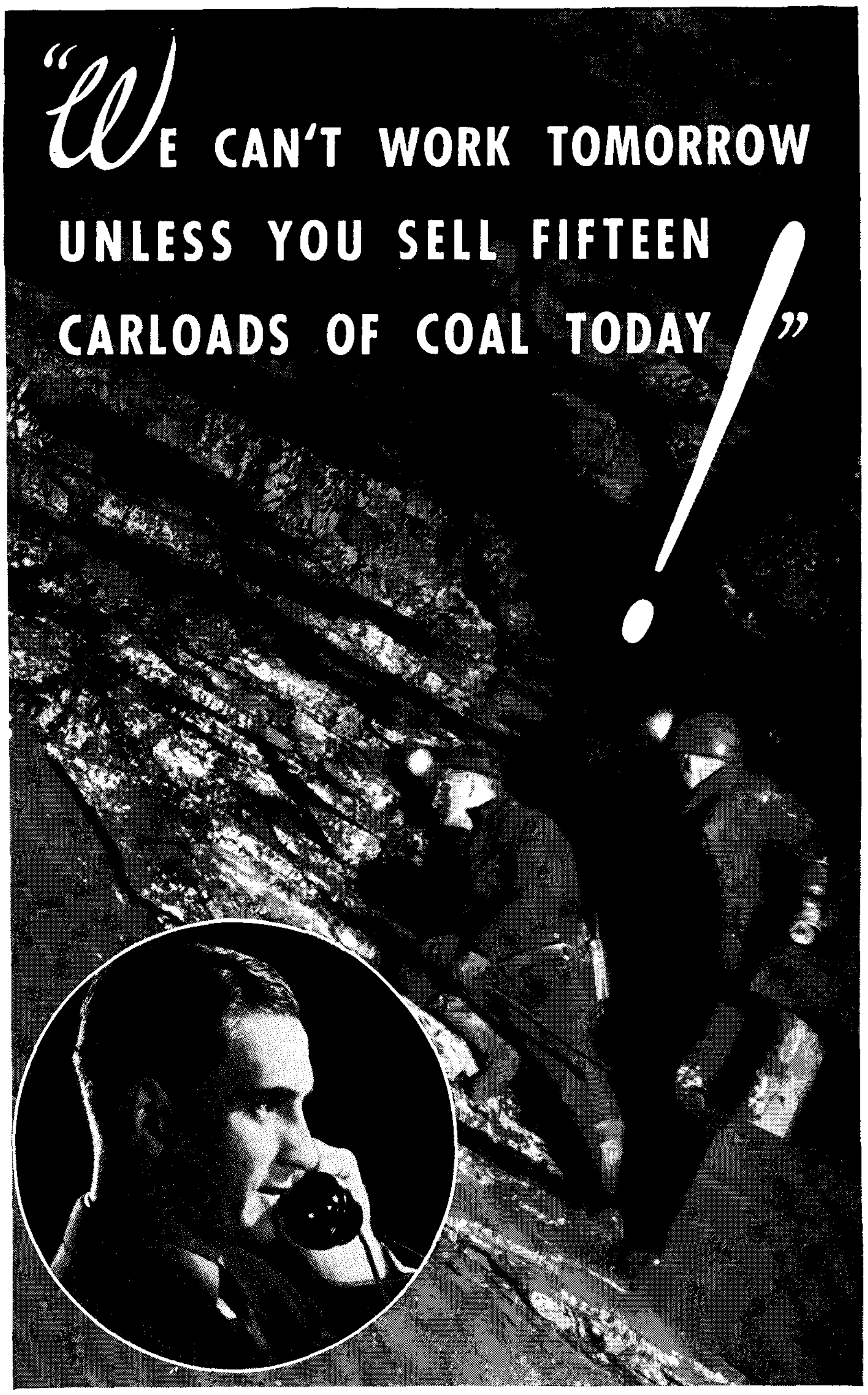
I met the referee after the game.

"Well," he said, "what's the squawk?"

"No squawk," I said. "You were wrong and it went against us. But it was a break and that's the end of it. I'll see you two weeks from today."

Perhaps I'm softening up after all these years but that's the way I'm beginning to feel about it. Football officiating, thanks largely to the development of the Okeson plan in the East and to the other similar organizations elsewhere, is better than ever before. The game is the most difficult in the world for officials. You do the best you can. The official does the best he can. You get the break or you don't get it. You win or you lose. And that's the end of it.

Okay, Mr. Referee. Blow your whistle.



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*Based on actual letter from our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Bugaboo Jones Affiliates

Continued from page 19

that fee, a man not only had the right to raise a spear in defense of the Abyssinians, but he was also entitled to one uniform and one admission to the Grand Costume Ball that night in conjunction with the Loyal Daughters of the Black Cross—an auxiliary now being recruited on Saratoga Street. As a special concession to May Bell, Sylvester consented to take her five dollars and enlist her in the Loyal Daughters, at the same time allowing her to return to the steamboat for her maid's uniform, which was approximately the dress of the auxiliary.

Out of friendship for Bugaboo and for an additional dollar, Sylvester made the big roustabout an Inner Guard of the order. Bugaboo was then allowed to put on a uniform and stand at the door, spear in hand.

MAY BELL returned with her white uniform about sundown. Sylvester told her to go to the Saratoga Street recruiting hall and join the ladies there.

"Naw, suh," May Bell refused. "I had plenty trouble findin' my way back hyar, and I'm gonter stay to de dance start."

A little later the recruits who had joined during the day began to come in and Sylvester provided them with turbans, uniforms and pool-cue spears. He dispatched his "outer guard" to the Saratoga Street hall to warn of his approaching procession, and the whole outfit, in parade formation, followed the outrider a quarter of an hour after. Bugaboo led the procession.

The hall in Saratoga Street was not unlike the one on Franklin, except that it was larger. As Bugaboo reached the foot of the steps, he heard a lookout at the top call, "Hyar dey come," and immediately a band struck up a syncopated rendering of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Bugaboo put all the fancy stuff he had on his walk up the steps, and he could tell from the way the stairs swayed that May Bell was "dogging it" as hard as she could, too.

When he reached the top, he shouted, "Y'all lean 'way back and gimme plenty room at de door. Cause when I lead dis line in, I aims to git low and wheel 'way 'round!"

Cries of approval from the hall greeted this announcement, and the guard Bugaboo had encountered earlier in the afternoon assumed the role of master of ceremonies.

"Y'all git 'way back," he ordered, "cause dat big Inner Guard is leadin' de *fool* outn dis line. Y'all ladies fall back by de th'one and look handsome! Y'all boys bear down on de music. Whup dat drum, Willie! Whup hit! And you wid de slip-hawn! Make hit moan!"

The warriors arranged themselves in a semicircle before a curtained enclosure. Sylvester occupied at last the central place of honor, with Bugaboo on his right and the other warriors scattered according to their imagined importance.

"Git on yo' knees and bow yo' haids to de flo'," ordered the master of ceremonies. "Now band, y'all boys give us a long ta-da-a-a! And when de band do dat, den y'all ladies pull de curtain back. And den ev'ybody raise up and greet de queen. All right, band!"

The band gave a discordant blast, and two ladies of the auxiliary drew back the curtains. The warriors raised their faces from the floor and looked.

Revealed to their unbelieving eyes was not only a very queenly-looking queen, but also a businesslike king.

"Hunh-unh," grunted the Most Noble Grand General to Bugaboo. "Hit' somethin' wrong hyar. I'm s'posed to be de king er dis outfit."

Bugaboo had been eying the queen with interest and had practically overlooked the king. There was something familiar about the queen in spite of her elaborate costume.

"Ain't dat Druscilla?" Bugaboo asked.

"Sho', but who dat king?" Sylvester demanded.

The queen began to deliver her formal speech from the throne. "Hit's my royal pleasure," she announced, "dat all er my loyal subjecks jine in behind I and my most noble king in de grand march. So strike up de band, perfessor, and le's git dis jamboree started."

However, it started before the professor could organize.

During the queen's speech, Bugaboo had noticed the king, a stockily built man, with huge arms and powerful shoulders. Though a blue silk turban covered his head and shaded his face, Bugaboo knew it was Iron Man.

"Hit's gonter be a ruckus," Bugaboo predicted to himself. He hurried to the door, where he took a position advantageous to retreat or advance.

At the same time Sylvester, having whipped himself into a high state of indignation, moved to evict the pretender.

May Bell, who was closer to the throne than either Bugaboo or Sylvester, probably recognized Iron Man first. At any rate, she yelped and leaped before the general confusion started.

Actually, she dived for Iron Man, though she never reached him. Druscilla, feeling very queenly and formal, held out her scepter and jabbed the charging May Bell in the stomach.

It was a royal blunder.

May Bell grunted and backed off. Bugaboo, who had reached the door, yelled: "Iron Man! Hyar I'm is, gyardin' de do'. Fight yo' way twarge me!"

As Iron Man started to acknowledge Bugaboo's call, Sylvester tackled him. In the brief scuffle the turbans of both fell off and mutual recognition came.

"Pool-cue slinger, hunh?" Iron Man accused, and his powerful arms tightened about Sylvester.

The latter squealed and writhed.

"I'm gonter squeeze yo' gizzard out," Iron Man promised, putting on more pressure.

MAY BELL contracted Druscilla, flung her to the floor and fell upon her. The two women rolled against the feet of Iron Man and Sylvester, tripping them.

"Y'all stop dis ruckus," the master of ceremonies shouted.

He jabbed the end of the pool cue into the squirming mass and was unfortunate enough to stick the powerful May Bell. She squealed, got to her feet and attacked the master of ceremonies.

From then on it was anybody's fight. Spears thumped against heads, men yelled and women squealed. Everybody fought everybody else without plan or purpose. Bugaboo kept calling to Iron Man.

But Iron Man was busy. His main object was to give Sylvester a thorough and complete going-over.

Then, for some reason known only to Druscilla, she switched her allegiance from the sturdy Iron Man to the unfortunate Sylvester, and began to bite and scratch her erstwhile consort.

On top of that, May Bell eventually came around to her initial objective, which also was Iron Man.

"Y'all ladies mind out, now," Iron Man told them as his arm tightened about Sylvester's neck.

"You leave Sylvester be, you mule," Druscilla screamed.

"I show you how to go off and leave me when I got a date wid you," yelled May Bell. And as though it were an afterthought, she smacked Druscilla, with "And don't name my man friend no names."

"Urg," Sylvester gurgled.

"You better come on, Iron Man," Bugaboo implored above the din.

As though an electric current had been let loose, the whole atmosphere changed. Someone suddenly said one word:

"Knife!"

BUGABOO lunged through the crowd toward Iron Man, pushing and slamming people aside as he moved. He got to his friend just as May Bell drew her pearl-handled knife across Iron Man's bare shoulder. Bugaboo sent May Bell sprawling, shoved Druscilla halfway across the hall, grabbed Iron Man around the waist and swung him across his shoulder, almost with a single movement.

Quick action caused Iron Man to release his grip on Sylvester's neck, and the former Most Noble Grand General dropped to the floor in a limp heap.

"Mind out, Bugaboo," Iron Man said, "I ain't done whuppin' dat nigger yit."

"You whupped him plenty," Bugaboo pointed out. "He done passed out, now."

Sylvester had the bad luck to revive, at that moment, and start scrambling to his feet.

"Naw, he jest possumin'," Iron Man said. "I got to hit him—"

"Well, hit him den," Bugaboo consented, turning so Iron Man would be in position to swing comfortably.

Iron Man swung. There was a soggy plop and Sylvester rolled over.

Bugaboo, still carrying Iron Man on his shoulder, fought through the crowd to the door and down the rickety steps.

They made their way to the steamboat through unlighted streets. Iron Man's wound was slight, and was dismissed with an application of iodine. Both roustabouts removed the remains of the grand uniforms, dropped them into the river, and put on their overalls. Then they went forward and sat down.

For a half-hour they watched the sky overhead and the lights of the city.

May Bell came aboard. She was in her stocking feet, the high-heeled shoes being carried, one in each hand.

"Good evenin', all," she said.

"Evenin'," responded Bugaboo and Iron Man in unison.

Another half-hour passed. Bugaboo leaned back and yawned.

"Iron Man," he said, "when you hit Sylvester wid yo' fist, dat nigger rolled over four times!"

"Humph!" Iron Man snorted disgustedly. "When I hits a nigger wid my fist, I don't like for 'em to roll. I likes to make 'em *slide*."

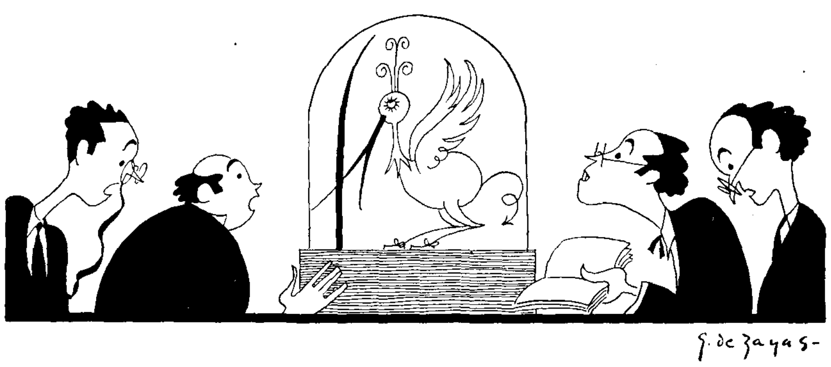
"Well, any-*how*," Bugaboo said. "I sho' had me a mass er fun."

"City niggers," Iron Man grumbled. "Dey ain't got nothin' to dey mustache. Hyar I was crazy to be de king-and-queen hit wid Druscilla, and quick as de fightin' start she up and quit me. But May Bell?" He spoke her name tenderly.

"May Bell," Bugaboo reminded his friend, "is de lady which slapped you wid dat knife."

Iron Man patted the wound affectionately.

"She's a woman outn de world!" he declared warmly.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

"Townsend's Bunting," a bird in the Smithsonian Institution collection, is one of the greatest mysteries of ornithology. It was found in Pennsylvania in 1833 by a man named Townsend. No bird like it had ever been seen before and a second one has never been found. It is believed to have been a hybrid, the result of some strange, never-repeated mating. —*By R. J. Newman, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

There are more statues of Joan of Arc than of any other national figure in history. France alone has 40,000, two hundred of which are in the Joan of Arc Museum in Orleans, and many others have been erected in various countries which honor the heroine, martyr and saint.—*By Jess M. Smith, Jr., Selmer, Tennessee.*

One of the strangest mourning customs in the world is that of the Yezidi women at the shrine of Melki Meran near Mosul, Iraq. On periodical pilgrimages to this sacred spot, they gather at a prearranged hour and, in time with their leader, weep and wail for their dead in perfect rhythmic harmony.

A modern measuring device of extreme precision registers the infinitesimal degree of bending that occurs when a common fly alights on the end of a half-inch steel bar projecting 12 inches from a vise.—*By Mrs. R. T. Jones, Annapolis, Maryland.*

Although most of the battlefields of France have long been cleared of debris and trenches and shell holes filled and leveled, bodies, equipment and war materials are found almost every day. In many spots, signs warn visitors against walking from the paths or building fires because of the danger from unexploded shells.

The world's highest-leaping mammal, it is believed, is the great gray kangaroo of Australia, which weighs about 200 pounds. When hotly pursued it has been known to clear an 11-foot fence.

In some states an accidental homicide may be considered murder in the second degree rather than manslaughter. One such conviction was affirmed recently in Alabama despite the fact there was no intent to kill, the victim having died two weeks after a fist fight with the defendant.

A rare disease is *fragilitas ossium,* a brittle condition of the bones caused by a deficiency of calcium, which results in bone fracture at a slight bump or pressure. One case is that of a six-year-old boy who has broken bones in his body 36 times, many breaks occurring through turning in bed. Another youth of sixteen years has had his fingers broken several times in shaking hands.

The most famous sanctuary of old England was the Cathedral in Durham. Anyone, irrespective of his crime, was safe from all pursuers when he reached its front door and grasped its Sanctuary Knocker. For 37 days he was given food and a bed and then, if no pardon had been obtained, he was given the white cross of the Sanctuary Man and allowed to escape from the country.

In China the opium lamp as well as opium itself is highly taxed. A few years ago in Chungking this tax was $80 a year per lamp, and it was split in this interesting way: Chungking Office of the "Opium Suppression Bureau" $22, Szechwan Office of the "Opium Suppression Bureau" $12, Chinese Red Cross $4, Chungking Military Police $30 and the Office of the Chief of Police $12.

Paradoxically, Russia, the country that does not permit the exhibition of freaks, has produced nearly all of one kind of freaks on record: persons who have been born with their bodies—and faces—entirely covered with a thick coat of long hair.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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6 QUESTIONS ABOUT
Southern California
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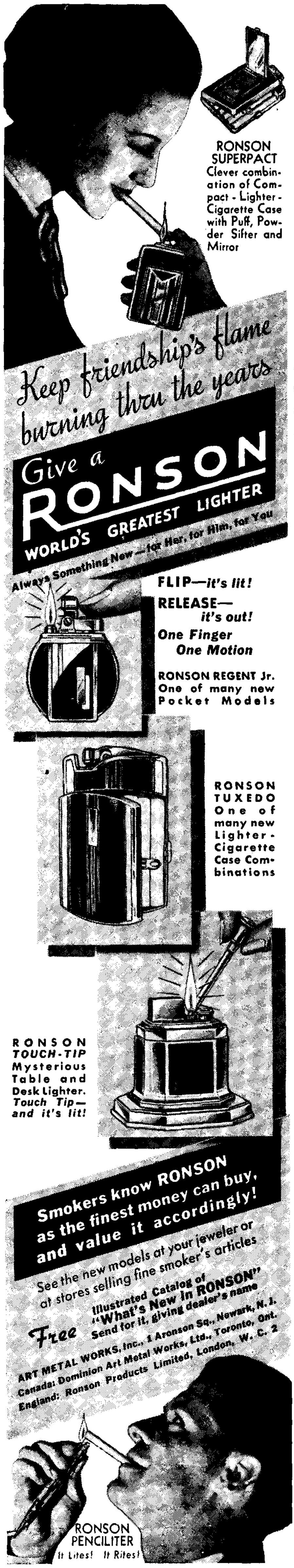

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RONSON PENCILITER
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Three Words

Continued from page 11

A: No, sir.

Q: When did you last see him alive?

A: Friday evening about nine o'clock.

Q: Was the Chinese, Howard Lin, with him at the time?

A: No, sir. Lin left before nine.

Q: What about this bottle that contained the poison—did you see it?

A: Yes, sir. It was in the bathroom on the glass shelf above the wash bowl.

The coroner nodded at Haruki. "Thank you, that is all."

THREE days after young Frank Ramsay, charged with manslaughter, was released on bail, Ota Haruki called at the office of the comptroller of Berkford University.

Facing the comptroller, "There was one matter relative to the death of Professor Alan Markham that was not brought out at the coroner's inquest," the Japanese stated. "I would like to ask your advice."

After the Japanese left the comptroller's office, Ainsworth put a call through to San Francisco for James Lee. "This Markham case, Mr. Lee," Ainsworth began. "I would like to talk to you about it. There is a new angle. Can I see you tonight?"

"Nine o'clock at my apartment in San Francisco—would that suit you?"

"Excellent, thank you. I will see you at nine o'clock."

That night, "This Markham affair has become definitely complicated by a new element," Ainsworth said to James Lee. "One of Markham's students, a young Japanese who worked for him around the house, insists that Markham was murdered."

James Lee nodded. "That is probable."

"You are familiar with the case?" Surprise lay in Ainsworth's voice.

"We have a transcript of the coroner's records in the department's local files. The Japanese is Ota Haruki?"

"Yes—Haruki. He outlined evidence that makes me feel almost sure that Markham was murdered."

"By whom?"

"By Howard Lin. Lin was helping Markham with the translations of the manuscripts that the expedition brought back. There is good reason, I think, to suspect that Lin is guilty of Markham's murder."

James Lee closed his eyes for a moment. "The motive?" he asked.

"Treasure! A million dollars—maybe five million dollars for the first man who finds it."

Smiling thinly, "Sailing directions complete from A to Z set forth at length in some old manuscript?"

"That's it exactly! The manuscript has disappeared from Markham's collection. Beside Markham, Howard Lin is the only man who had access to the lost document—that is, Lin is the only person who worked with Markham on classifying and translating the stuff."

"HOW does Haruki know it was a treasure manuscript?"

"Haruki overheard Lin reading the preliminary translation of the document to Markham on the night of his death."

"Where did Markham keep these manuscripts?"

"In the vaults at the Memorial Library. He worked at his residence, where he had his own photographic equipment."

"This work that Markham did at his house—did he return the manuscripts he was investigating to the Memorial Library vaults each night?"

"He kept them overnight in a fireproof file at his house. Locked."

"Mr. Ainsworth, Haruki's suspicions sound a bit thin," James Lee commented. "I wonder why Haruki made no mention of the missing document at the inquest."

"It was not a missing document at that time. One of the filing clerks at the library discovered the absence of the document after the inquest."

"What do you want me to do, Mr. Ainsworth?"

"I want you to investigate Howard Lin."

"How do you think I had better proceed?" James Lee asked blandly.

"First of all, if I may presume to suggest a method to you, I would get the story straight from the Japanese."

"Why don't you have your local police work on it?" James Lee asked.

Harvey Ainsworth shook his head. "I'm afraid they'd be a bit out of their depth with ancient Chinese manuscripts and the Oriental mind. 'For ways that are dark,' if you will pardon the quotation."

James Lee smiled and then with a quick decision, "I will have a talk with Haruki," he said. "I will call at the university tomorrow at ten o'clock. Will you arrange for Haruki to meet me at your office at that hour?"

"He will be there waiting for you at that hour," Harvey Ainsworth promised.

At James Lee's invitation, Harvey Ainsworth was present during Lee's interview with Haruki.

Looking straight at the Japanese, "Mr. Ainsworth tells me that you suspect that Professor Markham was murdered," James Lee said.

Quietly, "I have reason to believe that to be the truth," Haruki answered. "May I ask you to hold my information in confidence?"

Lee nodded. "Naturally."

"It is not a quick story," Haruki began. "First of all, we know that Professor Markham died from poison. That poison was available in the professor's house. He had enough of it to kill a thousand men in the chemical supplies in his photographic laboratory. On the evening of the professor's death while I was at work in the kitchen of his house I could not help but overhear his conversation with his Chinese assistant, Howard Lin. Lin was at work on a verbal translation of one of the manuscripts brought back from the last expedition in China. He read paragraphs of the manuscript in an even voice until suddenly he came upon something that served to excite him. The professor's interest and excitement seemed to increase at the same time."

"Do you recall any of the text that occasioned the professor's excitement?"

"I remember some of it. I will try to quote from memory. 'On this felicitous occasion the clouds of heaven congealed. The trees of the high mountains glittered with a dew of precious stones. The trees trembled when the gods spoke and the mountains received the stones. The earth seized and concealed the stones for thousands of years and heaven wept in happiness when Wu Wang was proclaimed ruler of the empire. On this happy day the precious stones locked in the high mountains were transported on the streams of heaven's tears to earth's treasury where two rivers meet, a day's journey east of the temple where Wu Wang spoke his vows of fealty to the people before he ascended to the jade throne. . . .' That is the substance of the quotation from the manuscript that excited Professor Markham and Howard Lin."

Smiling at Haruki, "I must compliment you on the accuracy of your memory," James Lee said. He turned forthwith to address Harvey Ainsworth. "I wish you would telephone the police department and ask them to have an officer arrest Howard Lin and bring him in here immediately."

AINSWORTH nodded. "Lin is probably over at the Chinese department. We'll have him arrested wherever he is."

"Thank you." James Lee turned again to Haruki. "I think you have an exceptional memory. And your deductions have been most interesting. As a matter of fact, you have cleared up the case considerably in my mind."

"You believe, then, Mr. Lee, as I do?" Haruki asked quickly.

"What do you believe?"

"If I may presume to suggest it, there is no remaining doubt as to the motive in the case."

"And that motive?"

Haruki hesitated. "A treasure in precious stones, of course. A treasure waiting a day's journey east of the temple where Wu Wang ascended to the jade throne—possession of that manuscript is just like having millions of dollars worth of diamonds and emeralds and rubies handed to you as a gift from the gods of Fortune."

James Lee contemplated the end of his cigarette. "Well, of course, that's

"He learned it from an aviator"

one way of looking at it," he said. "I hadn't considered it in that light. . . . Of course, that would supply a motive. You assume, Haruki, that Lin killed the professor so that the detailed information as to the location of this treasure would belong exclusively to Lin?"

The smile on Haruki's face gave place to gravity. "Exactly," he said.

"You make it all very clear," James Lee complimented. . . . "Does Lin know that you overheard his translation?"

"I think not."

Interrupting the scene, Harvey Ainsworth's secretary came into the office. "There is a police officer out here. He has Howard Lin with him," the secretary said.

Ainsworth nodded. "Have them come in."

After his introduction to the officer who held Howard Lin in custody, "I have been doing a little work on the Markham case," James Lee explained. "Haruki here has some very interesting ideas relative to the case. He believes that Professor Markham was murdered. . . . I may add that I also believe that the professor was murdered."

He turned to Howard Lin. "Do you happen to remember the text of the legend of Wu Wang's treasure?"

"Of course I remember it," Howard Lin said sullenly. "Where is the Chinese scholar who doesn't know at least ten variations of that legend?"

"Could you recite it for me from memory following the line beginning, 'On this happy day'—?"

"The earlier versions or one of the later revisions?"

James Lee lifted his eyebrows. "I do not recall important variations in that section of the text."

At this, looking intently at James Lee, "Please accept my apologies," Howard Lin said quickly. "In you I recognized a countryman. Now I am happy to make appropriate obeisance to a Chinese scholar." A new light had replaced the sullen fear in Howard Lin's eyes.

"Please favor us with a recital of the text continuing from the line that begins, 'On this happy day.'"

Easily and without hesitation, continuing the quotation, Howard Lin recited the requested paragraph: "'On this happy day the precious stones locked in the high mountains were transported by the streaming tears of Heaven to Earth's treasury where three rivers meet, a three days' journey west of the palace where Wu Wang spoke his vows of fealty to his people before he ascended to the jade throne.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Lin." James Lee bowed to his countryman. "That is the text of the Wen Hien Tung Kao of the thirteenth century, isn't it? It seems to me that 'Heaven's streaming tears' was written 'the streams of Heaven's tears' in the earlier versions."

HOWARD LIN'S face lighted with sincere pleasure. "Will you permit me to express my deep admiration?"

Frowning at this, dismissing the compliment, Lee turned to Ota Haruki and extended his cigarette case to the Japanese. "Have a cigarette," he invited, and then speaking again to Howard Lin, "Mr. Haruki is familiar with part of the legend, but has not had our facilities for studying the ancient texts. For instance, he remembers the treasure as being located where *two* rivers meet *one* day's journey *east* of the temple where Wu Wang spoke his vows."

To the Japanese, "You have it *east* instead of *west*, Haruki. *One* day's journey instead of *three*. *Two* rivers meeting instead of *three*. With those discrepancies in your sailing directions I am afraid you could spend your life in the Takla Makan without discovering the treasures of Wu Wang. . . . However, your recital was very interesting. . . . Why do you suppose Professor Markham and Mr. Lin became so excited during the translation of the missing manuscript?"

Scowling, "It is natural for any man to become excited when millions in treasure lie within his grasp."

To Howard Lin, "Was that the reason for your excitement?"

"Naturally not," Lin said quietly. "But there was good reason for our enthusiasm. Do you remember, Mr. Lee, the date of the earliest existing text of the legend of Wu Wang's treasure?"

"I am not sure, but I think it is the Ling Soon text, dated early in the seventh century."

Howard Lin nodded. "Your memory is excellent. The missing manuscript that Professor Markham brought back with him, the manuscript that I was translating the night the professor died, dated two hundred years earlier than the Ling Soon text! It was written during the reign of the first of the Sung rulers! It antedates the Ling Soon text more than two hundred years! . . . You can understand Professor Markham's delight—our excited mood."

JAMES LEE turned to Ota Haruki. "You seem to have been mistaken in one important detail of your analysis. A regrettable error, Haruki. The manuscript was a scholar's treasure—of no *intrinsic value. Incidentally, if the thief* who killed Professor Markham desired to conceal the missing manuscript, where do you suppose he would hide it?"

Haruki's face was suddenly suffused with a surge of blood from his raging heart. "Why do you ask me that question?" he grated. "How should I know—"

"I will ask you some simpler questions," James Lee interrupted. "When you smoke a cigarette do you always keep your left arm so close to your body? Do you think the thief who poisoned Professor Markham might hide the manuscript in the lining of his coat? By any chance does the lining of your coat conceal the missing manuscript?"

Haruki leaped to his feet, his face livid with rage. "You Chinese devil!" he snarled. He lunged at James Lee, a knife gleaming in his hand.

"You seem to—have lost—your Oriental—composure," James Lee suggested, combining four adroit bits of defense and attack with his suggestion.

Choking for breath and with his right arm twisted in James Lee's wrenching grip, Haruki dropped his knife.

James Lee nodded to the police officer who had sprung forward to help him. "Handcuffs," he said briefly, and then to Haruki, "You have the manuscript with you?" he asked.

"Yes, you damned snake!" Haruki panted.

"Sewed into the lining of the left sleeve of your coat." James Lee's exploring fingers stopped. "I was off a bit in that guess. Permit me to put your knife to a legitimate use."

When the missing manuscript had been ripped out of its hiding place, "There is one thing you may still do at this late moment to regain the Middle Pathway," James Lee suggested to the cringing Japanese. "You poisoned Professor Markham. You found the cyanide crystals in his photographic laboratory. You substituted a hydrocyanic solution for the harmless prescription from Ehrmann's Pharmacy. You poisoned him! You killed him! Confess your guilt!"

Haruki bowed his head. "Yes," he whispered, "I killed him."

James Lee turned to Harvey Ainsworth. "That seems to close the case," he said. He glanced down at Haruki. "It is regrettable that this poor fool should have confused the precious Wu Wang manuscript with common treasures of earth."

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Bowery Boys

Continued from page 22

fourteen, he had borrowed $3,000 at twenty-one to buy a stock-exchange seat, and now at twenty-eight he was wealthy. He was an amateur athlete of note and one of the best boxers in New York. His name was Edward Henry Harriman.

He visited the Wilson Mission School, which was on the corner of Avenue A and Eighth Street, a block from the Bowery and a stone's throw from such delectable manifestations of East Side culture as Mother Glump's Five-Cent Lodging House, Gothman Court—an address well and unfavorably known on the police blotters of the community—the charming hostelry presided over by Gallus Mag, the equally well-known establishment run by the lady who was known merely as The Queen of Cherry Street, a whimsical lass who owed much of her popularity to the fact that she had made a standing bet that she could outdrink any two men and any six women. Not far away was Bill McGlory's Armory Hall, which dwarfed all other establishments in the variety and attractiveness of the vice which Mr. McGlory served to his customers. And at that time the two biggest idols in the section were Kit Burns and Johnny Allen, each of whom boasted that he was "the wickedest man in the world." It was, all in all, a charming neighborhood. Especially for children.

Emulating Their Heroes

The matron of the Mission School showed young Harriman about the place, but Harriman was only making a pretense of being interested. He would have been happier boxing at his club. Then suddenly a stone crashed through a window. Harriman was startled, but the matron continued talking, tossing only a glance of resignation at the broken glass which littered the floor.

"But what was that?" Harriman asked.

The matron shrugged her shoulders: "The boys of the neighborhood are nothing but young hoodlums. They do a great deal of damage, but we can do nothing about it."

"But why? Why?" Harriman asked. "Why do they deliberately, wantonly throw stones through windows?"

"I guess," the matron said, "they have nothing better to do."

"They have nothing better to do?" Harriman mused. "Maybe that's it. I wonder . . . suppose they had something to do with their spare time, something they enjoyed doing but which wouldn't harm anyone. I wonder if . . ."

In that moment Harriman became social-minded. In that moment an idea was born, an idea that was later to crystallize and grow and develop and eventually become an integral part in the building of and in the maintaining of thousands of New York citizens. It was the birth of what is now known as the Boys' Club of New York, an organization which has helped mold the health, the ideals and the minds of more than two hundred thousand boys during the past sixty years.

Harriman wasn't able to put his dream into immediate effect, for there were many obstacles and much opposition—most of it coming from the boys he was trying to reach. Anything that savored of discipline, paternalism or organization was distasteful to these wild youngsters. Instinctively they were suspicious of everything that was clothed with legality. Harriman was shrewd. He first invited a few boys into the basement of the Wilson Mission School, giving them all the sandwiches and coffee they could use. He got to talking about boxing. When he mentioned casually that he had boxed with this or that great professional of the day the eyes of the boys shone. They, on the other hand, talked about their gangs. If they happened to mention some lad they would always add "one of the River Gang" or of the "Mott Street Terrors." Their gangs meant everything to them.

"Here's a vacant basement," Harriman told them. "Why don't you hold your gang meetings here? I'll get hold of some gloves and you can box here if you want."

Gradually their suspicions were lulled. The policemen and their teachers and all organized authority seemed to hold fighting to be a dreadful thing. To them physical superiority was the most important thing in life. Here was a man, a little crazy to be sure, who thought as they did. Well, they'd give him a try.

Harriman rented the basement. He had several wealthy friends who didn't have much to do with their spare time and he asked them to help. Out of curiosity they came; they stayed because their imaginations were fired by the problems which these youngsters presented. First, a half dozen kids from one gang became regular visitors to the basement. Later, Harriman persuaded another gang to come and he allotted it a different night. Then he suggested having gang champions at boxing and wrestling and then having competitions between these champions. It took the boys some time to learn to fight and wrestle according to rules, but Harriman told them that the real champions had to obey rules in the ring and that, after all, they couldn't do better than to emulate those heroes.

It wasn't long before Harriman had seventy or eighty youngsters coming regularly to the club. He wasn't satisfied, because he knew that he didn't as yet have the real tough lads. They were the ones he was after.

Harriman had a friend, William Carey, who often came to the club to talk or play with the boys. In talking to them he discovered an amazing thing. The world to these lads was literally their neighborhood; their frontiers were streets seven or eight blocks from where they lived. The geography they were subjected to at school was merely an abstract subject far beyond their comprehension. To them the Bowery was the alpha and omega of their world. Green trees, country, cows, the bubbling of streams, leaf-shaded forests? These were only vague, unfamiliar words to the youngsters.

Into a New World

Carey resolved to show them the world which began where the pavements ended. He chartered a small steamer and took a group of the boys to Long Island for a day's outing. There they could swim without keeping one eye out for a cop; there they could listen to the unaccustomed and at first frightening symphony of the woodland. They could breathe. The kids who came back from the first trip to the country astounded their friends with stories of a new world.

Now boys flocked to the club. A few of the older lads entered a bit shamefacedly and sneering, only to become enthusiastic members once they had enjoyed the benefits of the club. Carey began to hold week-end trips, and the thrill of camping out was added to the experiences which the boys who belonged to the club were enjoying. To swim in water that was free of oil and refuse was sheer ecstasy for these youngsters whose only swimming hole had, until then, been the East River.

The week-end trips to Long Island became regular affairs and later, when Carey died, his friends perpetuated his memory by establishing Camp Carey at Jamestown, Long Island, a permanent camp which this past summer took care of 2,500 boys. It was a hot summer in New York and nowhere are the sidewalks of New York hotter than on the East Side. The youngsters are now taken in groups of four hundred to Camp Carey and to Camp Tabor and their only expense is the train fare to and from the camps. And it is on record that no boy was ever refused the opportunity of a trip to the camp because he lacked carfare.

Making Their Own Way

Meanwhile, other clubs of a similar nature were springing up all over the country. Actually, the Salem Fraternity of Salem, Mass., was older than the New York organization. That was founded in 1869. Then there was the New Haven Boys' Club, founded in 1871. This was organized by an earnest group of Yale undergraduates who called themselves The Willing Workers. This club still looks to Yale for its leaders. Last year thirty Yale undergraduates volunteered to act as advisers and leaders of the New Haven club. Boston started a club which today is one of the most successful in the country.

Chicago's Union League Club took the leadership in a city where boys' organizations were sadly needed. Each year members of all of the Chicago Boys' Clubs are invited to dinner at the Union League Club. Oddly enough, the movement seemed to be a spontaneous one, as though the realization of the need was brought home almost simultaneously to socially-minded civic and industrial leaders of a dozen cities.

Cities, especially industrial centers, were suddenly realizing that they had robbed the boy of his natural birthright; had taken away his swimming hole, his trees and his streams; had given him in exchange hot pavements, crowded streets and dirty rivers. The cities began to think that it was time some compensation be made.

It was in 1906 that a central organization known as the Federated Boys' Clubs was founded. Later the name was changed to The Boys' Clubs of America, Inc., and as such it today fathers 276 clubs with a membership of 250,000. Each club is entirely autonomous and each voluntarily enrolls itself in the central organization. The Boys' Club of America helps young clubs organize and gives them advice in financial matters, but it in no way assumes direct authority or control over the individual clubs.

Each club has its different problems and the central organization is always glad to help settle these problems. But in those early days of the New York Boys' Club there was no parent organization to go to. It had to make its own way as did so many of the other clubs then in the process of building. But its problems were fairly typical of those which faced the others and its story might well be the story of almost any boys' club in the country.

Until now relaxation and entertainment at the club had been purely physical. Boxing, wrestling, basketball were the attractions and the whole sum of the activities. Harriman thought it time to go a step further. These boys for the most part were underfed, undernourished. How to get them to eat properly and obey the more elementary rules of health presented a real problem. They should be taught personal hygiene and habits of cleanliness, but how to do it?

A famous track athlete just out of Yale was Henry Stanford Brooks, a friend of Harriman's. He volunteered for the job. He began a series of lectures on personal hygiene which met with an immediate and overwhelming lack of response. The boys just didn't care about such things. Yet he knew that it was necessary that he get his message of health across to them.

Despondent at his lack of success, he returned to Yale for a visit. It happened to be on a day when the Yale authorities were showing some magic-lantern slides of athletes in action. An idea struck Brooks. He borrowed the slides and the lantern and hurried back to New York. A few days later this notice appeared on the walls of the club:

> MAGIC LANTERN SHOW
>
> Join the training club and find out how to run the hundred, jump the hurdles, what to eat to win at boxing, baseball and basketball

His first lantern show was jammed. Again Mark Twain's homely line was applied. It was play to watch the unfamiliar magic-lantern show. Lectures about what to eat were sheer work. Brooks would show a champion runner of his day and would say casually, "I spoke to him and asked him why he could run so much faster than anyone else. He told me about his diet. Said he never smoked or drank and that he . . ."

The kids listened spellbound. Here was something they could understand. They were interested in anything that would help them win basketball games or fights. It seemed silly that eating had something to do with that, but after all, if the champion said so. . . . The membership increased and increased. If an entire gang joined at once it kept its gang name. Otherwise a group was formed and given a name. The same rule applies even today. Go into the clubhouse and you'll see notices that the Lindy Gang is to meet or that the Musketeers or Spartans or the Terrors are to convene.

"East Side boys between the ages of thirteen and eighteen are inherently no worse and no better than boys of corresponding age anywhere," Carleton Lindquist, one of the present officers of the club, says. "But in such a crowded section of the city, where homes consist of one or two rooms in a tenement house, these boys are more susceptible to the temptations which every boy must face. The Boys' Club is no cure-all for such conditions but it does give its members a better chance to develop into decent citizens by organizing street gangs into clubs within the Boys' Club and by giving these clubs the guidance of leaders who are young college graduates of the highest type."

A Huge Success

It was in 1902 that the present building at Avenue A and Tenth Street was completed and the club attained maturity. Within a few years a dental clinic was in operation and again the lure held out to boys was that athletic achievement was easier if a boy were in good health, and good health began with good teeth. The opening of the new building was the occasion for the first dramatic performance by the boys of the club.

Until then only the physical welfare of the lads had been considered. Now the men in charge of the club began to make plans calculated to do something about improving the minds of the youngsters. In those days the boys from the neighborhood would sneak into the doors of such places as the Folly Theater or the Stanford, where theatrical fare of a more or less robust nature was served. If they were lucky they might get to see, for instance, a Trip to Chinatown—first staged at Armory Hall—the play which still enjoys the tribute of being remembered because in it Harry Connor introduced The Bowery, that song which immortalized the famous street.

This to the youngsters was the ultimate in theatrical entertainment. In 1902 the boys were persuaded that it would be more fun to act and sing in a play than to watch one. Pinafore was presented by the lads. They constructed and painted the scenery and did everything themselves except the technical direction. It was a huge success, the boys liking it so much that since then a Gilbert and Sullivan production has been an annual feature of the club activity. The painting of the scenery was done so well that an art club was formed and murals were painted upon the walls of the club rooms, each mural being signed by the boy who had painted it. At present the art club is under the supervision of a brilliant young painter, Maxwell Starr, who received his early training at the club as a youngster.

Making Useful Citizens

So the lusty young club grew and grew, and police captains, truant officers and probation officers began to look at it with respect.

The Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations are, in the main, institutions which take care of the middle-class boy, the boy whose family can afford more than nominal dues. The Boys' Club has remained strictly a poor boys' organization, the dues being twenty cents a season for boys under thirteen and ten cents a month for older lads.

It was Warden Lewis Lawes who recently said, "The high chair, not the electric chair, is the place to check crime."

The Boys' Club, without making that its definite purpose, has done a great deal toward minimizing juvenile delinquency. A recent survey of the East Side, made with the coöperation of the police, reveals to what an extent the Boys' Club activities have helped to keep the lads out of magistrates' courts. The section where the club is located is known as the Tompkins Square district. In it the census shows there are 10,311 boys between the ages of seven and eighteen. Of these 5,516, or 53 per cent, belong to the Boys' Club. During one year 108 boys from this district were arrested for either major or minor infractions of the law. Only four were members of the Boys' Club.

In 1926 money was raised for the establishment of a branch club. The need for such an organization seemed greatest on the upper East Side near 111th Street—a district peopled for the most part with foreign-born. Now that branch is facing the same problems and treating them as Harriman did half a century ago.

The Boys' Club has become an important part of New York civic life. Scattered through the city are thousands of its graduates, many of whom still return to act as leaders and advisers. The East Side is still far from being an idyllic community and there are still kids who make life miserable for pushcart peddlers, but things are a great deal better than they were in the days when Kit Burns and Johnny Allen were boasting that each was the wickedest man in the world.

The Boys' Club has done its part to bring this about. And the nearly three hundred boys' clubs in one hundred and fifty cities of thirty-two states have helped to make useful citizens and have helped to make communities better places in which to live.

GONE
to return
no more

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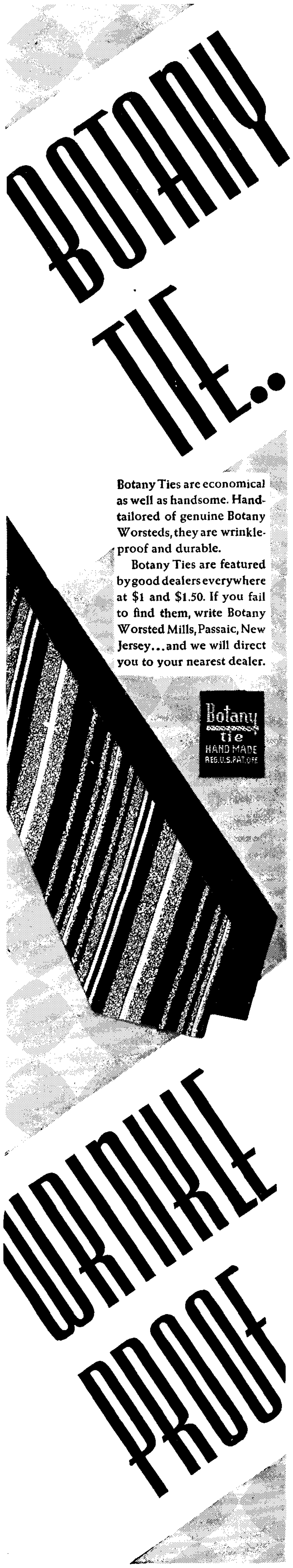

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Look Your Best

Continued from page 27

Probably this winter promises more peaks of chic and more pitfalls for the unwary than we've yet seen. There are draped dresses for both day and evening—and drapery can make a masterpiece or a comic out of its wearer, just as she swings it. In the evening, the Greek influence, the Renaissance and Egyptian notes, the medieval dinner dress, the mermaid mode must be reckoned with. All these elements of the picturesque and the exotic are calculated to go straight to the head of the woman who buys on impulse.

The daytime mode is also emotionally stimulating—and full of hazards. Lovely colors, yet difficult to match and combine, like wine shades, carbon blue and carbon gray, rich rust browns, greens for accessories. Jaunty capes, childish collars, flaring jackets, suits heavily trimmed with soutache braid and big frogs. Pleated skirts, low heels to make you keep an eye trained for becoming skirt lengths. Tiptilted berets, off-the-face hats, cleverly draped turbans that may demand a change of coiffure.

Six Sins to Avoid

Out of the whole mode, with its entrancing variety, your problem is to choose just those few trends that are definitely and triumphantly your own. Begin by looking yourself straight in the eye and deciding to have nothing to do with the six cardinal sins of the average woman.

The first—and worst—of these is the love of variety rather than quality. Two costumes that suit you and fit to a marvel, carried through in perfection to the last stitch, are far better than a dozen changes that spell mediocrity. The wise woman pays as much as she can for what she actually needs—and then stops buying.

The rubber-stamp habit is another disastrous mania. "I want a dress like yours," is a sentence that places its user in the fashion kindergarten. Smart women wish to be individual and different. Unless a costume is based on the wearer, it is never successful.

Following the old-fashioned ideal of the "pretty woman" is also responsible for many an average woman's downfall. The woman of today who knows her world prefers to be chic rather than pretty. Chic is a way of looking, walking, thinking—as well as dressing. It must be cultivated. It has more character. Prettiness is something hard to achieve, unless your ancestors started it. Plain women, round women, angular women try to look pretty by the pastel-velvet-bow path. They only succeed in looking dowdy.

What to Do

And age—age is the rock on which many a picture comes to grief. Women over forty wish to look ingénue. Young girls plunge into black satin and extreme décolleté. Yet nothing is more distinguished than the woman who has earned the right to wear sophisticated clothes in her middle years—just as nothing is lovelier than the bud who refuses to dress like a full-blown rose.

Another cardinal sin is the love of unnecessary accessories. A costume that gets off to a good start with a smart dress, the right hat, shoes and bag, so often ends by being loaded down with distracting bits of boutonniere, beads, earrings, clips, scarves and fancy handkerchiefs. Such tidbits can take the vitality and punch from any outfit.

Finally, there is the question of suitability. To be overdressed is to be badly dressed—*always.* No woman can be admired if she wears delicate shoes in the country. No woman should feel other than uncomfortable in an evening dress at an informal dinner. Color-blindness or the jackdaw instinct may account for most of the other errors women make about clothes, but habitual overdressing classes one as a plain exhibitionist.

What, finally, is the definition of the well-dressed woman? It's simple enough—until you go shopping! She is not conspicuous at first glance. She is dressed to suit her age, her figure, the occasion and the season. She is individual. She has studied herself long and dispassionately enough to know what lines and colors suit her. She has made no mistakes—not one—in her choice of accessories. She hangs together and makes her point like a good story.

I am often asked a question that sounds easy to answer but entails mastering a whole philosophy. "Just how should I set about becoming this well-dressed woman?" And here, I believe, are the steps to take in getting together your next wardrobe:

1. Study yourself and accept every bit of what you see.

2. List the occasions of your business and social life, with the clothes they require.

3. Make up a budget of what you can afford to spend.

4. Open your closet and examine what is left from last year. See if there is a coat that will still do. If you can afford another coat, place it as far away in the current rainbow as you can with becomingness.

5. Build your plans around color. If brown is to be the motif, consider no color that will not harmonize or contrast successfully. The fashion, at the moment, is to have an extra snap of color somewhere, but it has to be the right snap.

6. Once you have surveyed your wardrobe, it's a good idea to cruise around the shops to see all the new things—*without buying.* Sort out in your mind those that will freshen up what you have, and those that will accord with the new costumes you plan. Write down your conclusions on the spot.

7. If your budget is limited, never buy the latest fad, especially in coats. A coat will probably be your major expenditure, and one of extreme type may be out next year.

8. Even if you have plenty of money, remember that nothing is smarter than simplicity. Some of the best coats have a classic quality like a man's overcoat. A simple dress is always right—also, it can be changed with a color touch and worn with several hats.

9. Particularly in evening dresses, it is wise to be conservative. Becomingly cut in a good color, a conservative dress can be used for varied occasions. With a jacket, it is smart for both formal and informal parties. The jacket can be varied, if the dress underneath is fundamentally right. It is thrifty to buy a light evening dress that will dye. If the budget is low, choose materials that are good the year around; velvet and lamé are lovely but seasonal. If you travel, nothing can replace lace, which is always fresh.

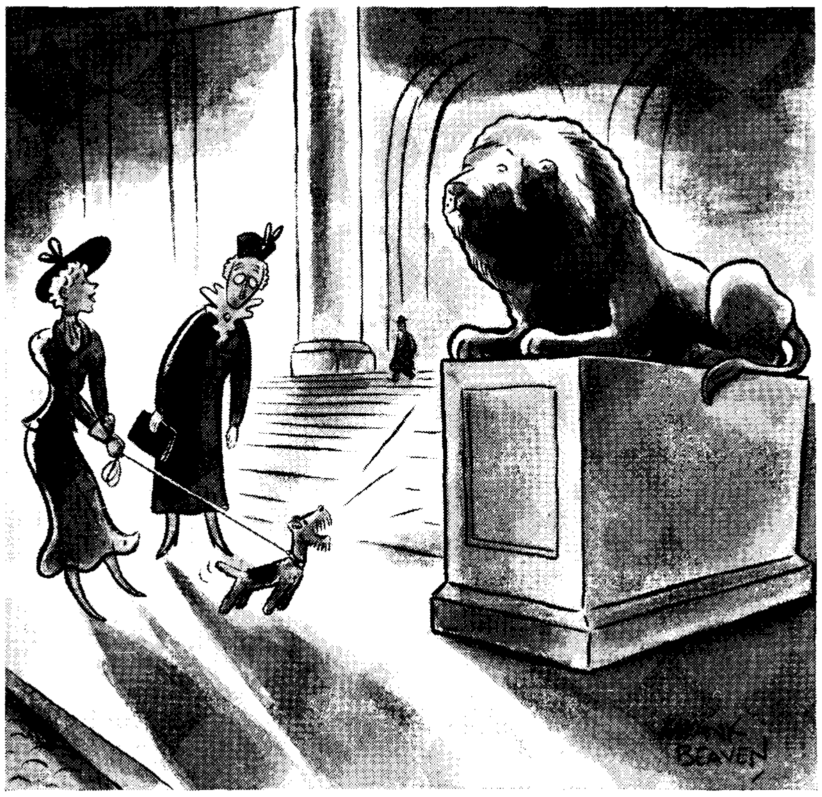
All Set Up

10. Remember that black is essentially a dressy color. If it is to be worn for business or on the street, texture and cut must be kept within bounds, yet a simple, well-cut black outfit is as smart with a large hat and light gloves for formal daytime wear as it is with its everyday small hat and dark gloves.

11. It is impossible to be well-dressed if one is not well-groomed. Slightly soiled gloves, a wrinkled collar, run-over heels, an unkempt hairline or fingers in need of manicure can spoil the smartest costume.

Is such a program hard to live up to? In its initial stages, perhaps. Later, no. Success always means effort. But the exhilaration you feel from the first set of compliments on a perfect costume will make it much easier to repeat.

Costumes courtesy of Bergdorf-Goodman



"Next week I'm taking him to the zoo!"

FRANK BEAVEN

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 21

back, bursting into the wheelhouse in the quick, nervous way that marked everything he did. "Captain Dick, I cannot get the night glasses—you have left your cabin locked."

"Locked? You're crazy—the door's stuck, that's all. Give it a boot."

Inyashi showed extreme embarrassment. "Captain Dick, I did. The panel split. I think it was poor wood, but I can fix it. It is locked—it is locked, I know."

"Let it go. I'll send up the glasses. Get a Kanaka boy for the wheel—we'll be in clear water in a minute. Set a course for Kalae; watch for a ship—any ship—and report all vessels to me."

"Yes, Captain!"

"That last is for you," Dick told Karen. The wheel was kicking crazily, but he let go with one hand, and pulled her close against him. "I thought you might want to see the ship that's bringing him in, out of the south."

"Out of the south," Karen repeated; "out of the sea, out of the past itself. . . ."

"You'll like him, Karen; I promise you that."

"You and I have so much to talk about," Karen said. "I'm terribly eager to know more about my grandfather."

Dick said, "Why he disappeared, and hid his name?"

"Did he run from something, Dick?"

"Only from his own pride. I understand it; I understand it well. But it's a little hard to explain to quiet people, leading quiet lives."

"Hard to explain?" she repeated. "No, not to me! Even from what little I know of him, I do understand. As if it had been myself!"

HE MARVELED a little at that. This utterly feminine girl, with her finely chiseled face and gentle small voice, could show flashes of something strangely reminiscent of Garrett Waterson.

"I can tell you most of the rest," he said. "I—"

Dick suddenly spun the wheel hard over, and the Holokai yawed as the reef-rollers struck her in the bottle-neck of the entrance; then she steadied upon the easy swell of the open sea.

Almost at once, from the depths beyond the reef, rose Kai-Ale-Ale, the incredible whale shark the Kanakas called a god, and took up a position to windward of the Holokai's thrumming wake.

Inyashi stepped forward, and Dick turned over the wheel. "We can go below now, Karen."

As they walked aft Dick Wayne saw Kai-Ale-Ale's incredible fin cutting the water on the Holokai's starboard quarter; he hesitated, and almost pointed it out. But he decided that this was no night for dwelling upon monstrous fish. He thumbed his nose at Kai-Ale-Ale, and followed Karen down the ladder.

Below, he moved briskly about the cabin, switching on more lights. "This door back here in the stern is to my own cabin—pretty small, but the only one there is. It's yours while you want it; I can sleep on the settee. But—"

It suddenly occurred to him that this was the first moment in which they had been alone since he had persuaded her to leave the Seal. He turned and faced her, his eyes gay. A hundred voyages among the islands of little-known seas had brought him less adventure than he believed belonged to him tonight.

For a moment she met his eyes and her smile was shy, misty; he had never seen her in this mood before, with her defenses lowered and the keen brilliance of her glance shadowed and softened.

"But—but—" He forgot what he had meant to say.

"But what?" she mocked him. "If you mean to suggest—"

She stopped. Abruptly the smile left her face, and the softness, to be replaced by astonishment and an utter disbelief.

After his first split second of surprise he saw that she was looking past him, and he whirled.

The door of the inner cabin had opened, and Lilua was standing there—Lilua, with half-clad body and blazing eyes.

She spoke straight to Karen; it was as if she could not see Dick at all.

"*What are you doing here?*"

THERE was an appalling silence, filled with the rush of the sea along the ports. "Lilu', this is ridiculous—it's fantastic!"

"You stay out of this, Dick! It isn't your fault—it's this *malahine haole* woman. You can't understand her because you're a man, but I understand her. What she can't steal she'll destroy. She'll eat the soul out of your body, Dick—and then go back to John Colt!"

"Be still!" Dick roared.

"I'll not be still! . . . Send this *washine* back to her own man. She has no right here. This is not her place. It would be best for you if you gave her to Kai-Ale-Ale—he's waiting for her, following the ship. Then there'd be peace again, like there used to be."

The stark, casual meaning of her words seemed to bring into the cabin a sense of the monstrous, unholy shape that was dogging the Holokai's quarter.

Dick angered. "How the devil did you—?"

"I swam," Lilua tossed at him in a quick, almost contemptuous aside. She went on talking to Karen, levelly, her face quiet except for the flame in her eyes, and her body quiet except for that easy, unconscious sway that balanced her to the lift of the sea.

"You have nothing to give him," Lilua said in that inexorable, steady voice. "You can only think of position, and land, and money. Would you want him if you had first seen him sick, and helpless, and alone? You know your eyes would not have seen him at all. This is my man. If he were dead, I would make myself die. Would you?"

Suddenly Dick was unable to speak. He stood weaponless, humble, and—without any particular recourse or hope. Diffidently he turned his eyes to Karen.

Karen Waterson had gone perfectly white—whiter than sea foam, whiter than the knit linen of the little hat she wore. Her mouth was oddly distorted, but her eyes were blank. She seemed to have lost all power of motion exactly where she stood. Then the reel of the little ship unbalanced her, and by its very unkindness seemed to return her the gift of movement. Karen turned, literally fled. At the foot of the ladder she flung Dick one irrational, unreadable glance; then ran away from them into the upper night.

DICK WAYNE was left facing Lilua alone. For a moment Lilua's eyes remained fixed upon the companionway where Karen had disappeared. Then her eyes turned to Dick, and for a moment they looked at each other.

"Lilu', Lilu'," Dick said, "what have you done to me?"

For one brief moment the sharp, spearlike flames in the eyes of Lilua

(Continued on page 42)

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ARVIN
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(Continued from page 41)

broke down; she looked at Tonga Dick pathetically, pitifully, with no defense behind her eyes, no barriers at all.

Dick's voice was cool, definite as a blow. "Stop it, you hear me? Forget it—cut it out!"

The girl let the sway of the ship take her, then. She swayed against the doorway's stanchion, and stayed there; her eyes dropped, and her head lowered, and even her breasts—deep and fertile, if anything was deep in Lilua—seemed to take on the aspect of folded flowers.

Dick took the ladder in long, reluctant strides. A glance told him that Karen was in the point of the bow.

"Karen—"

She took herself away from him sharply—out of the curve of his arm.

"Karen," Dick said, "I guess you were right; I don't know how you knew, but you knew. In a way, you foretold this, Karen."

"Perhaps," Karen said, "it's better for both of us that this happened just as it did."

THAT stopped him for a moment but he came on again. "What are you saying? In God's name, up helm! Do I mean so little to you—"

"Whatever you may mean to me, it seems that you have made yourself mean more to this—this Kanaka."

"Karen, it's grotesque that a native brat—"

"A brat is a child, Dick. This girl is anything but a child."

"What does it matter what she is? If you and I—"

"Perhaps it matters everything what she is. Perhaps—she's what you made her. I don't know how old she is. But that's a woman, Dick. If you've made her your own, as it seems you have, I think you might put back to Alakoa—don't you? Because you said—"

"No," Dick answered.

"I ask you to turn back."

"I'm not going to put back. At least not yet. Not until you come to your senses, Karen."

He didn't know why he told her that. The impulse was jerking at him to do as she said, and take himself well out of this thing forever; to turn back to John Colt, and be rid of her once and for all. He could see Lilua's steady eyes—and no man could ever forget what she had said. He honestly supposed that it would have been better for him to relax into the world of Lilua—to lose himself by day in the casual adventures of the warm sea, and by night in the arms of an island woman who doubted nothing, asked nothing—could be well-content with food and a man. But—something stubborn within him held on.

Karen said incisively, "You promised you'd turn back if I asked."

"Not yet. Later, if you want. Not yet."

HE HAD given up ever hearing any expression from her again, before she spoke.

"I guess—" she said—"I guess, Dick, I don't blame you."

Of all things on earth, he had least expected to hear that.

"Men are what they are," Karen said, her voice somehow distant, yet not unfriendly—"and women are what they are. People who hunt for the absolute are fools."

"Always?"

"Oh, yes; always. But maybe I'm a fool, too. I think—" Her tone wavered, but steadied again. "I think—maybe you'd better go on. Go on to Hilo—and give me a little time. We'll still come out, Dick, I think."

"Listen," Dick said, "I want you to have this decently straight. I give you my word—and I wouldn't offer proof if I could—I never made love to this girl in my life, nor so much as laid a hand on her."

"I don't see why—" Karen began. The rushing sound of the Holokai through the uneven sea seemed to come between them again, so that he never knew what she had started to say.

Suddenly he turned, and shouted for Inyashi; the little Japanese came running along the deck.

"Get—get ready to put about."

"Yes, Captain."

Almost at once the voice of the ship altered, slacking off and quieting.

"So," Karen said, "it was *you* who changed your mind, after all!"

Dick said thickly, "You're going to have to believe the truth when I tell it to you."

"Either," she said, "I'll take you as you really are, or I'll never take you at all."

"You'll never take me, or I you," Dick said harshly, "on the basis of any such lie as is in your mind."

"The Polynesians are known everywhere as a mild, easy-going race. Am I supposed to think that this Kanaka woman, without any encouragement or any past relationship with you, suddenly runs wild, and goes to passionate, extreme lengths—"

"Lilua is not all Polynesian, Karen."

"I have no doubt she's a little of everything."

"I don't think you're so very charitable, either to her or to me. Not even to yourself."

"To myself?"

He was silent

"She's beautiful, Dick," Karen said. "I can see that. I can even imagine, in a kind of queer, left-handed way, how such a body must look to a man. But I hate her, Dick. When I look at the dark, coppery color of her skin, and think of you touching her—it seems to me that I can never look at a brown skin again without—"

"Stop it! You don't know what you're saying."

"Well, she *is* of a different color."

"Karen—that girl is your cousin."

A few seconds passed while she comprehended that; then she whirled sharply toward him. "You mean to tell me—"

"You wondered why Lilu' has charge of the whole house on Alakoa? You wondered if there wasn't a special answer to that? Well, now you know the right answer. Lilu' is Garrett Waterson's granddaughter—just the same as you."

He faced her squarely. Her whole body seemed to have gone tense, but for the moment she was unable to speak; and he never found out what she would have asked him first.

From within the ship issued a thin, small, and somehow distant sound—unrecognizable and inarticulate, but so thoroughly unaccountable in the ordinary world of reality that every figure upon the deck of the Holokai was instantly struck motionless. Even the perpetually trotting Inyashi stopped, and stood frozen on the swaying deck. They were waiting to hear if that sound should come again, once more cutting through the laboring of the little ship, and the great, persistent rush and wallop of the sea.

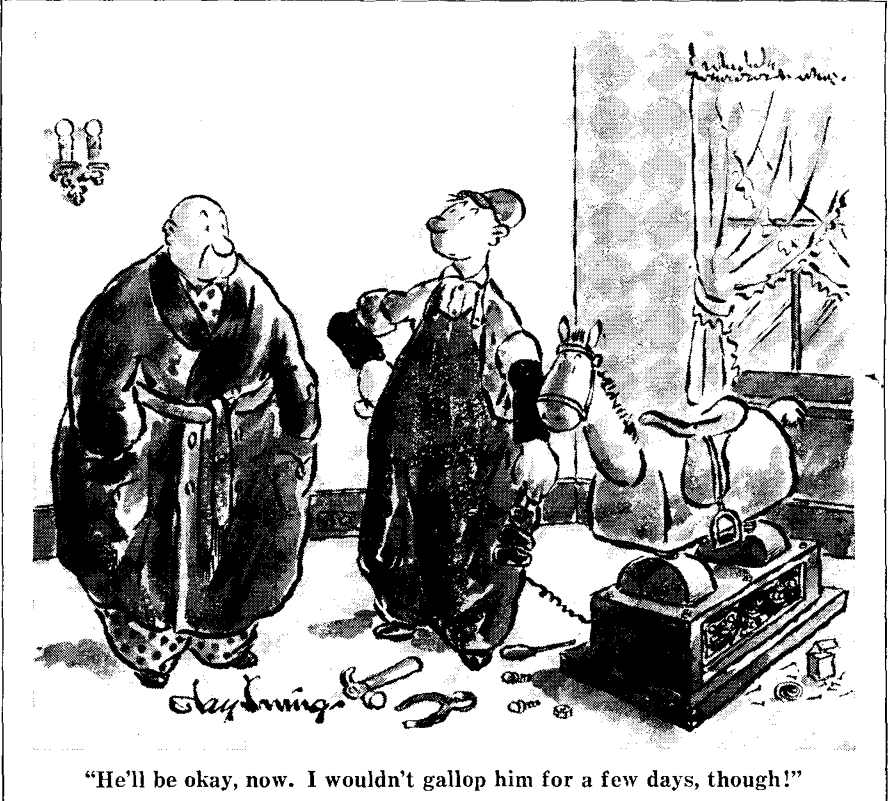
It did not come again; but after a moment Dick knew that what he had heard was a woman's terrified scream.

IT WAS Dick himself who burst into action. He raced aft, sprang into the ladder well, and in a second more was in the main cabin, where he, and Karen, and Lilua had faced one another such a little while ago; and here he stood, for a moment balancing to the sea. . . .

He didn't see her at first. That cabin, deep, but narrow as the little ship, seemed strangely empty; he had paced alone here a thousand times, without ever sensing the utter vacancy that was here now. The door of his little cabin, wedged into the stern, was flapping loosely against its latch—swinging half open, then banging shut again without catching, with the perversity of all doors. He sprang the length of the cabin with a furious activity; and booted that door into its wall-catch, once and for all; but there was no one in the cramped stall where he usually slept.

Then, turning, he saw her; and was instantly by her side. Lilua lay in a little crumpled heap at the end of the table, and half under it. He had seen death many times; but it seemed to him now that he had never seen anyone so utterly lifeless, so completely slumped into an unutterable oblivion, as Lilua's form seemed there, dropped like seaweed left on the beach.

He picked her up in his arms—gently as he could, but so handicapped by the Holokai's roll that he cursed the helmsman for not holding the vessel steadier into the seas. She seemed terribly little



"He'll be okay, now. I wouldn't gallop him for a few days, though!"

JAY IRVING

—without weight, without half the substance he would have supposed. But the utter limpness of her body made the lifting of it awkward, for she kept pouring through his arms, almost as if he were trying to lift a wave of the sea.

He got her down onto his own bunk at last. He kissed her mouth as he laid her down, then sought the source of the blood that was staining his shirt and the bunk upon which he had placed her. There was a knife wound under Lilua's left breast—how deep he could not tell. He snatched cotton from an emergency cabinet nailed to the wall and crammed it deep into the wound. She stiffened convulsively when he did that. It was his first intimation that she was alive.

He tucked a blanket over her tightly, so that she would not be rolled by the Holokai's pitch, and stepped to the door. The Chinese mess boy had appeared uncertainly from the pantry; Dick seized him, and pulled him into the bunk-room.

"Has anyone gone out of here through the galley?"

"No, sir."

"This girl has been hurt—stabbed. You stay here with her—do anything you can for her, until I get back."

The face of the Chinese was staring with confusion and alarm. Very probably he had never seen the girl before in his life, and now supposed that Dick himself had done her in. He remained silent, however, and stayed where he was told.

Inyashi slid down the hand rail and landed at the foot of the ladder as Dick turned.

"Someone was knifed here a minute ago," Dick told him, "when you heard that scream. Has anyone come up the ladder since then?"

"No, Captain Dick. But there's a man standing by the taffrail. He acts queer—maybe he is the one. He stands naked by the rail and looks at the sea, and the crew is afraid to go near him. Maybe he came up from here by the skylight."

Dick snatched a rifle from a rack upon the forward bulkhead. "That's it! Who is he—do you know him?"

"It's that big new Kanaka."

"I hired no new Kanaka!"

"He came over the side out of the water, just before we sailed; he said you sent him. His name is Hokano, I think."

Dick seized Inyashi and pushed him up the ladder. "Stop your engines," he ordered, following close on Inyashi's heels.

"Full astern?"

"No! If you do that the propellers will catch him as he jumps. Man the dinghy with the four Kanaka boys, and lower away."

"Yes, Captain!" In a moment more everyone on the ship was snapped into action by Inyashi's shrill, sputtering commands.

EMERGING on the deck, Dick saw at once the immensely tall, broad-shouldered figure of Hokano standing against the rail in the extreme stern. Hokano faced the sea, motionless as a mast. The tall figure was no more than twenty-five feet away, and for a moment Dick was strongly tempted to try bringing down Hokano with the butt of his rifle. He gave up that idea; even if he succeeded in felling the big Kanaka before Hokano could leap into the sea, the stunned man would be extremely likely to slither over the rail and sink like a plummet.

"Kamaku! Roll the searchlight out!"

Karen was at his elbow, her face white and frightened.

"What is it? What's happened?"

"Lilua's lover has come after her—and got her," Dick said.

"She's—killed?"

"Probably."

Her eyes were on the rifle in his hand. "What are you going to do?"

"Going to call a policeman," he snapped at her. "Get that boat over! What are you waiting for?"

Now the Diesel quit, so that the Holokai seemed suddenly silent. The rush of water at her bows diminished as she lost way.

As if awakened by the shutting down of the power, the motionless figure in the stern came to life abruptly. Hokano sprang lightly onto the rail itself, and for a moment poised upright. Then he launched into the night in a beautiful clean arc, arms outspread, turning downward to disappear almost silently into the black water.

Now the big searchlight came trundling out on its unwieldy tripod. In a moment more it began to sweep the surface of the sea, searching for the place where the swimmer would come up. The Holokai's dinghy took to the water flounderingly, and immediately shot astern.

Dick said to Karen, "I knew he was going to do that." He walked aft without hurry, and took his place at the rail where Hokano had stood. "There wasn't any way to stop him. He'll be easier to handle in the water."

"Would he try—" Karen gasped—"could he possibly swim all the way back to—"

"Of course not. He doesn't expect to get back."

THE searchlight picked up the swimmer now, fifty yards back in the Holokai's wake. In moments when the waves favored, those on the deck of the vessel could glimpse a flash of wet shoulders, but nothing else. Hokano was swimming face down, taking advantage of the swells like a seal. The Holokai had lost steerage way, and was rolling sickly in the swells. Dick braced a knee against the rail and brought his rifle up.

Karen cried out, "Would you shoot him in the water?"

"Do you expect me to wait until he jumps into the air?"

He fired, and a spout of water sprang up far to the left of Hokano. Karen saw now what Dick was firing at. The tall fin of Kai-Ale-Ale was curving near, gliding lazily, unhurried. Dick fired again, without effect; he could not see his sights. Karen's teeth were chattering. "I thought—I thought you said sharks never harm brown men."

"This thing isn't like other sharks! Nobody knows anything about him."

The incredibly long, monstrous shape of Kai-Ale-Ale was snouting near to the swimmer now; Hokano must have seen it, but he swam straight on, unmindful. The boy manning the searchlight suddenly swung it aside, and held it unsteadily upon the monster. A long phosphorescent gleam of turned water suddenly shone half the length of the whale shark's back, emphasizing the unbelievable.

Dick sighted upon the base of the great fin and fired four times. Suddenly the fin jerked rigid, and a great gout of water went up. The fin sunk from view; far back, incredibly far back from where it disappeared, the great tail fluke rose out of the sea. For a moment the searchlight held it—a vast scimitar-shaped thing, higher from the water than the Holokai's booms; then it drove downward, disappearing in black water as Kai-Ale-Ale sounded.

"Stay down there a while," Dick said. "Did you kill it?"

"You can't kill that thing."

The searchlight found the boat again. It was rising and falling idly, and its bow rose clear of the water as the Kanakas hauled the slack body of Hokano over the transom.

(To be continued next week)

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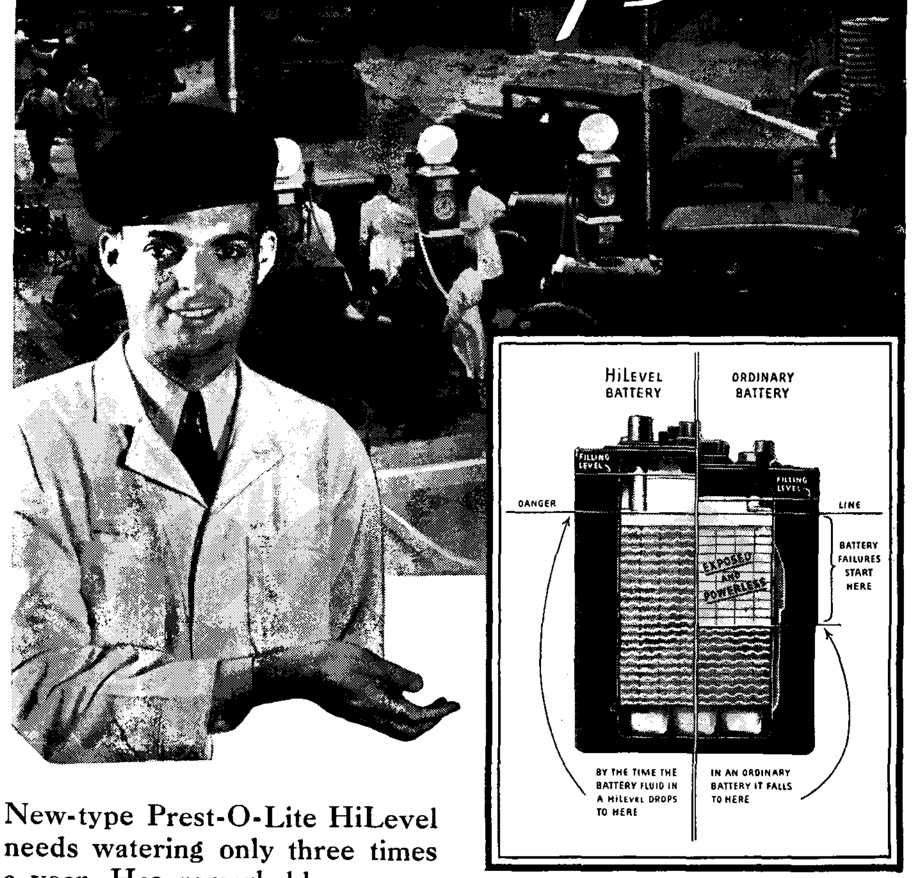
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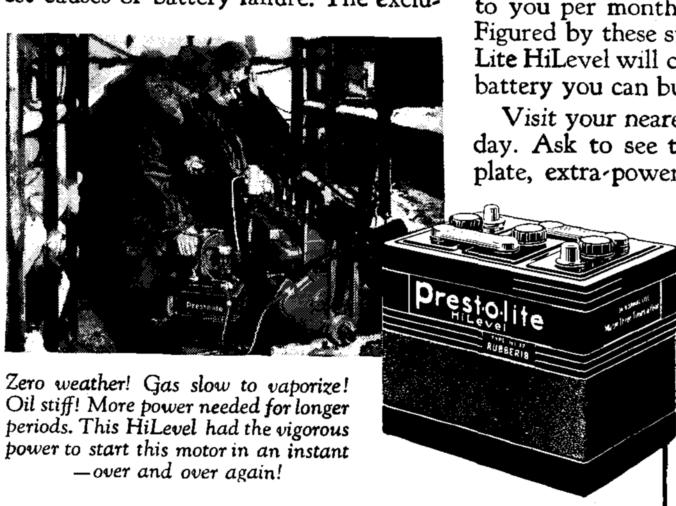

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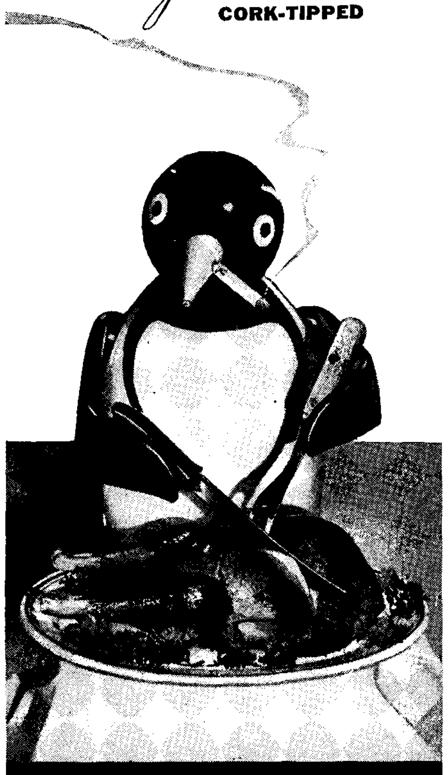

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Thunder on the Right

Continued from page 13

much the same conditions that Republicans hope will obtain in 1936, Palmer and Buckner heading a revolt of the Gold Democrats against the Free Silver platform of the party. Unhappy Grover Cleveland, elected a second time in 1892, ran into trouble from the start, and by the end of four years his administration had suffered every known disaster save earthquake and flood. Tariff reform, a solemn pledge, was defeated by a coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans, and as a crowning blow, free silver came to the front as a burning issue, splitting the party into two irreconcilable groups.

With the Sweep of a Prairie Fire

A vast, all-pervading happiness distinguished the Republican convention that assembled in June, 1896. William McKinley was nominated almost by acclamation, and the money issue was met by this adroit resolution: "We are opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the globe, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved." Adroit indeed, for they knew that any such agreement was more remote than Mars.

The embattled Democrats met in Chicago July 7th, and when the Cleveland sound-money plank was rejected by a vote of 626 to 303, all doubt as to the strength of the free silver forces was removed. "Silver Dick" Bland of Missouri had been regarded as the one and only nominee, but when William J. Bryan let loose with his Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns speech, the delegates stood on their hind legs and bayed like coon dogs. Chosen to be the standard bearer amid scenes of mad enthusiasm, Bryan was given Arthur Sewall of Maine as a running mate.

The Populists gathered in St. Louis on July 22d, and tons of whiskers added to the usual seasonal heat. All were violent Free Silverites, but they did not like Sewall, and after a long wrangle they indorsed Bryan but nominated Thomas Watson of Georgia for the vice presidency. The Populists were the "nuts" of that day, attacked and derided as "crazy radicals," yet aside from free silver, the principal points in their platform were demands for a graduated income tax, postal savings banks, equal suffrage, the direct election of United States senators, and the initiative and referendum.

The Populist movement had the sweep of a prairie fire in the Mississippi Valley, and to add to Republican concern, Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado led a revolt against the gold plank of his party. At his call, backed by Senator Newlands of Nevada and Senator Cannon of Utah, the National Silver party held its convention, declared for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and indorsed Bryan and Sewall. It was frankly an appeal to Republicans who hated the gold plank but who drew back from the thought of going over into the Democratic party.

Then, as now, the Republican press besought all "true Democrats" to come to the defense of "America's imperiled institutions," and as a result of the clamor, the National Democratic party met in Indianapolis, September 2d. Roswell P. Flower, governor of New York, was the temporary chairman, Senator Donelson Caffery of Louisiana the permanent chairman, and from Washington President Cleveland gave the bolt his benediction. The convention declared enthusiastically for the maintenance of the gold standard, but a good deal of difficulty was encountered in the selection of nominees, John G. Carlisle and other national figures showing no disposition to take the firing line.

The choice fell finally on two septuagenarian Civil War generals, John M. Palmer of Illinois and Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky, the first bending under the weight of seventy-nine years and General Buckner confessing to seventy-three. While their futures were admittedly behind them, both men had played important parts in national life, and their records were more than ordinarily distinguished.

The career of General Palmer, in particular, had been marked by a devotion to principle. Starting out as an ardent Democrat, he quit in 1856 by reason of his anti-slavery views, and was one of the founders of the Republican party. During the Civil War he rose to be a major general, and in 1869 was elected governor of Illinois. A second term was his for the taking, but, deciding that Samuel J. Tilden stood head and shoulders above Rutherford B. Hayes, he returned to the Democratic party, and was a United States senator at the time of his nomination.

General Buckner, a West Point graduate, won a captain's commission in the Mexican War, and the stars of a major general in the Civil War. Not even the bitternesses of the conflict broke his friendship with Ulysses S. Grant, and when financial ruin befell the ex-President, General Buckner was among the first to rush to his aid. Amassing a fortune in the practice of law, he was elected governor of Kentucky in 1887, serving with honor and distinction and at one time advancing the bankrupt state $50,000 out of his personal purse. A pair of fine, upstanding men, and despite their age, the two made a vigorous campaign, covering almost every state in the Union.

Nominees Denounced as Traitors

This plain, forthright bolt dismayed the Democrats even as it heartened the Republicans. The Bryan high command made no secret of the fear that the conservative South would leap at the chance to vote against Bryan while preserving a pretense, at least, of party regularity. Palmer and Buckner were attacked as traitors and renegades, and William R. Hearst, one of Bryan's most ardent champions, presented the Democratic point of view in the following editorial that appeared in the New York Evening Journal on September 1, 1896:

> For participants in a convention to seize upon a political title to which they have forfeited all claim, to call themselves, as these conventionists at Indianapolis propose, "National Democrats" when there is already a national Democratic ticket in the field, is sheer dishonesty. It is confession that upon the merits of their cause they can win no votes, and must fall back upon the ignoble device of making the label of their ticket so like that of the regular ticket that voters may support it through error. They are like the cheap tradesmen who imitate brands, labels and covers as nearly as may be without violation of the copyright law.

Again, on October 21st, Mr. Hearst published the following vigorous editorial:

> The Third Ticket movement in this year's election is a fraud to which no citizen with any self-respect ought to give sanction or encouragement by his vote. It purports to be Democratic in character, and to have such deep veneration for the principles of the father of Democracy that it refuses to accept the new articles of Democratic faith which time and progress have added to them, and of which Jefferson, Jackson and their compeers would have been the stoutest champions if they had lived in these days. It is in fact a secret confederate of McKinleyism, doing its work in a stealthy, cowardly manner, and seeking by false pretenses to turn honest men from the support of the regular Democratic candidates and to again fasten Republicanism upon the country. . . . Can any conscientious, real Democrat be induced to vote to place the country for four years under the control of such a party instead of voting for an earnest, sincere Democrat, on the plea that the policy he upholds may, in some interested persons' belief, cause financial trouble if "prematurely adopted"?

Another Guessing Contest

As it turned out, the vote of the National Democrats was almost negligible. Exactly 13,813,243 ballots were cast, the largest percentage in the history of the country, and McKinley received 7,035,638 to Bryan's 6,467,946. Only 131,529 people voted for Palmer and Buckner, and not one single ballot was recorded for them in the states of Arkansas, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota and Wyoming. In Colorado, one man voted for them; and in Utah, twenty-one. So far from affecting the vote of the Solid South, the Democratic majorities in Arkansas, Alabama, Missouri, Texas, South Carolina and Mississippi were unprecedented.

On the other hand, the defection of the Populists made heavy inroads on McKinley's strength, for Kansas and Nebraska, Republican strongholds, went Democratic overwhelmingly. The bolt of the Free Silver Republicans also hurt, for the Democrats carried such normally Republican states as Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Washington and Wyoming.

The campaign of 1908, when Mr. Bryan was making his last bid for the presidency with William H. Taft as his opponent, witnessed another bolt led by William Randolph Hearst. The Independence Party, organized and financed by him, was designed to raid the Democratic organization, and likewise pull away such Republicans as were dissatisfied with the conservative record of Mr. Taft. Not in all history was there ever a more colossal failure, for Thomas L. Hisgen, the nominee, did not receive enough votes to merit counting.

As may be seen, these facts and figures furnish an argument for every sort of contention. There can be no question that the Breckinridge bolt in 1860 accomplished its purpose, defeating Douglas. On the other hand, the Palmer-Buckner secession in 1896 played small part in the result, and even the defection of the Free Silver Republicans was dismissed as inconsequential. The experts, making their post-election studies, discounted the importance of the bolts, holding that the decisive factor was the industrial vote. Persuaded that McKinley's victory meant the full dinner pail, and that Bryan's election meant wholesale disemployment, the labor vote went to the Republicans.

Hearst's bolt in 1908 was farcical, and the Bull Moose revolt in 1912 failed of its objective, electing Woodrow Wilson instead of Roosevelt. LaFollette, a great national figure, was assumed to overshadow the colorless, conservative Coolidge, yet when the votes were counted, the Wisconsin leader received only 4,822,856 against 8,385,586 for Davis and 15,725,016 for Coolidge. Contrary to intent, it was Davis' strength that he sapped.

All of which leaves the 1936 campaign, with its probability of bolts, a free-for-all guessing contest.

Dynamite

Continued from page 9

"He's a Jap spy dressed up like a cop, Benny! Lookit the guy go!"

"There's *somepin* screwy about this, Tim!"

The righteous anger of a patriotic U. S. sailor growled in Fireman Dunnevan's throat.

"He better go. I'm gonna keep right on his tail till we expose him, Benny. Them Japs is getting too bold."

Seaman Linn noticed several cars drawn to a halt on the left-hand side of the road. They evidently had been ordered to stop by the motorcycle rider ahead. Voices shrilled at Tim and Benny and hands waved. Fireman Dunnevan waved back, politely, and hunched over the wheel.

"I'll learn him to go spying on the U. S. Navy," quoth Fireman Dunnevan. "Where's the other guy at, Benny?"

"He's still behind us."

"I'll stop real sudden and he'll bust his nose on our stern!" said Fireman Dunnevan, with inspiration.

"No—hey—keep on—there's something screwy. The guy up ahead has stopped all southbound traffic!"

Fireman Dunnevan noticed a red flare in the sky.

"We're almost to Oilton No. 3, Benny!"

"I-I think we better slow down, Tim."

"Slow down *nothin'!* Think I'm gonna let that Jap get away?"

The truck roared to fifty, fifty-five, sixty. It gained on the motorcycle cop. Seaman Linn noted that auto occupants were leaping from parked cars on the left side of the road. Voices shrieked at them.

Suddenly, the dastardly Japanese spy shrilled his siren and turned into a road to the right. Fireman Dunnevan growled:

"He's tryin' to gimme the slip, Benny. Hold tight!"

WITH a masterly yank at the helm, Fireman Dunnevan went into a forty-five-degree turn. Tires squealed on the wet concrete. The truck swayed drunkenly as a horrified shout went up from the crowd mysteriously assembled around a gate in a high wire fence.

" 'Way fer a sailor!" yelled Seaman Linn.

Doggedly, Fireman Dunnevan headed the truck through the wide gate. The flare of a burning oil well lighted the scene. Fireman Dunnevan could see his quarry, the hireling of Japan, getting off the motorcycle and ordering spectators away.

"Wait, Tim!"

"Wait nothin'—"

Jamming on the brakes just as the truck slid perilously close to the flaming derrick, Fireman Dunnevan leaped from the driver's seat and pointed at the khaki-clad figure on the motorcycle.

"Hold that guy—he's a Jap spy!"

A dozen burly oil field huskies scattered. But one, braver than the rest, yelled:

"Get away from here with that dynamite! You're too close! Fire . . . see . . . fire. Dynamite . . . dynamite!"

Fireman Dunnevan halted.

"Dynamite? Where's it at?"

"In your truck, you fool!"

A weak squawk came from the truck cab.

"Oh, Judas Priest, Tim!"

The Japanese spy gingerly approached within yelling distance. "You guys are both under arrest," he said.

His confederate, who had been trailing the truck, yelled bravely from another safe vantage point: "Come away from that truck, sailors! She'll blow any second!"

Seaman Linn eased himself with extreme daintiness out of the truck cab and plucked Fireman Dunnevan's jumper sleeve.

"Yes, Timothy," he said, shuddering convulsively, "it's dynamite and those are real coppers. You stay here and go up with the truck. I'm gonna get myself pinched."

"But, Benny—lookit—Seana said it was tools."

At loss for words, Seaman Linn pulled Fireman Dunnevan toward the grimly waiting motorcycle cop.

"But Benny—"

A sweating, grimy-faced oil superintendent rushed up.

"Thank God you boys got here!" he exclaimed. "We need that stuff bad. Two more wells have caught and if we don't blow 'em out the storage tanks will go. You've probably saved thousands of lives!"

Seaman Linn gulped. He stopped pulling Fireman Dunnevan along the via dolorosa. He remembered that God loves United States sailors if their hearts are pure.

"Is there any newspaper reporters present, Mister?" he said.

"Yes. Right over at my office."

"But Benny—Seana said it was tools—"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan, their heads together in the shade of the after deckhouse on the U. S. S. Trimble, read the full details of their triumph and their glory:

TWO SAILORS HEROES OF
$1,000,000 OIL WELL
FIRE; SAVE 500
IN MAD DASH

Linn and Dunnevan Carry Dynamite
To Scene of Near Catastrophe
Drive Dynamite Truck 80 Miles
An Hour

Blaze Might Have Spread to Government
Oil Reserve Tanks at Oilton No. 3

Just two simple sailors. But heroes in their quiet way—the toast of the entire United States Fleet.

Chief Gunners Mate Benny Linn.

Machinist Tim Dunnevan.

Taking the place of Truck Driver Mahoney, who was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, Linn and Dunnevan . . .

"BENNY?"

"Yeah?"

"The skipper sure talked nice to us, didn't he?"

"Yeah."

"What you shivering about, Benny?"

"I had a pal that blowed up in a dynamite truck oncet. All they found was a fishhook he had in his pocket. It was baited with one of his ears—"

"Quit, Benny. I feel bad enough, already. We done our best to save Liam his job and Seana goes and gets sore—"

"Well, you *would* chase after a colleen."

Fireman Dunnevan glowered darkly.

"Seana ain't no genuwine Erish colleen. She acted mighty suspicious tellin' us it was tools in that truck. I bet she's a Jap spy! Don't she look kinda Jappy to you, Benny?"

Seaman Linn trembled as with ague and swallowed his Adam's apple.

"No Jap would be heel enough to send two guys out on a dynamite truck," he said, enigmatically.

Clark Agnew

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This difference in farmers and farm incomes may be a newly-discovered fact to many—but it is not new to The Country Home Magazine. Farm Market A is not a sudden bonanza or a windfall of recovery. It is an established, accurately defined, *national* market that this magazine has been systematically cultivating for years.

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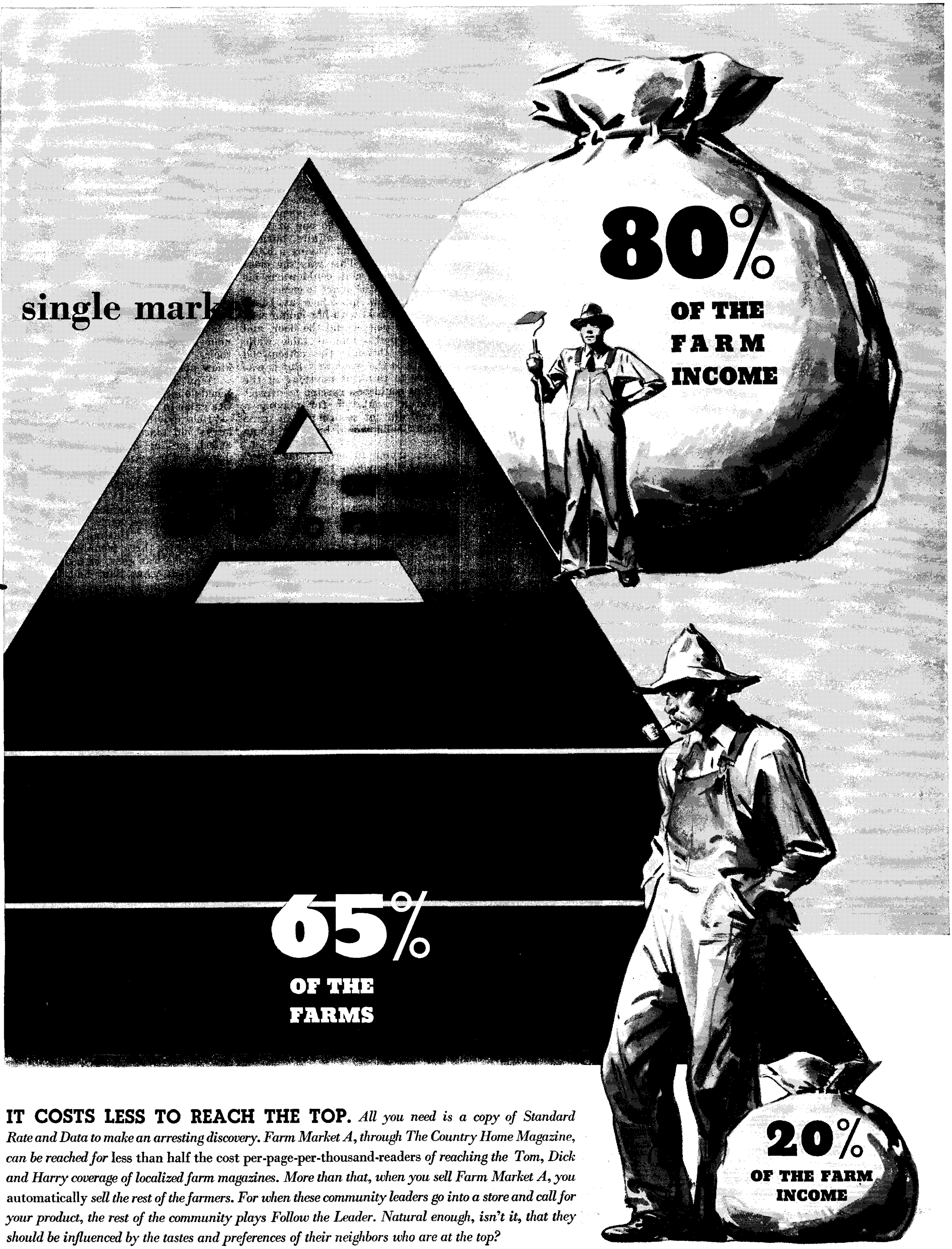

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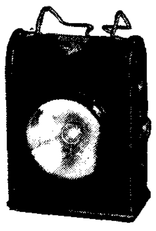

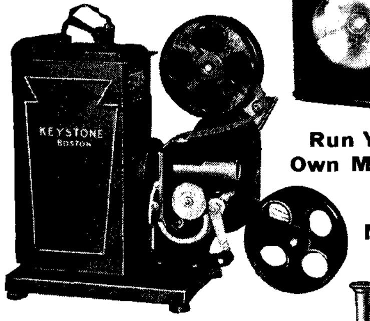

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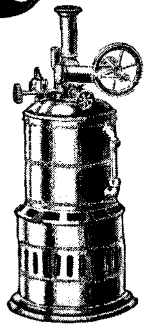

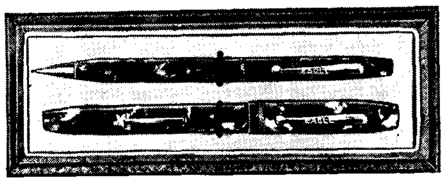

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The Glory Riders

Continued from page 17

wanted to know him; the more so because he was genuinely liked for himself. They thought his soft Texan speech was "picturesque," and his slow grin made things easy for him. And nobody could block the whirlwind in which the Fair Hills team rode down all opposition that summer. Tom Hyatt was riding to glory, blindfolding himself with a stubborn hope that nobody was ever going to be able to stop him again. Off the field he drifted along, loving Sheila's dark, steady eyes, and her smile, and her hands that weren't prettily futile but were the small, firm hands of a born horsewoman. A cowboy from the sagebrush—riding like a demon, and riding for a fall.

Sam Bicknell saw it coming. He tried to warn Tom. "Listen, boy," he drawled. "You stick to polo. Don't you see this girl's just throwing it into you so's to speed up the other guy?"

"What other guy?" Tom said.

"Hugh Avery," Sam said. "He's her kind. You ain't. And don't you forget it."

Tom grinned. "I'll try not to," he said.

GUESTS were all over the Rossiter house, as it seemed they always were; but it was only a little while before Tom was walking with Sheila under the aging locust trees. That was always the most promising sign—that he could talk to her alone—hardly anyone else ever could.

He was trying to find a way to talk to her differently than he had ever talked; but he was silent for so long that she finally asked what was the matter with him.

"For heaven's sake, let's not be strong, silent men. I like you better when you just stand around with your thumb in your mouth and make a lot of dumb remarks."

"I was kind of looking at the house."

"It's just a house. Of course I know it's been called Stone Crest for a long time. But don't pay any attention to that. We were going to rename it Harold, only Granny thought it lacked tone."

"I used to think I had a house," Tom Hyatt said. "I guess I was wrong. I've just got a kind of an old shack. Some of it's made of mud, and that's really the best part, at that. Grandfather built that part solid, so's the Comanches couldn't get in to steal the chickens off the head of the bed. They were the first White Leghorns in Texas, and the old folks thought a heap of those jiggers. Most of the rest of the old dump is made of wood. My father finally added on some different colored paint. But the relatives never thought much of that. They said it was an unneedful waste."

"I'M SURE," Sheila said, "that it's a lovely old place!"

"We used to think it was an all-right place. It kept the riverbed from blowing in your eye during dry spells. Yes, I can remember thinking it was right pretty. It even has four or five trees—not big ones like these, but still trees. People ride quite a piece out there to take a look at a tree."

Beside him, her smoky white dress made her seem remote, intangible; but somehow he knew that he was making a mistake—that she didn't like to have him talk the way he was talking.

"This is all different, Sheila," he said. "Most of the time I've tried to make out to myself that it's no more than coming from sandlot polo to a grass playing-field."

"You've done that," she said. "So easily."

"But this is something more. Maybe it calls for making changes that it's too late to make—for me."

"Tom," she said, "I can't imagine what you mean."

Lights from the long windows across the veranda showed the grave, appraising look on her uplifted face. And he knew then that whatever happened, for him this would never be one of those red-and-yellow bonfire affairs, burning out in gray smoke and leaving a bitter tang on the air. This was the clear and even flame a man could warm his heart by, for all the years to come.

He knew how his place at Llano Blanco would look, with her riding crop on a wooden peg behind the door, and her face opposite him at table while stars shone through the cottonwood leaves outside the windows. But it was impossible to think of anything at the ranch that could be expected to attract her; and a reputation for playing a game well did not seem much in trade for what Sheila would bring to Llano Blanco.

"I keep trying to figure some way," he told her, "like where I could be Hyatt of Llano Blanco and still track along with all this."

He caught the grave look in the dim, uplifted oval of her face. She said quietly, "It would be a pity if you ever thought about just tracking along. It's not enough—for you or anybody else."

Suddenly his training in Texas poker blew up. He threw in his hand. "Sheila, I have to tell you this. I don't know if you remember the first time I ever saw you; but there isn't any chance that I'll ever be able to forget it. Something happened to me there, right in the first minute I ever saw you in my life."

Not too good. But it seemed to be all he needed. He saw the light come back into the uplifted oval of her face.

"I am shocked and surprised," she said wickedly. "Was it anything much?"

He took her into his arms then, with a careful, almost wary gentleness, as if she were really the fragile thing she seemed to him to be. But he was shaking as he had so often seen cayuses shake under a blindfold, with the saddle going on and cinching down.

She laughed up at him, and her laugh was shaky, too. But it was a laugh. "Are you cold?" she asked; and pressed her face to his throat.

WHEN she moved out of his arms it seemed abrupt and unnecessary.

"Hey!" he said.

She pointed out the tall, dark young man coming down the steps toward them. "There's Hugh. He'll want to know about tomorrow—"

"What's tomorrow?" Hyatt's own schedule included nothing except a practice game in the morning, and Sheila.

"He's driving me up to the Stansburys' old place beyond Lenox." She added, smiling at his exclamation of dismay, "I'll write. Maybe not much, but every day. And, of course, he'll want to be back for the week-end match—and so will I."

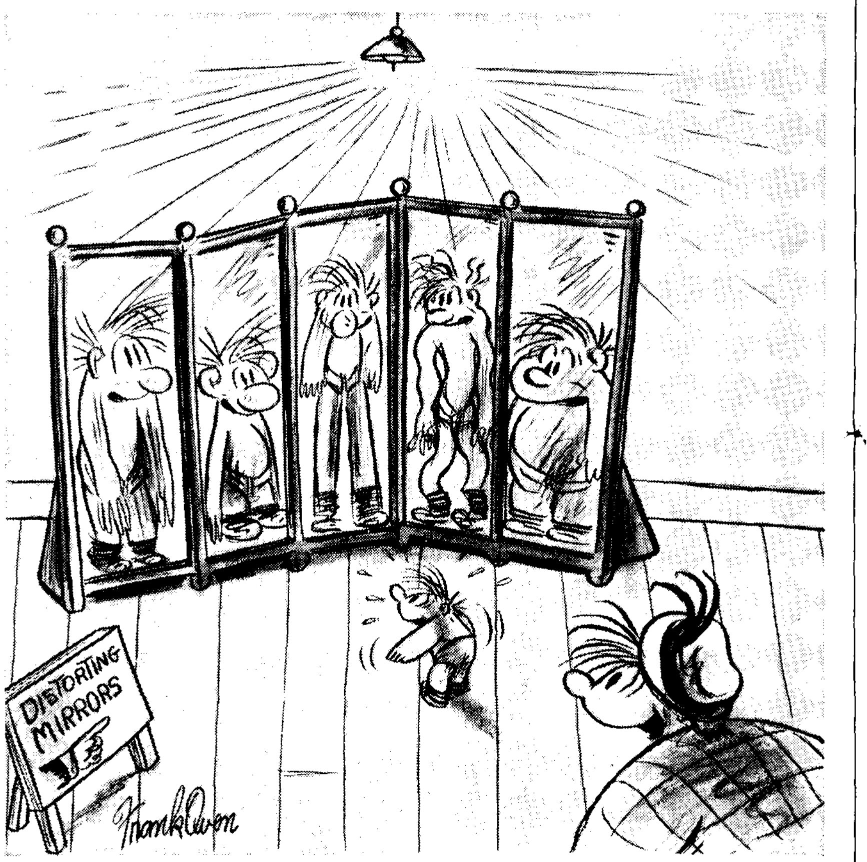
"It's got so a day doesn't mean anything unless I see you."

She smiled. "Darling, try to live through just three meaningless days."

After she was gone, he could not get away from what Sam had told him. Which leads up to the rest of the story of Tom Hyatt, the flaming streak that went up like a Blanco pa'tridge, and came down like a Llano fry. A Hitchcock or a Milburn can fall and be remembered, waited for. His place is ready to receive him when he rides again. But when a mare named Span-

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Now, are you satisfied what you'd look like if you were quintuplets?"

ish Eyes smashed herself and her rider, the name of Tom Hyatt dropped from the line-ups like a crocked pony; and except in the memories of men with whom he had played, it might as well have never been.

HE HAD bought Spanish Eyes lately at auction—a race-blooded, skitter-brained filly already spoiled by too rough a hand. She was fast and handy and game; but under pressure her head went back and she began throwing legs in all directions by the handful. You can't do that in polo, and hope to keep your feet.

She had worked beautifully for Tom Hyatt for five days; but on the sixth day her old fault came back for a space of seconds—and that brief mistake was the last Spanish Eyes ever made. The filly crossed her legs on a racing turn; her quarters shot up as her neck doubled under, and the field struck up with the weight of the world behind it. By some miracle of stunned reflexes, Tom was still in the saddle as she came to her knees again; Spanish Eyes, still rolling, went over him twice.

There were gaps in his memory for the rest of that day. He pushed himself upright somehow, and was standing stiffly on both feet by the time the grooms came running out.

He said, "I'm all right."

His back felt strangely hot and rigid, and a smash of pain cracked through it when he moved.

He heard his own voice insistently repeating, "Nothing's the matter. I'll be all set for the game."

He let somebody drive him back to the Inn.

A batch of mail was handed to him with his room key. He sat stiffly on the edge of his bed, stumbling through Sheila's gay, brief account of her arrival at the Stansburys', and of their plans for the next few days. The note didn't really tell him anything. Reading it again, his face took on slanting, grim angles.

Against his aching body, against the rich and pleasant calm of Fair Hills, he could pit nothing else except stubbornness. Already he knew that everything else had been taken away from him, suddenly, in the split second when Spanish Eyes had crossed her legs.

Next day his head had cleared, but otherwise he felt a good deal worse. He had eight chukkers of high-goal polo to go through somehow, because that was what he stood for, here at Fair Hills. An hour of hard-riding, fast-hitting battle over a willow ball. This was what he added up to, ever since he left Llano Blanco. Down in Texas he was a cattleman who had a good range and good herds, which he knew how to manage properly, when he stayed home and worked at it, instead of playing polo two thousand miles away. But that meant nothing here. He didn't tie in with Fair Hills on any terms other than those of polo. Except on those terms, he would never have existed for Sheila; perhaps could hardly expect to go on.

He kept telling himself these things. They and the pain had given his face a haggard twist by the time he rode out on the playing field the next afternoon. He hadn't seen a doctor; he hadn't seen anybody much. He was up on an easy-going pony for the first chukker, but as he booted it across the sideboards he knew he had a wonderful chance of going thoroughly to pieces on the field.

The white ball flashed in the sun as the referee shot it in. Up ahead, Tom saw his Number One fighting it out with the opposing back.

Three-quarters by instinct, he found the ball, and felt the clean *chock* of the mallet as he sent it away. Long-trained muscles and a veteran's eyes do not forget what they know while the structure behind them holds. Not while the structure holds.

For a chukker and a half Tom Hyatt played crazily, and sometimes in poor team, but with the brilliance that his followers had come to see. Better than ever, some thought—with just a touch more fire, an edge more of reckless drive.

It would have been better for him to have come out of the saddle then, in the middle of the second chukker, to have fallen almost any way, rather than to have finished as he did. For now stands and players alike saw Tom Hyatt go to pieces and break; they saw him miss and smother the shots he didn't know how to miss, until at the end he was riding with the wobbly indirection which marks a man who is through.

He was still in the saddle as they rode off the field to change ponies; but when he tried to dismount he could not. And his grooms had to drag him down, catching him awkwardly in their arms.

"Son," Sam Bicknell told him, "those two chukkers were the finest polo I ever saw."

"I threw away that goal," Tom said. "I missed a ball that was in the clear, right between the posts."

"Yeah," said Sam. "You missed it. We all got to miss sometimes. What the hell? You have to score them all?"

Tom shut his eyes, not because the doctor was hurting him but because old Sam was trying to let him down easy. Presently he heard Sam's gruff voice saying, "Hello, Avery."

Hugh Avery was looking at him over Sam's shoulder. His face expressed concern. He said to the doctor, "What goes on, Bill?"

"Didn't you see that spill in the first chukker?"

"No," said Hugh. "We—I've just driven back from Lenox. Didn't get in till the third—"

"I reached for that goal," Tom repeated. "I got there—and missed it."

"Don't take it that way," Hugh said quietly. "It's only a game." He turned aside to Sam Bicknell and added in a lower tone, "Give Hyatt that message, will you? I'm planning to catch a plane—Santa Barbara—"

TOM tried to get up. "I'm all right, I tell you!"

They humored him. "Of course you're all right. You'll be playing the same as ever, in two or three weeks."

By the gentleness of their tone almost anyone could have guessed that they lied, to the best of their own belief.

They put a shirt and a polo coat over the temporary bandages and got Tom to the hospital. They carted him into the X-ray room, and Sam Bicknell followed the rolling table in.

"What was this about a message?" Tom asked.

Sam hesitated. "As I get it, she didn't have time to write a note. She just told this Avery to say it was only a game."

It was a long time before he ever found out what she had meant by that. She couldn't know yet that he was hurt, because she hadn't seen the game. Or had she?

"Is that all?"

"That's all. She didn't come down to watch, this afternoon. And so she's missed some of the finest polo—"

"She didn't come," Tom said.

He let the doctors show him X-ray plates. He listened to instructions about rest and quiet and the avoidance of all muscle strain. His offhand, even sure-faced acquiescence fooled them. He walked unhurriedly out of the hospital one morning, and took a taxi to the Fair Hills Club.

Grooms standing around the sun-splashed yard tried not to watch him fight his stiffly-taped body in the mount. Gray-lipped, he had to call somebody to help him into the saddle before he could get up. Once there, he slipped the strap of his polo helmet and clamped it between his teeth. He managed to boot his pony out to the field.

But as he cantered over the sideboards, something happened. It wasn't as spectacular as the fall of Spanish Eyes. But to a horseman like Tom Hyatt, it was infinitely worse. The pony under him stopped and stood shaking. The lurch of her rider had jammed the sensitive bars of her mouth in a way that the most boiling moment of the most crucial polo game had never caused him to do. Tom Hyatt sat very still; those tremors along the pony's body seemed to run into his own. He turned presently and took back the scared, fretting horse.

"Lift me down," he said.

HE DIDN'T go back to the hospital. He was lying on his bed at the Fair Hills Inn when Sam walked into the room. Sam came over and stood looking at him.

"You sure set store by punishing yourself, don't you?" said Sam. "I don't know any reason you got to be so low in your mind. The fact is, right up to the last you played ten-goal polo. You can pull out of Fair Hills knowing that. Everybody else knows it. And this is maybe the best thing could happen. This will leave you get some ranching done. I never was so relieved in my life as when I bought us our railroad tickets."

"Railroad tickets—where to?"

"Home."

"You heading back to Llano Blanco?"

"That's home, ain't it?"

Tom didn't answer. Instead he asked stolidly, "What's the rush?"

"No rush," said Sam. "You can inch out of the picture as slow as you want to. I got no doubt you could drag out six weeks around here. Folk'll visit with you maybe as much as twice. You can drink their liquor and smell their flowers and have 'em crying sorry over you. Maybe a newspaper'll even mention you a couple of times again. But me—when I'm through, I pick up my blanket roll and go home. Of course, if you figure you've got some call to stay—"

Tom spoke after a moment. "No call, I guess." His voice sounded flat and old. The panic of fear that had been on him for four days was gone now. It hadn't been beaten out of him by the steady nagging of bodily pain. Instead, the fear had gone out quite suddenly, when he felt that pony stop under him, and stand and shake. Some feeling of finality had come into him then. He knew why it was. He had been trying to force things that couldn't be forced.

Two letters had come from Sheila during those days at the hospital. Now, after Sam had gone, Hyatt reached for them. But he didn't reopen them. He didn't have to. Everything in those casual notes proved that Sam Bicknell was right. For a little while, Tom Hyatt of Llano Blanco had made himself think that a cayuse can turn itself into a show horse. Maybe he had almost done it. Maybe he could have done it, if the one thing that had brought him to Fair Hills hadn't snapped out of him with the fall of Spanish Eyes.

Meanwhile, there was something he had to do. He spent a long time that night trying to put it into his letter to Sheila. Attempt after attempt he discarded. He wanted to explain what he had been trying to do, and what he had hoped things could be like. He wanted to assure her that he knew why they couldn't. Finally he pieced together a note that he hoped had a cheerful and matter-of-fact sound.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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(Continued from page 49)

He wrote that he'd had to withdraw from the rest of the games because he had hurt his back a little. He was leaving for the ranch, and hoped he'd see her and Hugh next year at the sixteen-goal tournaments.

Then he went home.

Before, he hadn't ever minded the solitude of the big, sprawling ranch house, its heavy, dark furniture queerly enlivened by the glow of old serapes and by an accumulated clutter of ribbons and silver cups won by Hyatt stock at fairs and rodeos. But now when he walked through the house he sometimes had a feeling of intrusion upon its hearty, companionable familiarity. Things here belonged to Hyatts dead and gone, men and women who had once shared the luck of this ranch together. And they peopled the place, somehow, with constant reminders of hopes he'd held in those glory-riding days back around Fair Hills.

BY SPRING he made up his mind to sell out. It seemed a good time; there had been a good deal of rain—a sign of coming prosperity on the range. When he laid the proposition before Sam Bicknell, the old man surprised him. Instead of announcing that the whole idea gave him a pain in the neck, Sam said, "Give me a couple of days to think about it. And, anyhow, before I'd do anything I'd want to look over the place with you. We haven't rode any Llano Blanco country together for quite some time."

So for three days they rode Hyatt ranch land. It was leisurely riding, because there were many places where Sam had to point out landmarks or recount stories of Tom Hyatt's people. Here cattle thieves had tried to ambush Tom's grandfather in the early days; over yonder, Tom's father had lassoed a steer gone loco; and farther on—

"But, shucks," he broke off at last, "this don't mean nothing to you, now you want to sell."

He walked the pony a while in silence. Then:

"Son, was I you, I'd figure a state like Texas—where they raise our kind of cattle and horses—could maybe raise our kind of people, too. The kind of girl that belongs on this ranch, for instance. The kind of girl that'd answer your letters—"

"I didn't write any letters."

"Not since you came back?"

"No."

"I wrote one," said Sam. "The day you decided to sell out. Air mail and special delivery, too. She ain't answered that one either."

"Sam, you've got more guts than a loafer wolf!"

"I guess that's so. I rode right into one yesterday, and he turned and run like hell. Tom, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

TOM HYATT let the question ride. He didn't know the answer. It seemed to him that he didn't know any answers. He and Sam neared the ranch house through a blast of scarlet sunset.

A slim, dusty roadster was standing in the driveway. Sam took a squint at the license plates. When he spoke, a touch of awe was in his voice.

"Well, burn my pants!"

He motioned toward the house. "Better get in there, son. You got comp'ny for supper. Leave me know later what you aim to get for the land. . . ."

Sheila stood at the far end of the living-room. The silver cups, the red and blue ribbons above the fireplace were a dim background for steady, dark eyes looking at him from under a small, slope-brimmed hat all powdery with dust. She said, "You couldn't stay at Fair Hills. So I came to Llano Blanco."

He couldn't believe it. Her loveliness, which he had thought so untranslatable, faced him quietly across this old room, cluttered with its generations of Hyatt household gear.

He asked, against his own will, "Where's Hugh Avery?"

"In Santa Barbara."

"Of course," said Tom. "He's got a place there, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Not like this." It didn't seem at all strange how clearly he could read her thought.

Her eyes left him, and took in slowly the details of this room where sunlight through the cottonwoods gave way to mile-long blue shadow from the hills.

"No," she said. "The Avery place isn't at all like this."

There had been people back at Fair Hills who could say such things politely, while making fun of this sprawling Texas ranch house that had grown up here on Hyatt land as naturally as Hyatt lives had grown. But no malice was in Sheila's eyes.

"You told me so much about this place," she said, "but you've never really seen it, have you? Not any more than you saw mine."

He tried to push aside the image of that sheltered, time-mellowed house with its air of quiet guardianship protecting a tradition utterly unlike his own. His voice roughened, covering the hurt of a defeat whose terms he could not even now put into words.

"I saw Stone Crest, all right. And I won't be likely to forget it, remembering you."

She turned from him and drew something away from the litter of trophies on the mantel. Her driving gauntlets, he guessed, from the way her arms moved as she pulled gloves over her hands. And because some awkward, blind quality was in those hurried movements, he knew that tears were heavy against her lashes.

He crossed swiftly to where she stood. There was an intolerable finality in the withdrawal of her carelessly tossed gauntlets from among these fireside relics of past Hyatt victories.

"Sheila, what's the matter?"

She lifted her head. He saw that she was one of those women who cry silently, as his mother and grandmother had cried, their faces held to a gallant steadfastness ignoring the betrayal of tears.

She said, "I think I'll tell you what's the matter. It's that you can't see beyond your own corral fences here at Llano Blanco—and our box hedges back at Stone Crest. You can't see two funny, kindly old houses where people have lived for a long time. People who were simple enough to go on liking the same things generation after generation—horses and dogs and any friendly, growing thing that's strong and clean."

He broke in. "But you've got to have more than that—you'll want more—"

"How do you know what I need or want?" The look she gave him was untouched by any hint of evasion or of fear. With a sudden, flashing certainty, he knew that no circumstance of fire or flood, no drought-parched ranges or blizzard-locked isolation, would ever break down the courage of this girl. Her heart would be troubled by such things only so far as they mattered to the man who shared these hazards with her.

"You didn't write or phone," Sheila was saying. "You didn't send a single word to show that you'd ever changed your mind about anything, after that one last game I didn't see. I had to come here to find out—"

HE DIDN'T wait to hear what she had come to find out. His arms went round her, in the shadowy room that was almost featureless now, except for the soft shine of the trophies ranged on the mantel. He said, "There's so damn' much I'll never get the hang of, Sheila. But maybe if I keep on asking you questions—not now—"

She laughed a little, breathless from her own tears and the strength of his arms. "No," she agreed softly. "No questions now. Except—"

"Yes?"

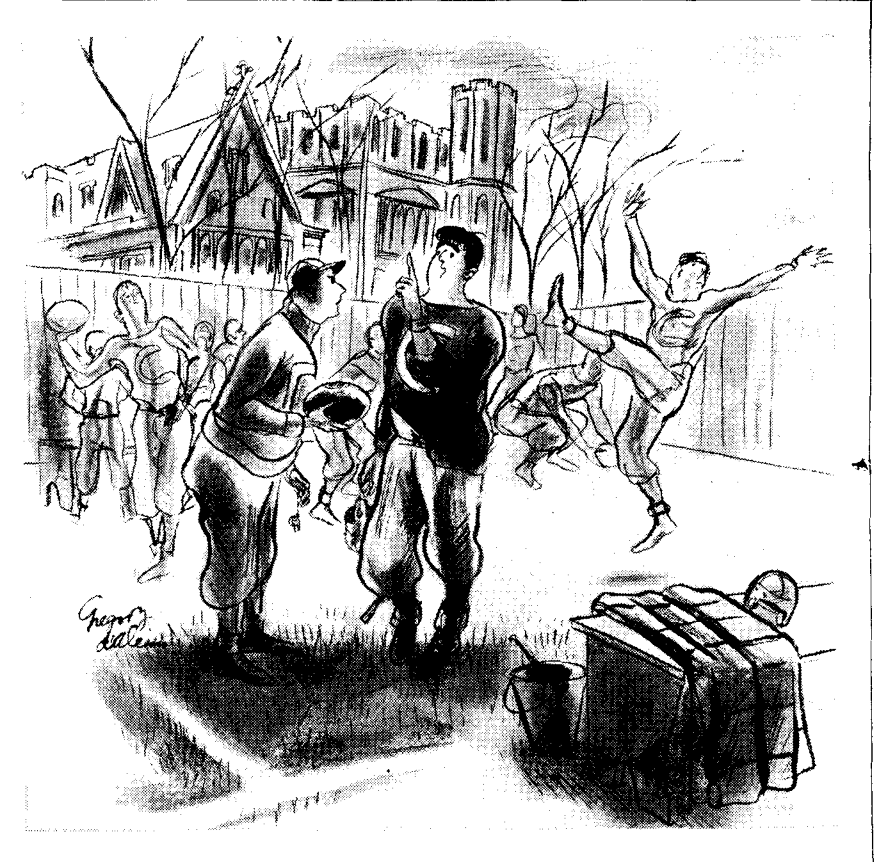
"You can ask me when I'm leaving."

"You're not leaving."

Against the last glow through the ranch-house window, he saw her hand rise toward her hat and lift it away from the dark softness of her hair.

"You're not leaving, ever, Sheila."

Her sigh was one of deep contentment. She said, "That's what I wanted you to know."



"Coach, Mr. Livingstone is awful sore atcha for lurin' me away from the debatin' team!"

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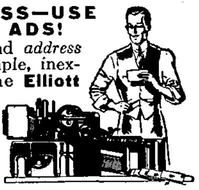

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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 15

behind the line of scrimmage before it could get started. Poliski, the burly fullback of the visitors, could not get up steam before he was pounced upon. Murphy tried the ends but the Atlantic secondary was in fast to check him.

The strategy of Midwest was becoming apparent. Unable to get its running game started, the invaders scorned the pass. They continued to punt on second or third down, never for the sidelines or away from Jenkins, but always straight at him and high enough so that the powerful linemen could reach him in time to pour their weight into him and at his injured leg; for by now, everybody knew that Jenkins was playing under that handicap.

Midwest was playing to make a break. It was throwing all of its strength against the weakest link in the Atlantic team—the right leg of Clark Jenkins.

The slugger, confident of his power, was content to be outpointed while wearing the boxer down, setting him up for the knockout punch.

MIDWEST had a double objective. By pounding at Jenkins, the crippled safety man, it might force him out of the game or make him fumble. With Jenkins out, Atlantic could not win. It needed his effective punting and his blocking. If he fumbled under the constant pounding, if his nerve or his leg gave way, and if Midwest recovered in Atlantic territory, it could then spread the defense with the threat of the pass and turn loose the full power of Poliski's terrific charges at the line and Murphy's slicing at the ends.

This was football of the most heroic type, peaceful war in which the most expert and destructive of gridiron weapons were controlled by intelligent strategy and grim patience.

Now, Murphy was back to punt. Jenkins was waiting on his 35-yard line. The ball was passed, the line held and up went Murphy's punt again, high and straight at the crippled safety man.

Three giant linemen, sweeping by the efforts of Calhoun and Atlantic's other open-field blockers, bore down upon him, traveling almost as swiftly as the ball.

They were ten yards away as Jenkins, taking his eye from them at the last fraction of a second, signaled for a fair catch.

Their fury was not to be restrained by the rules of the game.

As he caught the ball two men dove at him in the approved high-low fashion—one at his legs and the other at his belly. The third ran by, holding up his hands.

Jenkins went down. The ball rolled away and the third man recovered it.

The crowd booed. Jenkins did not get up with his tacklers.

The Atlantic trainer ran out.

The crowd unleashed a tornado of protest at this exhibition of poor sportsmanship toward a crippled foe.

Then the raucous storm swiftly changed to a terrific, ear-assailing cheer.

Jenkins was up. He was limping but he was up.

The official stepped off a 15-yard penalty against Midwest and the ball was in midfield.

Margaret was up, cheering with the rest.

"Show them, Clark, show those roughnecks."

Jerry winked. "Are they hurting your little boy, Margo?"

Clark started to throw passes. The second just missed for a long gain. Then he punted out of bounds on the Midwest 15-yard line. The crowd cheered his every move.

Aroused, the Atlantic line tore through after Murphy as he tried to punt. It was blocked. Captain Tom Vavra recovered and Atlantic had first down on the enemy 7-yard line.

Seven yards to go—the longest seven yards in the world.

The din was terrific. Calhoun made two and Hussey two more. Three yards to the goal and two downs to make it. The great, howling crowd was yelling for the score, never ceasing its clamor, growing louder.

Then a sudden stillness and a groan. Hussey fumbled—and Midwest recovered on its one-yard line.

Block that kick! Block that kick!

The great Midwest line, backs to the wall, held, and Murphy kicked from his end zone to his 40-yard line. The linemen, forced to remain to block carefully, were slow getting down this time and Clark Jenkins had his first real attempt to return a punt.

He took the ball on the run and was off toward the sidelines, as the crowd unleashed fresh tumult. He whirled and pivoted, slipping the first two men to reach him, made five yards more—was hemmed in—

Three enraged giants gathered their thunder to hurl at him, gathered their hard bone and quivering muscle to destroy him—

He ran out of bounds, laughing, as they pulled up, afraid to risk another penalty in this dangerous position.

First down on the 25-yard line and time was running out.

Atlantic lined up quickly. The sixty-five thousand people in the stands, reduced to emotional exhaustion, could feel the quivering excitement of the boys on the field, the eager ecstasy for combat of Atlantic, the terrible fury of the Midwestern giants.

Then another groan—a bad pass from center.

It was rolling down the field. Jenkins was chasing it. Four Midwestern linemen poured through at him, leaped at once with the ferocity of four jungle animals out of a tree at a single hated prey.

MARGARET could not look. She saw her brother Jerry tear off his hat and yell. Then she heard the great voice of the crowd rumble and roar again.

Clark was up. She closed her eyes and looked up toward the sky.

"Time's about up," somebody shouted in the din.

"Pass, Jenkins, pass."

It was not a pass. The line opened swiftly at Atlantic's left guard and a runner was through, going low and to his left into an open sector.

"It's Jenkins."

Ten yards—they were converging upon him—he was tackled—

But as he went down he passed laterally to the man at his left and the latter ran on—

Calhoun!

He was in the open, two men were chasing him, a yard back—

Two yards back—

Five yards back—

The Atlantic stand went mad as Cal Calhoun raced over the goal line, ten yards ahead of his faltering pursuit.

Margaret caught her brother and embraced him, kissed him.

"What do you think of my little boy now?"

She followed Jerry's eyes to the field.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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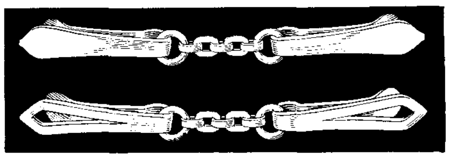

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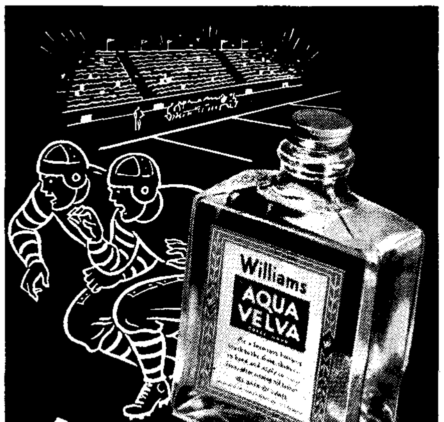

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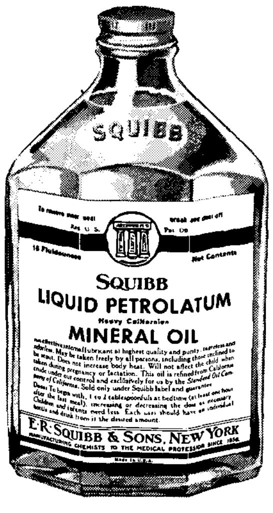

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Columbia Network

Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 51)

His teammates were gathering about Clark Jenkins.

He got up and limped, as two mates supported him. He left the field and went toward the clubhouse tunnel.

"I hope he isn't badly hurt."

A wise smile curled Jerry's lip. "I wouldn't worry too much about him. Maybe it's all a gag."

THE Atlantic dressing-room was quiet. There was no noise, no song, no rough play, no loud talk. Victory had gone and taken away all joy. Defeat had come and clamped the place under its heavy, damp, flat wings.

The Atlantic trainer was busy patching up bruises. Dr. Noulton, the team physician, was inspecting doubtful injuries. The coaches and those civilians closest to the squad were going about trying to mend bruised feelings. There were quiet conferences in odd corners. The faces of the boys were strained, as they took defeat according to what was in them.

Coach Gates, whom the boys called the Skipper, still young enough to retain the player's point of view, came to the bench where Clark Jenkins sat, fully dressed, fumbling with his headgear, testing the inside protection, as though nothing had happened.

"How's it feel?"

"Better."

"Let's see you walk on it."

Clark walked. He was able to put his weight on the leg.

"Jump up and down."

He did this carefully.

"It's not as bad as I thought."

"I could have gone in that last quarter."

"These knee injuries are nothing to fool with. I had one myself." He paused, tapped Clark's right leg and grinned ruefully. "Rose Bowl and national championship—right there."

Clark said nothing. The Skipper's voice grew hard. "It looked to me, Clark, as though they knew something about that knee."

"I know they did. Every time they came down they told me about it."

"I don't see how they found it out. You didn't tell anybody, did you?"

Clark hesitated. "No—I didn't."

"I warned the squad to keep it under cover but I suppose somebody had to tell his roommate, and once the students get it you might as well put it in the paper." The coach paused: "That girl you were walking with when I told you to get off it—"

Clark smiled. "She's all right. She's a student—Jim Bailey's daughter—you know him?"

Gates scowled. "Guess I'm talking like a movie scenario." He walked away. There were only a few left in the room now.

AFTER a while, Clark walked slowly to the door. There he met Spike Adams coming in, lugging his typewriter.

"Tough luck, Clark," Spike said. "When we lose you we lose the ball game. How's the knee?"

"It'll be okay next week."

"That's something. Skipper gone? How'd he take it? The boys must have felt bad. I wanted to get down but just finished my story."

They walked through the cool shadows of twilight across the dead, dull campus. One radio, blaring in the distance, seemed a desecration. The team had lost.

Spike exploded: "I know you don't want to say anything, Clark, but what happened in that second half?"

"I didn't see it. Doc was working on my leg in the club house. I guess they were just too tough."

"Tough my eye. We outplay them in the first half while you're in there; the line is charging, we're stopping them cold, they haven't even made a first down. Then in the second—"

Spike told what had happened in the second half, nervously clipping his speech, suffering again as he described the important plays. "You showed the way—fair catch and punt it back again. Protect the lead. Then, sooner or later they'd have to start passing; we might intercept one and win by two touchdowns. But the All-America can't do that.

"They punt, they're on top of Cal and there's only one thing to do, fair catch—but he's still trying to show Brad Anthony and the other sports writers that he's All-America—so they hit him like a brick garage; he fumbles; they recover—and from then on it's bang-bang, here come the British."

The mournful faces of other students greeted them as they reached their residence hall. Spike declined Clark's invitation to drop in at the room.

"I gotta eat and get dressed. And I don't want to run into Cal now. I suppose the big tramp is all right but he burns me up and I might say something."

Cal was lying on his bed. The two boys exchanged laconic greetings.

Finally Cal rolled over and said: "Well, our room did okay, anyhow."

"Those guys hit, didn't they?"

"They were tackling the ball all day, the dirty bunch of—" Cal left no doubt of his feelings toward the enemy. "How's the knee?"

"Be all right next week."

"I wanted the Skipper to bring you back—those other guys didn't take a man out all afternoon. I suppose they'll say I can't go."

"Who will?"

"Anthony and those other sports writers. A guy can't beat eleven men without help. What're you doing tonight?"

"I don't want to see anybody."

"Thought you might have a date with that Bailey kid."

"I told her I might call her; but I think I'll eat and get to bed early."

"If I had any money I'd get drunk."

Manners were informal among the occupants of Dormont Hall. Visitors never knocked—they merely walked in. Now the door crashed open and Tony Scotti and Pete Jenkins bustled through.

"Hi, Clarkie. Hi, Cal. Tough luck today, boys. Howsa leg, Clarkie?"

"Okay, Tony."

Tony grinned. "You have bad day; we have good day. We do all right; but you guys gimme heart failure in first half."

"What do you mean?" Cal asked.

"I thought you gimme bum steer about Clarkie's leg. If you win today I be in tough spot."

"You'd be in a tough spot?"

"Sure—New York guys say I give 'em bum dope—but when Clarkie go out I feel better; then old Cal he start fumbling and everything okey doke."

Cal said: "What the hell are you talking about?"

Tony explained willingly: "When you tell me about Clarkie's leg I pass out dope to New York guys and everybody get down on Midwest. Look." He brought a fistful of green money from his pocket, and proudly displayed it.

CLARK said: "Do you mean you bet *against* us?"

"Sure." Tony began taking money out of the wad. "Here, I give you each one a twenty. New York guys say next time I get a good dope like that we clean up big. Maybe you get hunnerd then."

Clark frowned. "Pete—did you bet against us, too?"

Pete nodded. "Tony bet for me."

"Put that money back in your pocket, Tony."

"It's all right, Clarkie, I got plenty. Here, I make it thirty for you."

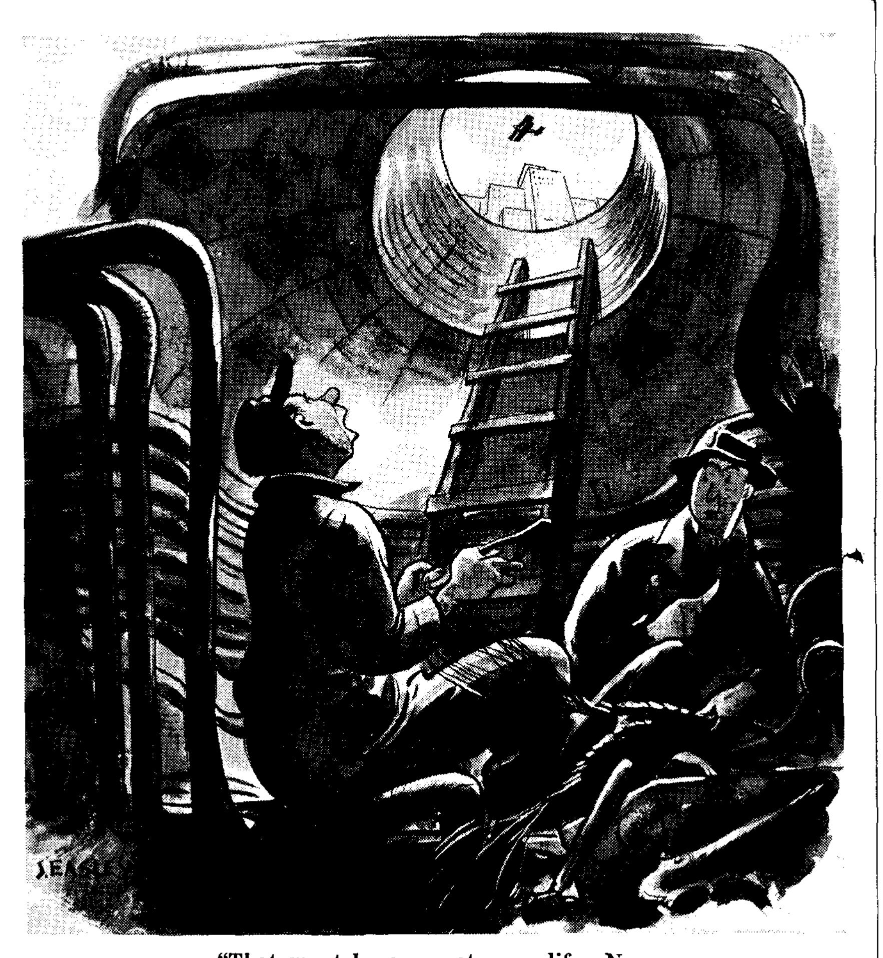
"Put it back—we don't want it."

Tony was dumfounded.

"Hell, Clarkie, don't need to feel that way about it. I'm for the old school, too—but it's a business with me."

"Did you tell anybody you bet against us?"

"Just big guys."



"That must be a monotonous life—New York to Chicago, Chicago to New York!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

"Don't tell anybody now, understand; and don't let anybody find out you knew I had a bad leg."

Tony put the money back. "Okay, Clarkie. I just want to do you a favor—"

Clark turned to Pete: "You should have known better, Pete. You might get us in a lot of trouble."

"I never thought about that."

"Listen. Both of you better beat it out of here. Go back home—and keep your traps shut."

Cal Calhoun objected. "Wait a minute. Why can't we take that money?"

"You *mean* that?"

"Sure I mean it. Everybody knows we tried our best to win. The game shows that. If we don't take it, it's admitting there's some reason why we shouldn't."

"There is a reason."

"I don't see it."

"For a guy who thinks he's so smart, I think you're pretty damned dumb."

Cal's chin shot out and a dull red swarmed up from his neck. "What's the idea?"

"We can't take *money won on a game we lost*."

Cal hesitated. "Maybe you're right. Well, there's nothing wrong if Tony buys us a dinner, is there?"

"I'm not hungry."

"There's nothing wrong with my appetite. Come on, boys."

Tony hesitated. "Don't be sore at me, Clarkie—I just wanna do you favor."

"All right, Tony—only remember what I told you—don't tell anybody anything. Pete, tell Mom my leg is all right."

Pete smiled quickly. "Okay, Clark. Y'ain't sore now? You know we don't want to get you in any jams. Anything you say goes—you know that. Oh, I forgot to tell you—the old man ain't been so good; Doc says any shock might kill him. Well, so long."

THE room occupied by Jenkins and Calhoun was on the first floor of Dormont Hall, near the front entrance. It had a window, opening on a court, which was handy for exit and entrance at hours when discipline demanded that the young men be in their rooms. It was a most desirable location except for the telephone just outside the door. There were two hundred residents of Dormont Hall and all transacted their business over this phone.

When the bell rang it was necessary for somebody to answer and this duty fell to those of the near-by occupants who first got tired of hearing it ringing. There was the further annoyance of the small hammer kept on top of the phone; the impact of this hammer on the side of the coin box made almost the same ringing noise in the ear of a distant operator as a nickel dropped into the slot; but the hammer had to be swung lustily. The technique was that of an explosion shot out of a sand trap.

About seven o'clock this phone rang. Clark, who usually waited for five rings before he moved, answered on three this time. He was jumpy and uncertain in his mind.

It was Margaret Bailey. She had expected him to call. Was his leg badly hurt? There was something she wanted to talk to him about. She hadn't had dinner, either. They could go to a quiet tearoom where he wouldn't have to see people. She would meet him in fifteen minutes.

She was sitting in the back booth, a bright figure and a pretty one. She wore a green wool dress, and a little green hat with a feather in it. Her face was serious.

"Before you sit down—please walk up and down where I can see you."

He walked. When she nodded he sat across the table. "How is the leg?" Her eyes looked keenly into his.

"All right. I can play next week."

"You *can?* Then it must not have been badly hurt."

"No."

"Then why didn't you continue playing?"

"The Skipper didn't put me in."

"I should think in that last half you would have asked him to let you play."

"I didn't see the last half. Any more questions, District Attorney?"

"Why did you call me that?"

"Because you have been cross-examining me."

"We'll order first. I'm famished. I was waiting for you to call. From the way your boy friend talked, I expected you to be in the hospital."

"What boy friend?"

"Calhoun. He said you weren't feeling at all well this evening but that he was—or something like that."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't want any. He was full of plans about doing this and that and going large places. I should think you could have done your own calling."

"Did he say he was calling for me?"

"Not exactly—but he intimated it strongly."

"He asked me if I had a date with you; but he didn't say he was going to call you."

"Do you know of any reason why he shouldn't?"

He hesitated. "No. I suppose you can take care of yourself."

"Can you?"

He looked at her curiously. There was something in her voice.

"Did Midwest know that your leg was hurt before the game?"

He glanced at her sharply. "How did you know that?"

"Then they did know. How do you suppose they found out?"

He grinned. "The Skipper suspects you."

"Me?"

"You're the only person I told."

"Well," she answered. "You can tell the coach that the gamblers told Midwest—and I didn't tell them."

He was startled. A dull flush crept over his face.

She continued, resolutely: "Did you know that the betting odds shifted mysteriously before the game? Because news of your injury had leaked out. And that the gamblers made a big cleanup at the expense of the students here as a result?"

"HOW do you know so much about all this?"

"My father races horses. My brother knows most of the regulars around the tracks. One of them tipped him off. Jerry bet on Midwest and told me all about it before the game. He even insinuated that your leg wasn't really hurt."

He brought his eyes slowly from the table until he was looking directly into hers. "And that's why you quizzed me?"

"I had to know."

"Well, what do you think?"

His dark eyes, more sad than angry, met her long scrutiny. Then she smiled, reached over and touched his sleeve. His arm was quivering. She said: "I knew it couldn't be you. But I thought you ought to know."

"Thanks." His voice was metallic.

"You see I know something of the way gamblers can operate around the track—and I remembered about Tony."

His breath came sharply. "What do you know about Tony?"

"Your mother told me he had fixed you up here; that he was a gambler. I thought he might know about your leg. I couldn't help but think about how it would hurt your mother if you got tangled up in a scandal."

(To be continued next week)

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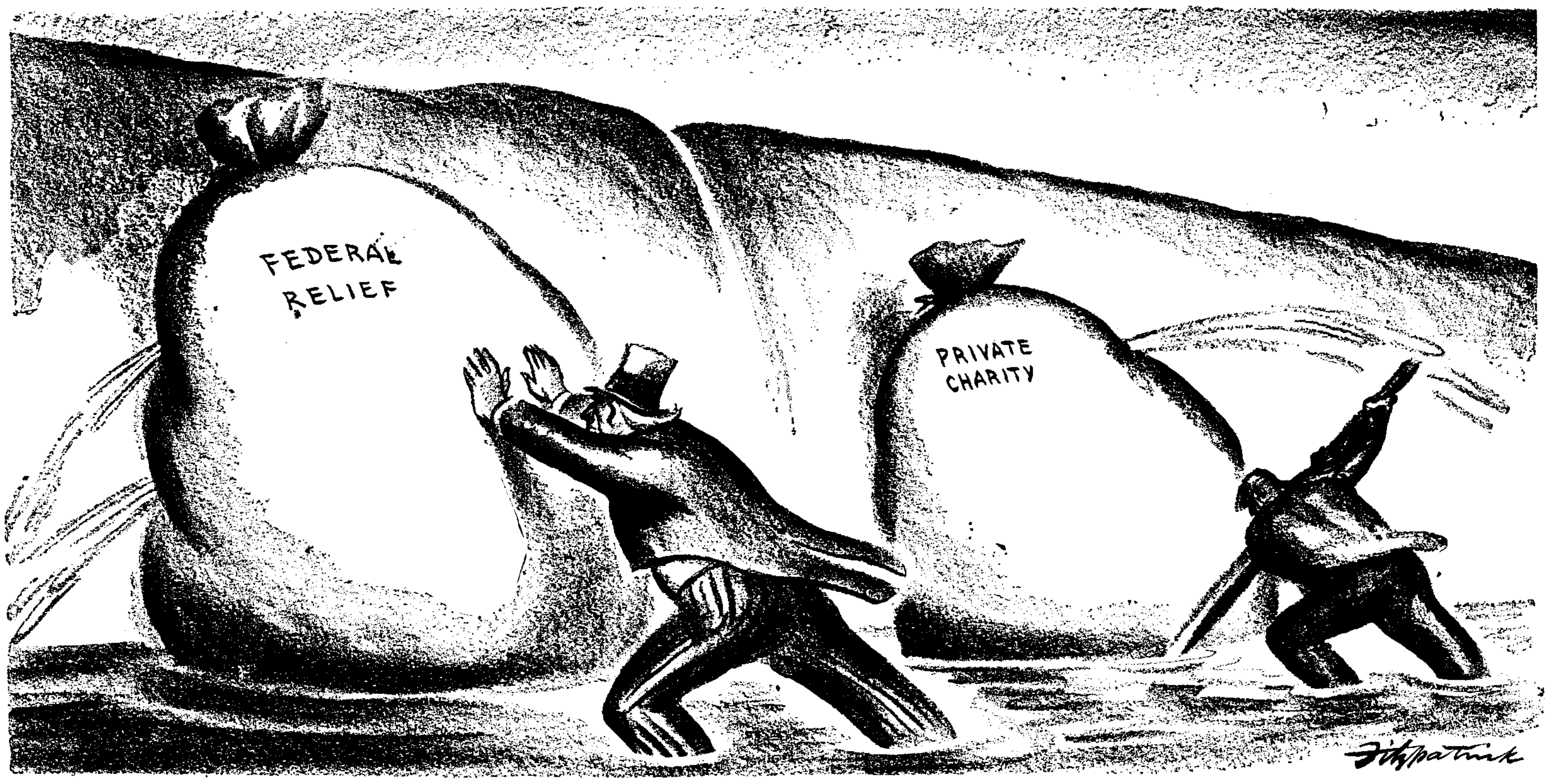

Human Need

ONCE more all Americans who work or who have anything left after they have supported themselves and paid their taxes are being asked to give to the various charities which care for the unfortunate.

Many, badgered and burdened by the exactions of the tax collectors, wonder why, when the government is expending so many billions on relief, private charity should be necessary.

The simple answer is that governmental relief does not and cannot reach hundreds of thousands of helpless people. The government as at present constituted is not fitted to take over the burden carried by private charity. Through thousands of private organizations of good will the various necessities of vast numbers of people can be better served than through any governmental agency.

This autumn Harry L. Hopkins, federal relief administrator, estimated that the United States Treasury had about 5,250,000 people on the relief rolls. With their children and dependents, Mr. Hopkins estimated that the national government was contributing to the support of some 21,000,000 people.

This is an enormous number. It explains the billions which the government is expending for relief. The mere fact that the national government has accepted responsibility for giving money or work to those without resources or jobs results inevitably in a huge expenditure.

If government relief had been in existence in 1929, the year of greatest employment, by common account, federal officials guess that the rolls would have been not less than half their present size. In any industrial society unemployment exists even in the best years.

Casual labor is not a new phenomenon in the United States. Share-croppers were numerous and some of them were poor long before the present generation was conceived. Many in rural regions and cities lived at the border line of poverty. It is these poor—workers when jobs are available, unemployed at other times—who have swelled the ranks of those who looked to the government for support.

Yet very largely they are not the unfortunates who, historically, have been and now are the beneficiaries of the bounty of private charity. Philanthropic agencies have been created to take care of those whose needs are not cared for by public authority.

Widows and orphans and the aged first aroused pity. A hundred and fifty years ago well-disposed men distributed food to poor widows and orphans on feast days and holidays. A loaf of free bread at Whitsuntide did not take care even of a widow's food requirements, and so the charitable societies came into existence.

Through the years private charity has become an agency of rehabilitation. The effort of the intelligent social worker is not merely to relieve emergency needs but rather to assist the unfortunate again to become independent and self-supporting.

So private charity has taken on myriad forms. Hospitals, dispensaries, boys' clubs, girls' clubs, homes for the aged, institutions to care for wayward boys and girls, other institutions to provide treatment for the mentally afflicted, societies to aid families broken by unemployment, sickness, death or other contingencies of existence—all these are the creations of private philanthropy.

Government, local, state and national, from time to time takes on some of the obligations previously met by private charity. Playgrounds, now a public responsibility in most alert communities, began in this country as a private benevolence created by the late Miss Jane Addams at Hull House in Chicago. Mothers' pensions and old-age pensions, now widely provided by the states, were started by the charity-organization societies.

In time, as the national government and the states put into effect the plan for social security adopted at the last session of Congress, other of the burdens now carried by private social agencies will be a public responsibility. The social security act is, however, a promise to the future and not a present resource.

Meanwhile, private charity must care for as many as the contributions of the generous will allow.

The Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, all of the familiar agencies which are grouped in community chests, will be long needed. Such organizations and others must be maintained. We cannot and will not transfer to the government the entire responsibility for taking care of those of our neighbors who require help.

In time we shall transfer more of the present responsibilities of philanthropy to the government and also in time we shall undoubtedly discover new conditions and new evils which awaken pity and demand the immediate and discerning relief which private philanthropy can render. But heavy as is the burden of taxes upon those who have incomes or resources, the need for being a good neighbor remains.

We shall meet the requirements this year as we have done before. Generosity entails sacrifice, but whatever the difficulty we will not abandon those dependent for hope, and sometimes for life, upon charity.

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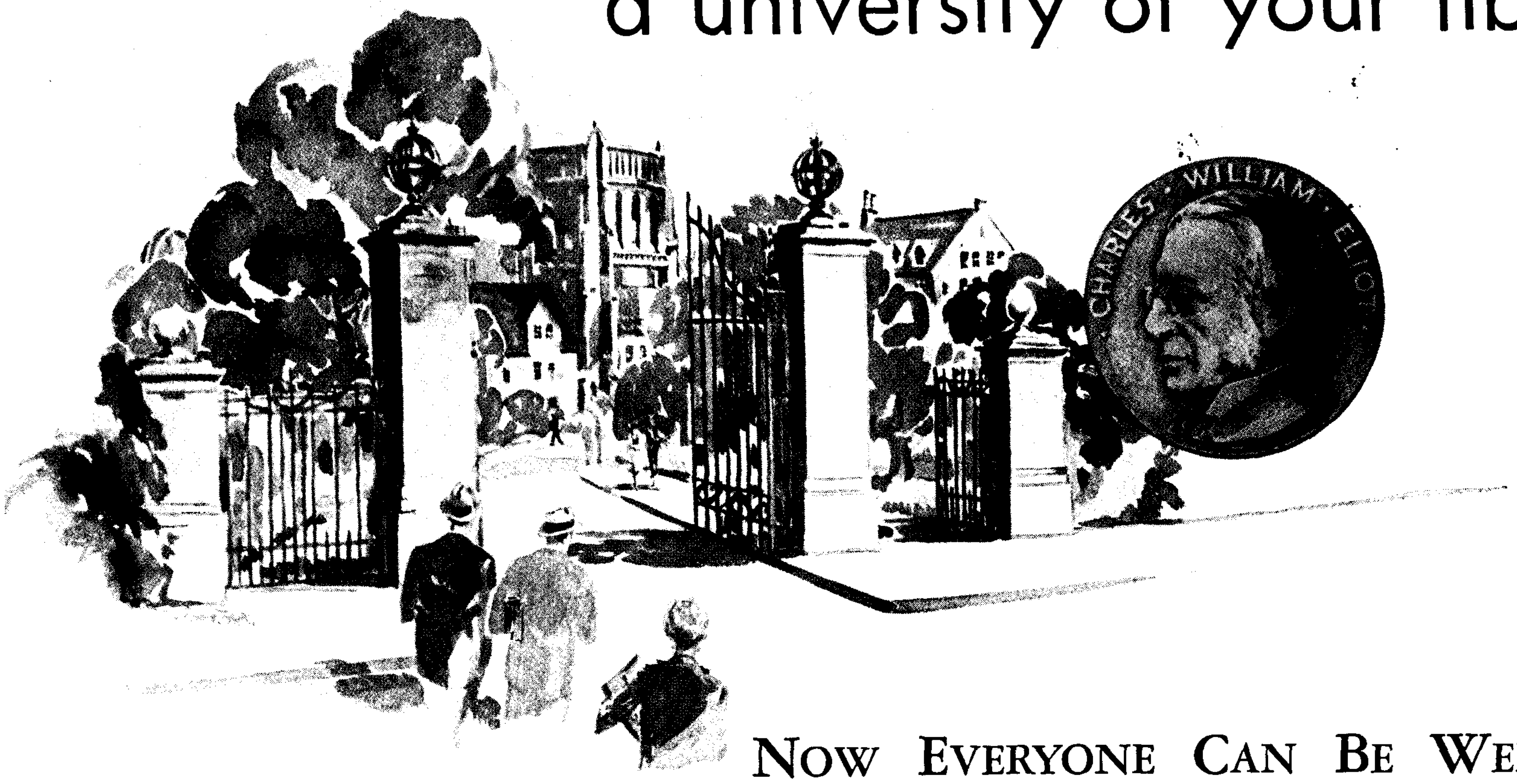

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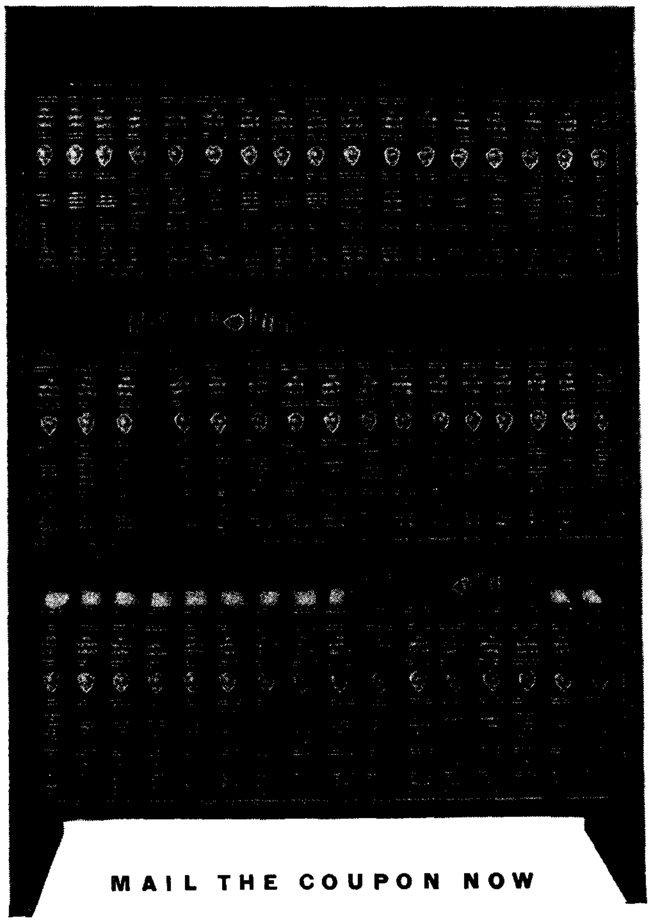

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